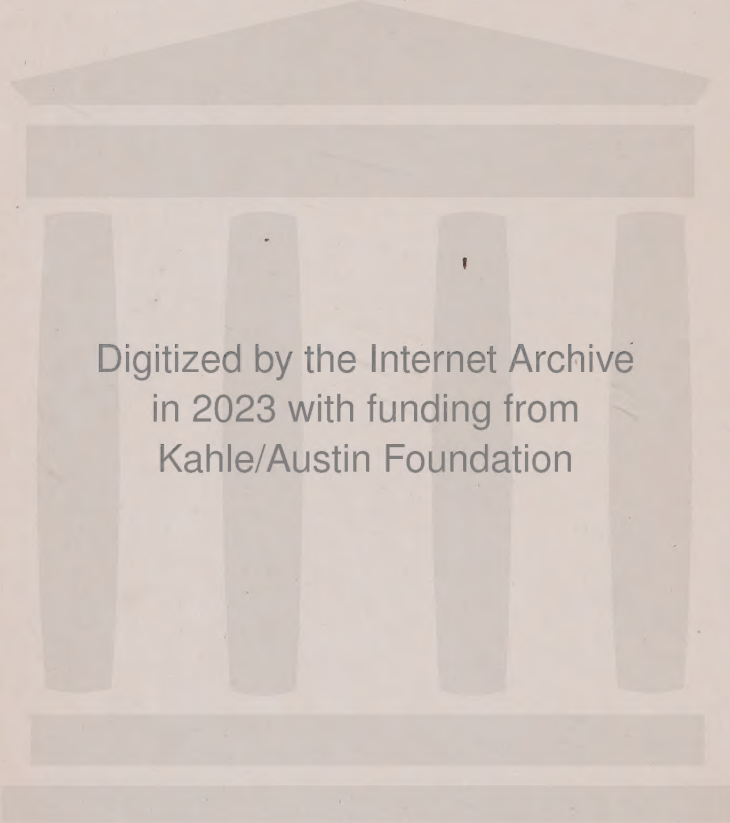


Kingdom Songs



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Kingdom Songs

THE

CHOICEST HYMNS AND GOSPEL SONGS OF ALL
THE EARTH, FOR GENERAL USE IN CHURCH
SERVICES, SUNDAY SCHOOLS, AND YOUNG
PEOPLE'S MEETINGS

EDITED AND COMPILED BY

I. E. Reynolds and Robert H. Coleman

Printed in Both Round and Shaped Notes

Bound in Full Cloth Board and Limp

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SOUTHERN BAPTIST CONVENTION
NASHVILLE, TENN.

1921

K 52r

FOREWORD.

In the preparation of KINGDOM SONGS we have had the coöperation of the various publishers of gospel music. Without exception they have granted us permission to use their songs, so that we have been able to combine in one book what we consider the cream of modern gospel and evangelistic music. We wish to express our appreciation of the co-operative efforts of these various publishers and owners.

This book has been prepared for the general purposes of the average church. It is, we think, peculiarly adapted to evangelistic meetings, and it is our desire that it shall be serviceable in this line. We have also given special attention to the needs of the Sunday school and the Young People's meeting. Of course, we have had in mind with all this the general services of the church.

I. J. VAN NESS,
Corresponding Secretary.

Kingdom Songs.

1.

More About Jesus.

E. E. Hewitt.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.
USED BY PERMISSION OF L. E. SWENEY, EXECUTRIX.

Jno. R. Sweney.

1. More a - bout Je - sus would I know, More of His grace to oth - ers show;
2. More a - bout Je - sus let me learn, More of His ho - ly will dis - cern;
3. More a - bout Je - sus; in His word, Hold - ing com - mun - ion with my Lord;
4. More a - bout Je - sus on His throne, Rich - es in glo - ry all His own;

FINE.

More of His sav - ing full - ness see, More of His love who died for me.
Spir - it of God, my teach - er be, Show - ing the things of Christ to me.
Hear - ing His voice in ev - 'ry line, Mak - ing each faith - ful say - ing mine.
More of His kingdom's sure in - crease; More of His com - ing, Prince of Peace.

D. S.—More of His sav - ing full - ness see, More of His love who died for me.

REFRAIN. D. S.

More, more a - bout Je - sus, More, more a - bout Je - sus; A - MEN.

I Know I'm Saved.

COPYRIGHT, 1921, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

I. E. R.

I. E. Reynolds.

1. My soul was lost and doomed out on the plains of sin; The
 2. I now to Him be-long, He keeps me day by day, And
 3. Oh, come, lost soul, to-day, just heed the Sav-ior's voice, He

way to me was dark, no hope had I with-in; My Sav-ior came and said, "Dear
 oh, the peace and joy it brings to me al-way! I'm on the way, I know, to
 pleads, He yearns and waits to make your heart rejoice; Surrender all to Christ, thro'

soul, come fol-low Me;" I heark-ened to His voice, and now I know I'm saved.
 join the blood-washed throng, Because He rescued me, and now I know I'm saved.
 grace He'll make you free, And then with joy you'll say, that now I know I'm saved.

CHORUS.

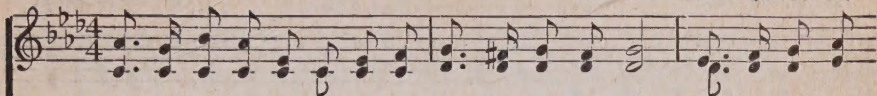
I'm saved, saved, Yes, saved, saved; My
 And now I know I'm saved, Yes, now I know I'm saved;

heart's so glad, my soul's so free, For now I know I'm saved.

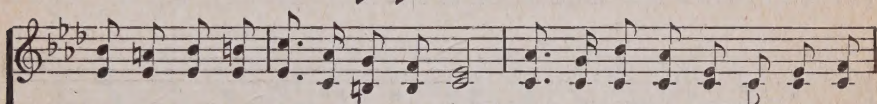
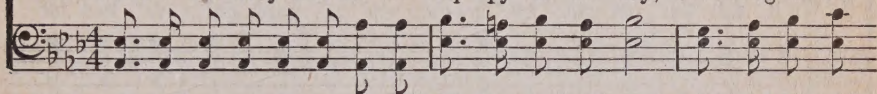
S. L.

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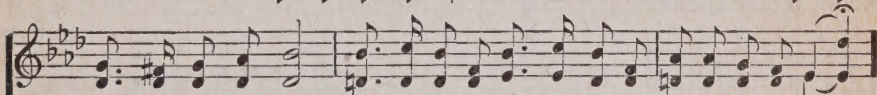
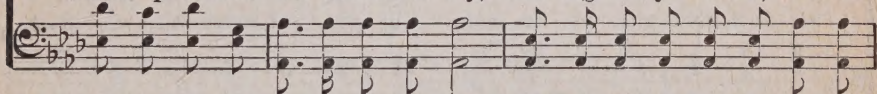
Scott Lawrence.



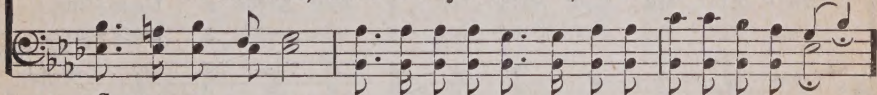
1. Since I've found my Savior I am strengthened for the foe; How can dan-ger
2. Since I've found my Savior He grows sweet-er ev-'ry day; For when I am
3. Since I've found my Savior I am hap-py all the day, Searching for the



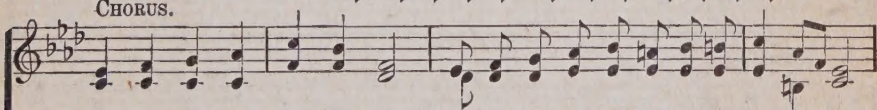
threat-en me, With Je-sus where I go! In His arms He takes me, When I'm
tempt-ed, Seems as tho' I hear Him say: "Fear not, I am with thee, I will
lost sheep Who have wandered far a-way, Tell-ing of my Sav-ior, Who will



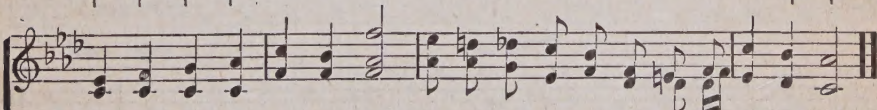
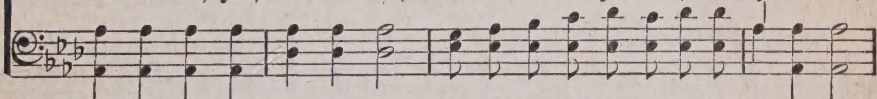
just a-bout to fall; That is why I love Him, For to me He's all in all.
hear you when you call." That is why I love Him, For to me He's all in all.
nev-er let them fall; That is why I love Him, For to me He's all in all.



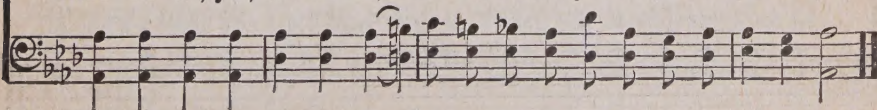
CHORUS.



All in all, yes, all in all, Since I've found my Savior, He's my all in all;



All in all, yes, all in all, Since I've found my Savior, He's my all in all.

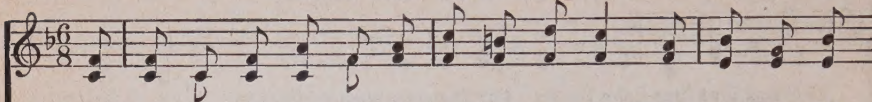


Somebody Else Needs a Blessing.

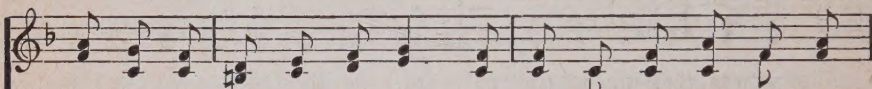
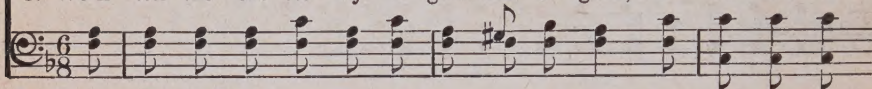
E. E. Hewitt.

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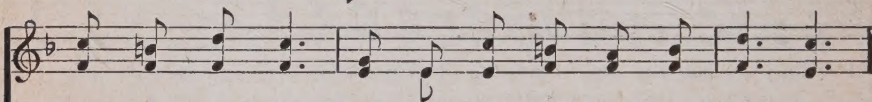
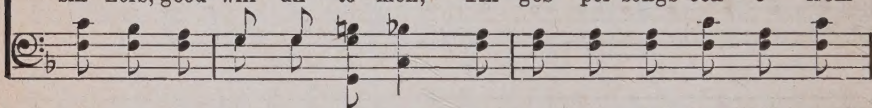
B. D. Ackley.



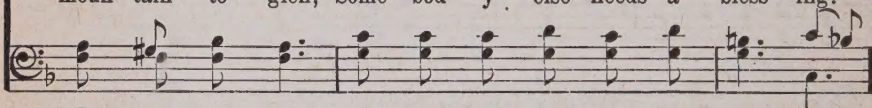
1. We're "counting" the bless-ings, our joys we re - cord, The won - der - ful
2. We'll go, like the Sav - ior, to com-fort the sad; With love's heal-ing
3. We'll tell the old sto - ry a - gain and a - gain; Sal - va - tion for



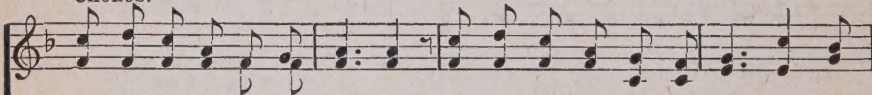
mer - cies like sun-beams out-poured; But let us re - mem - ber while
por - tion we'll make oth - ers glad, Un - til, with fresh ver - dure, life's
sin - ners, good-will un - to men, Till gos - pel songs ech - o from



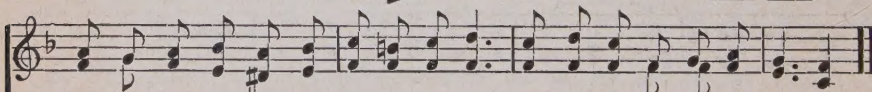
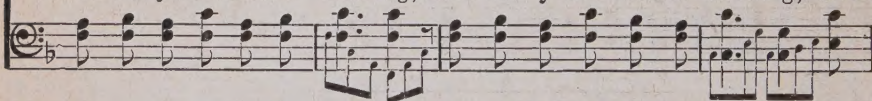
prais - ing the Lord, Some - bod - y else needs a bless - ing.
des - erts are clad; Some - bod - y else needs a bless - ing.
moun - tain to glen; Some - bod - y else needs a bless - ing.



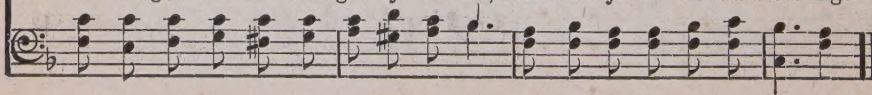
CHORUS.



Some-bod-y else needs a bless-ing, Some-bod-y else needs a bless-ing; We'll



let our lights shine to His glo - ry di-vine, Some-bod-y else needs a bless-ing.

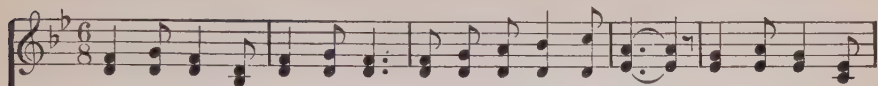


Love Lifted Me.

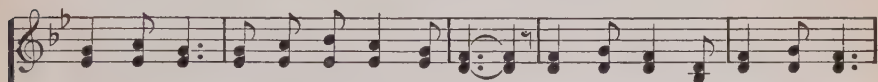
James Rowe.

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Howard E. Smith.



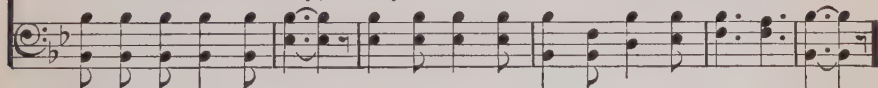
1. I was sink-ing deep in sin, Far from the peaceful shore, Ver - y deep - ly
 2. All my heart to Him I give, Ev - er to Him I'll cling, In His bless-ed
 3. Souls in dan-ger, look a-bove, Je - sus com-plete-ly saves; He will lift you



stained with-in, Sink-ing to rise no more; But the Mas - ter of the sea
 pres - ence live, Ev - er His prais-es sing. Love so might-y and so true
 by His love Out of the an - gry waves. He's the Mas - ter of the sea,



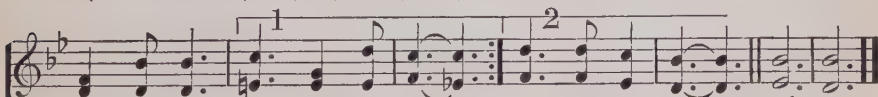
Heard my de-spair-ing cry, From the wa-ters lift - ed me, Now safe am I.
 Mer - its my soul's best songs; Faith-ful, lov-ing serv-ice, too, To Him be - longs.
 Bil - lows His will o - bey; He your Sav-ior wants to be—Be saved to-day.



CHORUS.



Love lift - ed me! . . . Love lift - ed me! . . . When noth - ing
 e - ven mel e - ven mel



else could help, Love lift - ed me. Love lift - ed me. A - MEN.

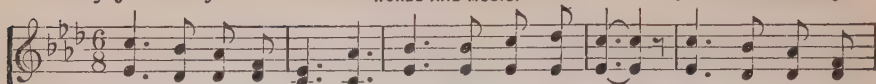


All Glory Be Thine.

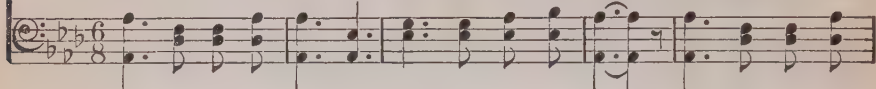
Fanny J. Crosby.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

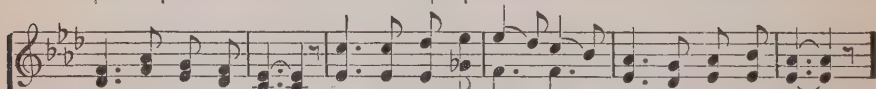
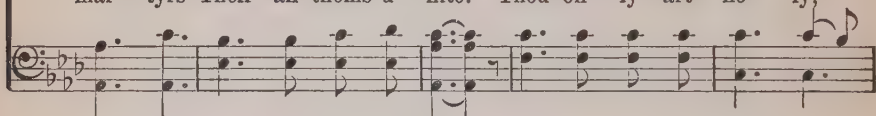
Jno. R. Sweney.



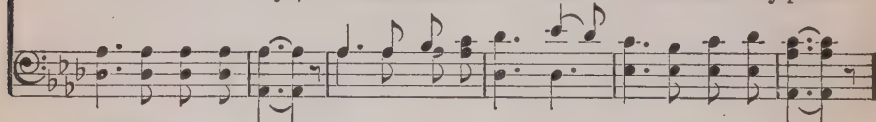
1. Thou on - ly art ho - ly, Thou on - ly the Lord; Truth, mer - cy, and
2. Thou on - ly art ho - ly; In Thee is our trust; Thy laws are un -
3. Thou on - ly art ho - ly; The an - gels in light With proph - ets and



judg - ment Shine forth in Thy word. Thou rul - est and reign - est
chang - ing, Thy stat - utes are just. All na - tions and peo - ple
mar - tyrs Their an - thems u - nite. Thou on - ly art ho - ly,



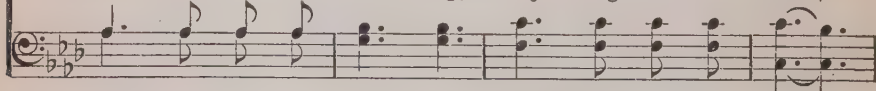
All oth - ers a - bove; Thy throne is e - ter - nal, Thy scep - ter is love.
Be - fore Thee shall fall, The Fa - ther, Re - deem - er, And Sav - ior of all.
O An - cient of days; The boundless cre - a - tion Is filled with Thy praise.



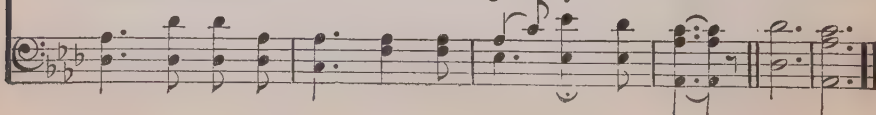
CHORUS.



Thy reign ev - er - last - ing, Thy king - dom di - vine,



Hence - forth and for - ev - er All glo - ry be Thine. A - MEN.



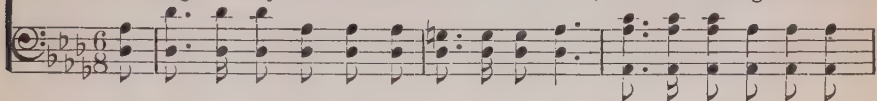
Sing Away Sorrow.

Georgia Tillman Snead. COPYRIGHT, 1921, BY E. O. EXCELL.
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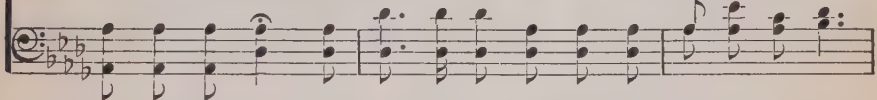
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



1. O sing a-way sor-row and sing a-way care; Je - sus has promised our
2. O sing a-way sor-row, re-joice ev-er-more, Counting His boun-ti-ful
3. O sing a-way sor-row and trust in the Lord; Peace and true gladness will



bur-dens to bear; With glad-ness now praise Him, and trust in His name,
 gifts o'er and o'er; His mer-cy, how bound-less, how constant and free!
 be your re-ward; God watch-eth in pit-y, He shield-eth His own,



CHORUS.

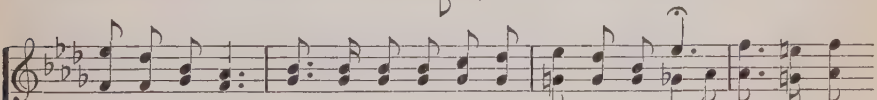
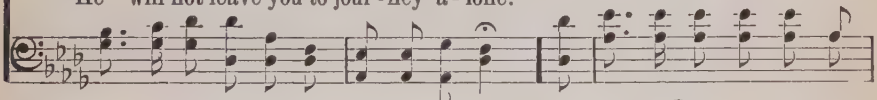


Faith-ful-ly seeking His love to pro-claim.

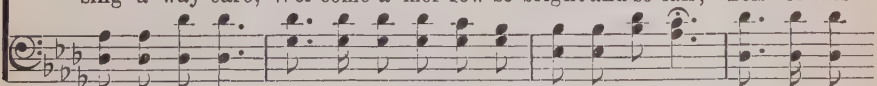
Bless-ings unnumbered for you and for me.

He will not leave you to jour-ney a-lone.

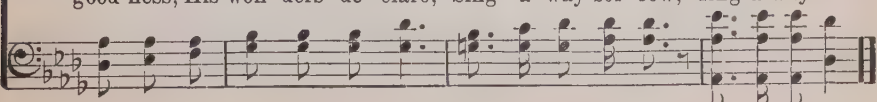
O sing a-way sor-row and



sing a-way care; Wel-come a mor-row so bright and so fair; Tell of His



good-ness, His won-ders de-clare, Sing a-way sor-row, sing a-way care.

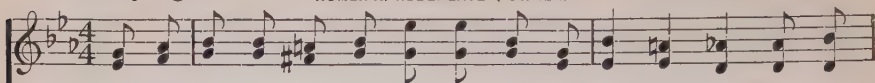


Brighten the Corner Where You Are.

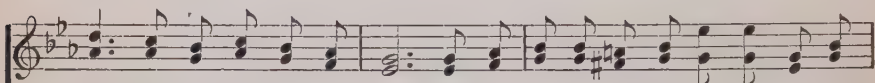
Ina Duley Ogdon.

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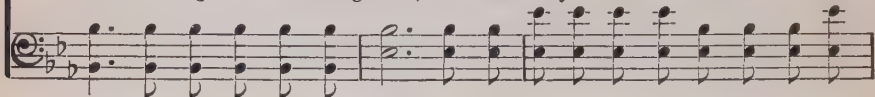
Chas. H. Gabriel.



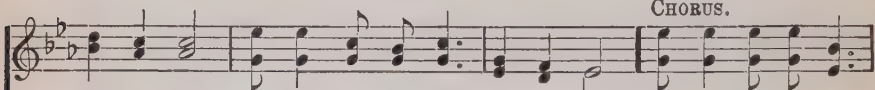
1. Do not wait un - til some deed of great-ness you may do, Do not
2. Just a - bove are cloud-ed skies that you may help to clear, Let not
3. Here for all your tal - ent you may sure - ly find a need, Here re-



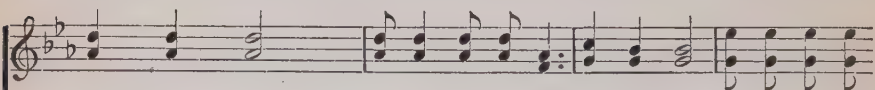
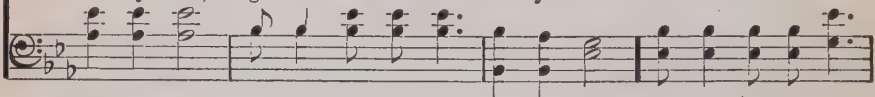
wait to shed your light a - far, To the man-y du - ties ev - er near you
nar - row self your way de - bar, Tho' in - to one heart a-lone may fall your
flect the Bright and Morning Star, E - ven from your humble hand the bread of



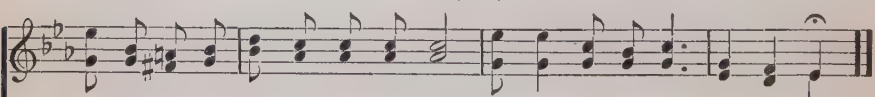
CHORUS.



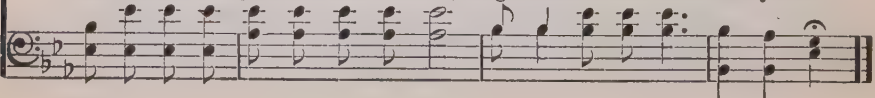
now be true, Bright-en the cor - ner where you are.
song of cheer, Bright-en the cor - ner where you are. Bright-en the cor - ner
life may feed, Bright-en the cor - ner where you are.



where you are! Bright-en the cor - ner where you are! Some one far from
Shine for Je - sus where you are!



har - bor you may guide a - cross the bar, Bright-en the cor - ner where you are.



Close to the Heart of My Lord.

G. W. Lyon.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY J. HENRY SHOWALTER.
I. E. REYNOLDS, OWNER. J. Henry Showalter.

1. My earth-ly en-dear-ments are man - y and sweet, And oft - en rich
2. So full - y I trust in the prom - ise He made To keep those who
3. He cheers my weak spir - it from day un - to day, My soul by His

pleas-ures af - ford; But none will com-pare with the joy that it gives,
fol - low His word; I fear not the dan-gers nor toils of the way,
love has been stirred; And so in the full-ness of peace I press on,

REFRAIN.

To be close to the heart of the Lord.
While I cling to the heart of my Lord. Oh, how blest am I with my
Cling-ing close to the heart of my Lord.

Lord so nigh! I can feel His great heart beat with mine; While His
beat with mine;

face I see, smil-ing up-on me, Full of love and com-pas-sion di - vine.

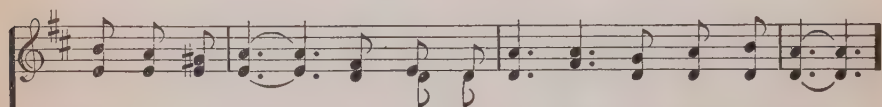
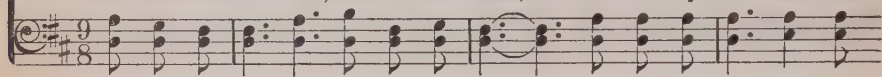
Fanny J. Crosby.

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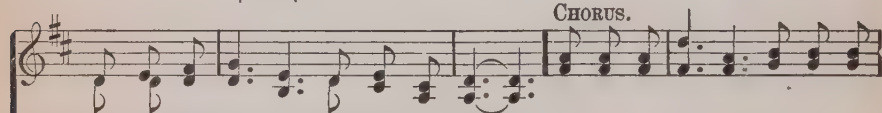
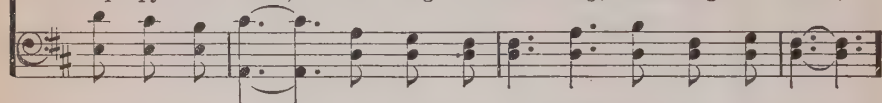
Mrs. J. F. Knapp.



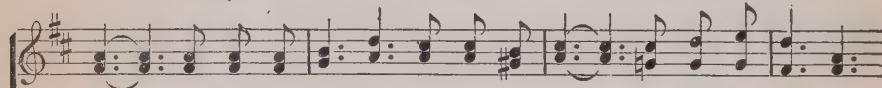
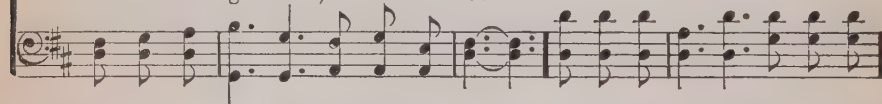
1. Bless - ed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! Oh, what a fore - taste of
 2. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, per - fect de - light, Vi - sions of rap - ture now
 3. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - ior am



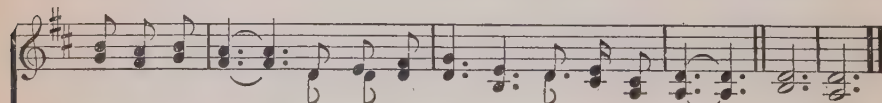
glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, pur - chase of God,
 burst on my sight; An - gels de - scend - ing, bring from a - bove
 hap - py and blest; Watch - ing and wait - ing, look - ing a - bove,



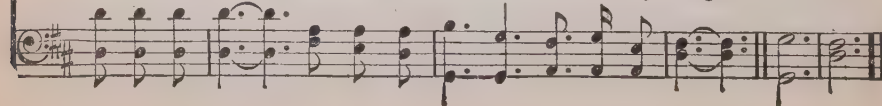
Born of His Spir - it, washed in His blood.
 Ech - oes of mer - cy, whis - pers of love. This is my sto - ry, this is my
 Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.



song, Prais - ing my Sav - ior all the day long; This is my sto - ry,



this is my song, Prais - ing my Sav - ior all the day long. A - MEN.



J. E. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

J. Edwin McConnell.

1. I am hap - py to-day and the sun shines bright, The clouds have been
 2. All my hopes have been raised, O His name be praised, His glo - ry has
 3. O what won - der - ful love, O what grace di - vine, That Je - sus should

rolled a - way; For the Sav - ior said, Who - so - ev - er will, May
 filled my soul; I've been lift - ed up and from sin set free, His
 die for me; I was lost in sin, for the world I pined, But

CHORUS.

come with Him to stay. (to stay.)
 blood hath made me whole. (me whole.) "Who-so-ev-er," sure-ly mean-eth me,
 now I am set free. (set free.)

Sure - ly mean-eth me, O sure - ly mean-eth me; "Who - so - ev - er,"

sure - ly mean-eth me, "Who - so - ev - er," mean-eth me. A-MEN.
 mean-eth me.

S. F. Bennett.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY JOAN H. WEBSTER.

J. P. Webster.

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can
 2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore The mel - o - di - ous
 3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer the

see it a - far; For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre -
 songs of the blest, And our spir - its shall sor - row no more, Not a
 trib - ute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the

CHORUS.

pare us a dwell - ing - place there. In the sweet by and
 sigh for the bless - ing of rest.
 bless - ings that hal - low our days. In the sweet

by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore; In the
 by and by, by and by;

sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore. A - MEN.
 In the sweet by and by,

E. E. Hewitt.

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Howard E. Smith.



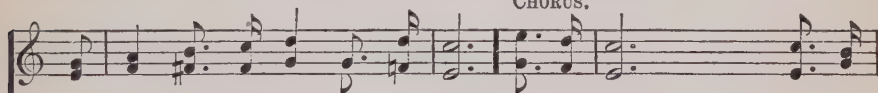
1. There's pow'r, might-y pow'r in the word of the King; He speaks, and the
2. There's pow'r, might-y pow'r in His par-don-ing word; He said, "Go, and
3. There's pow'r, might-y pow'r in the word of the Lord, And strength He will



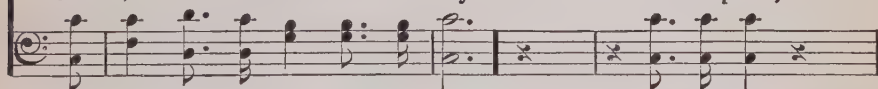
cap-tive is free; The lips of the dumb with re-joic-ing shall sing;
sin now no more!" How sweet was the hour when for-give-ness I heard,
give, when we pray, To fol-low His foot-steps, His good-ness re-cord,



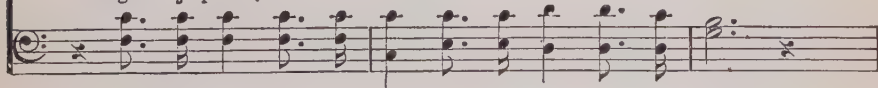
CHORUS.



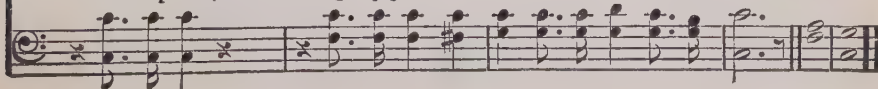
O speak, bless-ed Sav-ior, to me! O the pow'r, might-y
And Mer-cy had o-pened the door!
And walk in love's beau-ti-ful way. O the pow'r,



pow'r, In the word of my Sav-ior and King! O the
might-y pow'r,



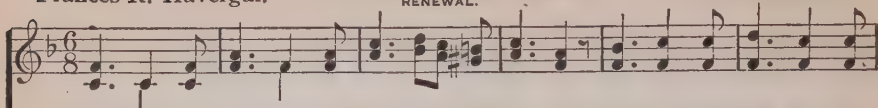
pow'r, might-y pow'r! For Je-sus sal-va-tion shall bring. A-MEN.
O the pow'r, might-y pow'r!



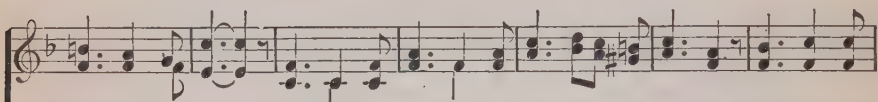
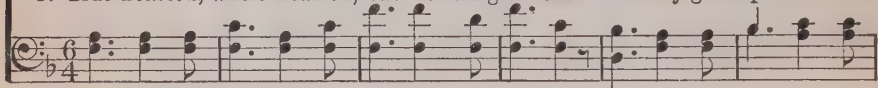
Frances R. Havergal.

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RENEWAL.

Geo. C. Stebbins.



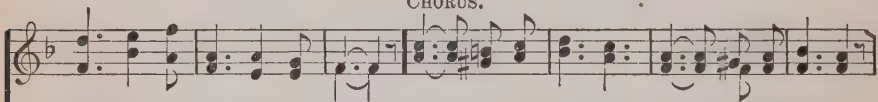
1. True-hearted, whole-hearted, faith-ful and loy-al, King of our lives, by Thy
2. True-hearted, whole-hearted, full-est al-le-giance, Yield-ing henceforth to our
3. True-hearted, whole-hearted, Sav-ior all-glo-rious! Take Thy great pow-er and



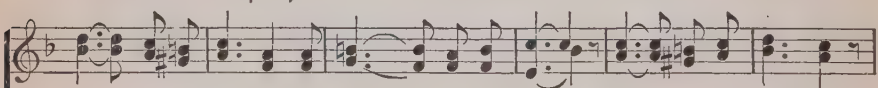
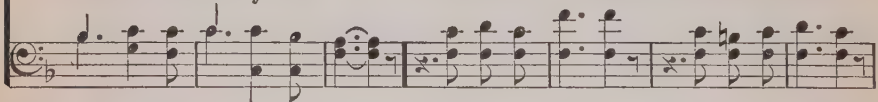
grace we will be; Un-der the standard ex-alt-ed and roy-al, Strong in Thy
glo-ri-ous King; Val-iant en-deav-or and lov-ing o-be-dience, Free-ly and
reign there a-lone, O-ver our wills and af-fec-tions vic-to-rious, Free-ly sur-



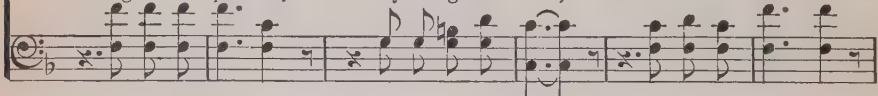
CHORUS.



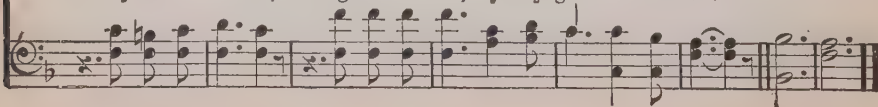
strength we will bat-tle for Thee. Peal out the watch-word! si-lence it nev-er!
joy-ous-ly now would we bring.
ren-dered and whol-ly Thine own. Peal out the watch-word! si-lence it nev-er!



Song of our spir-its, re-joice-ing and free; Peal out the watch-word!
Song of our spir-its, re-joice-ing and free; Peal out the watch-word!



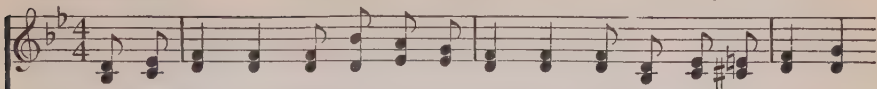
loy-al for-ev-er, King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be. A-MEN.
loy-al for-ev-er, King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be.



James Rowe.

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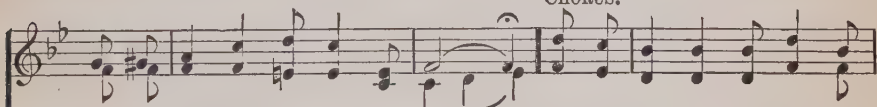
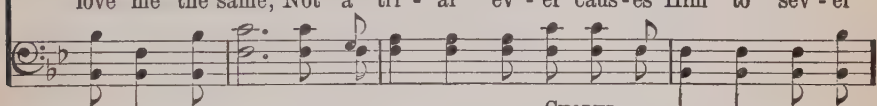
Henry P. Morton.



1. Dark-ness may o'er-take me and my song for - sake me, But a - lone I
2. Should mis-for-tune meet me, friends may fail to greet me, But if true to
3. How the tho't en-thralls me, that what-e'er be - falls me One will al-ways

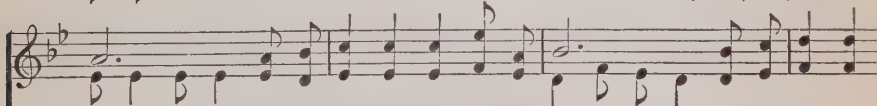
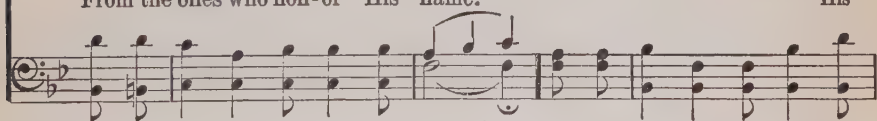


nev - er shall be; For the Friend be - side me prom-ised He would guide me
 Je - sus I stay He will still up - hold me, let His love en - fold me
 love me the same; Not a tri - al ev - er caus-es Him to sev - er



CHORUS.

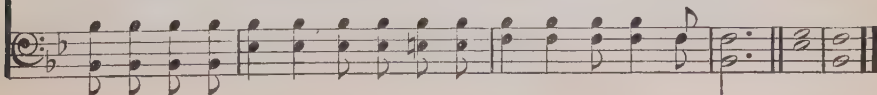
And will keep His prom-ise to me.
 Ev - 'ry drear-y mile of the way. He will keep His prom-ise to
 From the ones who hon-or His name. His



me, All the way with me He will go; He has nev - er
 prom-ise to me, He will go;



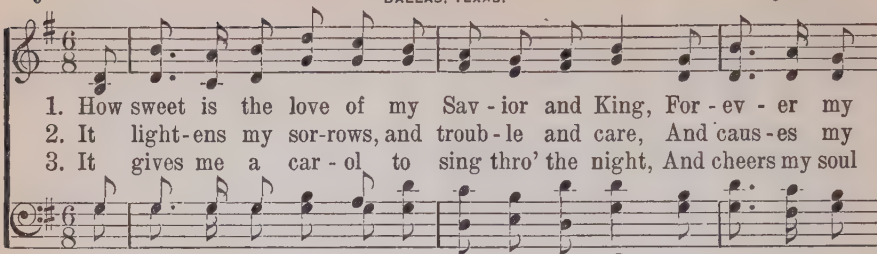
bro-ken an - y prom-ise spo-ken; He will keep His prom-ise, I know. A-MEN.



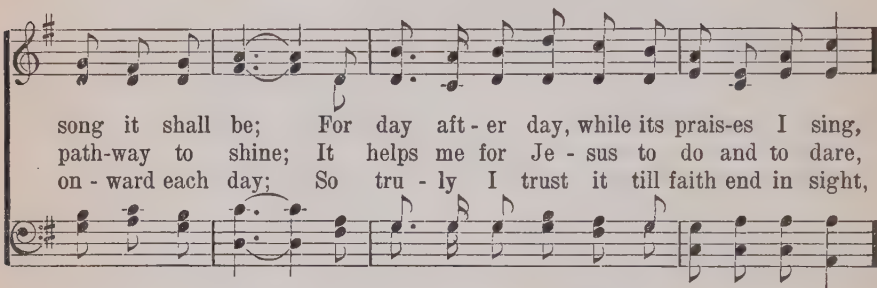
James Rowe.

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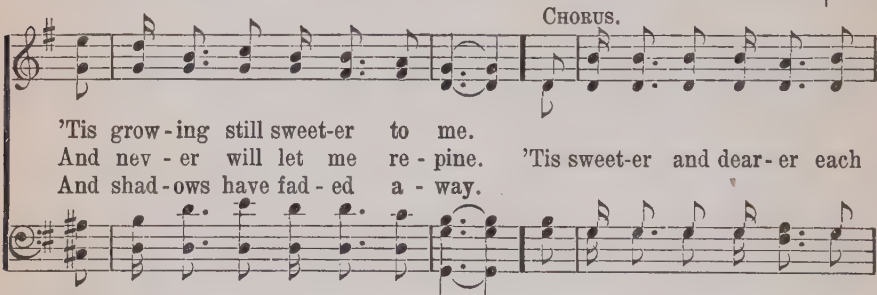
I. E. Reynolds.



1. How sweet is the love of my Sav - ior and King, For - ev - er my
 2. It light - ens my sor - rows, and troub - le and care, And caus - es my
 3. It gives me a car - ol to sing thro' the night, And cheers my soul

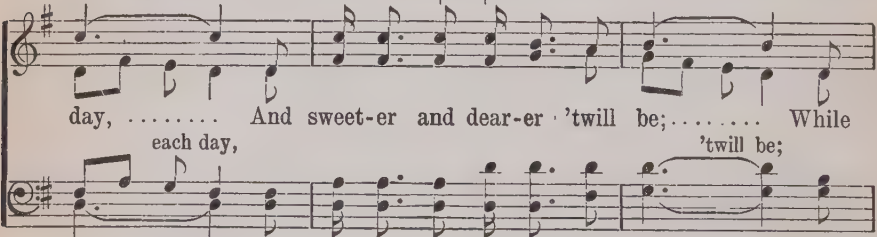


song it shall be; For day aft - er day, while its prais - es I sing,
 path - way to shine; It helps me for Je - sus to do and to dare,
 on - ward each day; So tru - ly I trust it till faith end in sight,

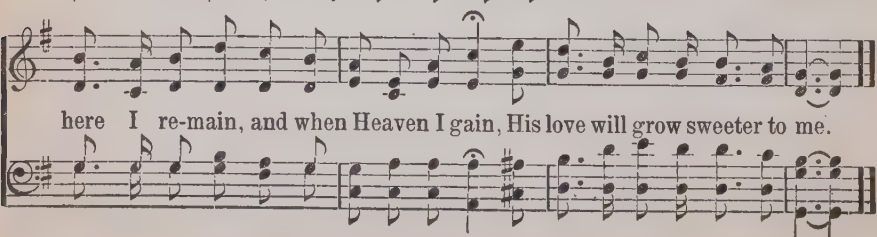


CHORUS.

'Tis grow - ing still sweet - er to me.
 And nev - er will let me re - pine. 'Tis sweet - er and dear - er each
 And shad - ows have fad - ed a - way.



day, And sweet - er and dear - er 'twill be; While
 each day, 'twill be;



here I re - main, and when Heaven I gain, His love will grow sweeter to me.

Avis B. Christiansen.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Harry Dixon Loes.

1. 'Twas at Cal - va - ry that Je - sus bled and died For the world sunk deep in sin;
2. 'Twas at Cal - va - ry I laid my burdened soul, Where the Son of God was slain;
3. 'Twas at Cal - va - ry I found the liv - ing way, Blessed way that leads to Heav'n,

There the gates of life in love He o - pened wide, Bidding sin - ners en - ter in.
There be - neath the healing flood I was made whole—Cleansed from ev'ry crimson stain.
Where the Lamb of God I'll see some hap - py day, Thro' whose blood I am for - giv'n.

CHORUS.

'Twas at Cal - va - ry— oh, pre - cious Cal - va - ry! 'Twas at

Cal - va - ry that Je - sus died for me; There the price was paid that

brought me lib - er - ty—'Twas at Cal - va - ry, at Cal - va - ry!

I. E. R.

I. E. Reynolds.

1. When my serv-ice on earth is o'er, I want to live with the King;
 2. In that beau-ti - ful land so fair, I want to live with the King;
 3. Bless-ing, hon-or, with Him to share, I want to live with the King;

With the loved ones gone on be - fore, I want to live with the King.
 Joy and glo - ry a - wait us there, I want to live with the King.
 There for - ev - er my love de - clare, I want to live with the King.

CHORUS.

I want to live with the King, . . . His praise for - ev - er to
 Heav'n - ly King,

sing; In fel - low - ship sweet, so full and com - plete,
 to sing;

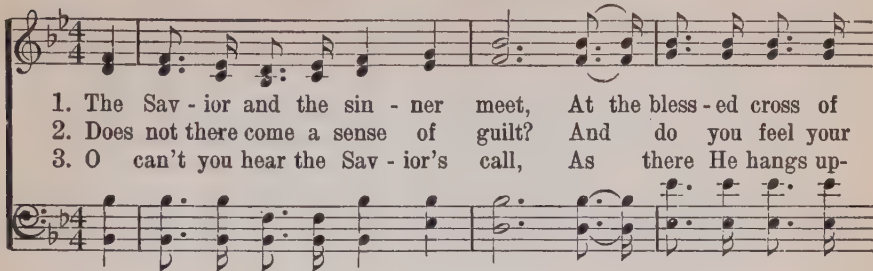
1 I want to live with the King. . . I I want to live with the King.
 Heav'n - ly King.

19 There's Room at the Cross for You.

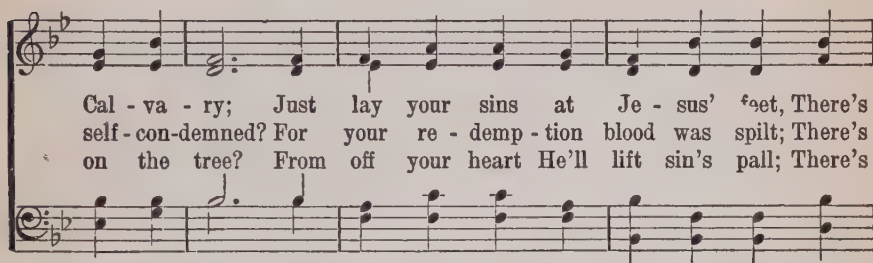
R. J.

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ROBERT H. COLEMAN, OWNER, DALLAS, TEXAS.

Robert Jolly.

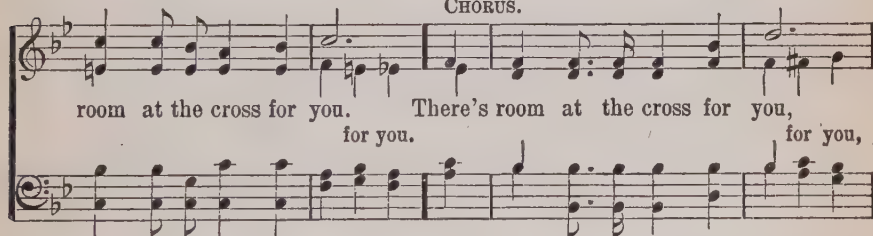


1. The Sav - ior and the sin - ner meet, At the bless - ed cross of
 2. Does not there come a sense of guilt? And do you feel your
 3. O can't you hear the Sav - ior's call, As there He hangs up -

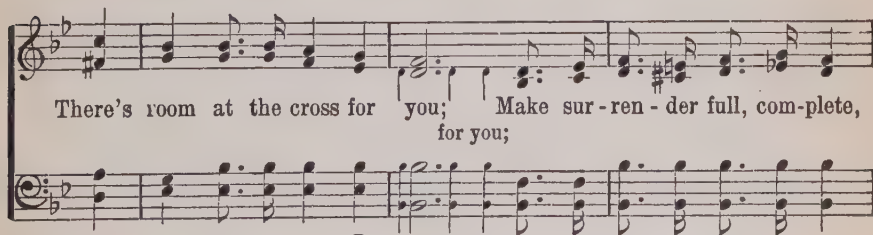


Cal - va - ry; Just lay your sins at Je - sus' feet, There's
 self - con - demned? For your re - demp - tion blood was spilt; There's
 on the tree? From off your heart He'll lift sin's pall; There's

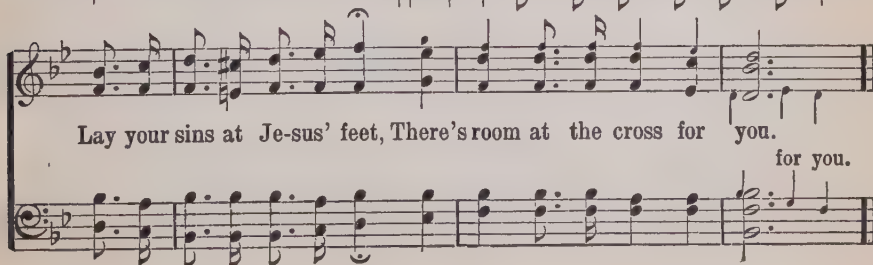
CHORUS.



room at the cross for you. There's room at the cross for you,
 for you. for you,



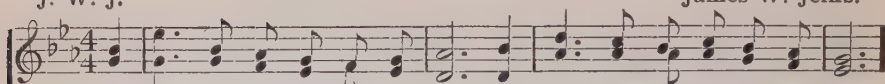
There's room at the cross for you; Make sur - ren - der full, com - plete,
 for you;



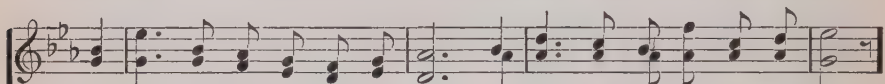
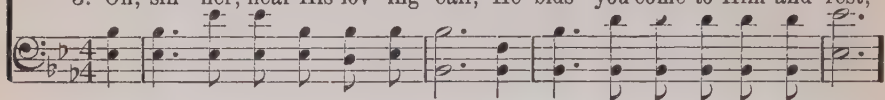
Lay your sins at Je - sus' feet, There's room at the cross for you.
 for you.

J. W. J.

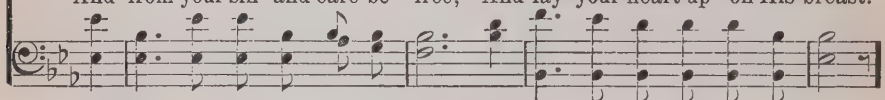
James W. Jelks.



1. I know not where my path may lead, O'er rock - y steep, or in the dell;
2. Al-though I walk by faith a - lone, I feel His presence ev - er near;
3. Oh, sin - ner, hear His lov - ing call; He bids you come to Him and rest,



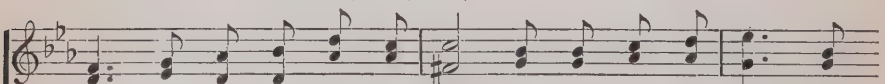
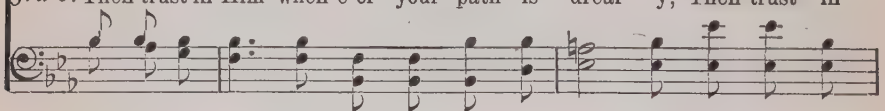
But this I know, He leads me on To joys so great no tongue can tell.
 And by His voice so calm and sweet, He speaks my drooping heart to cheer.
 And from your sin and care be free, And lay your heart up - on His breast.



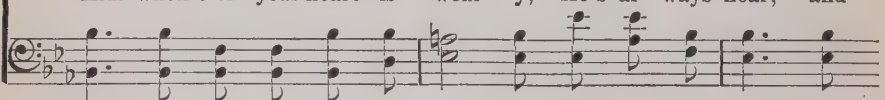
CHORUS.



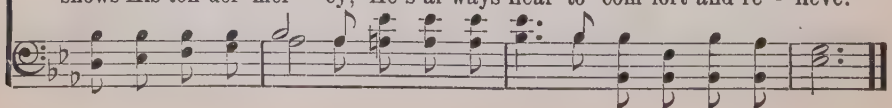
I trust in Him when-e'er my path is drear - y; I trust in
 3rd v. Then trust in Him when-e'er your path is drear - y; Then trust in



Him when-e'er my heart is wear - y; He's al - ways near, and
 Him when-e'er your heart is wear - y; He's al - ways near, and

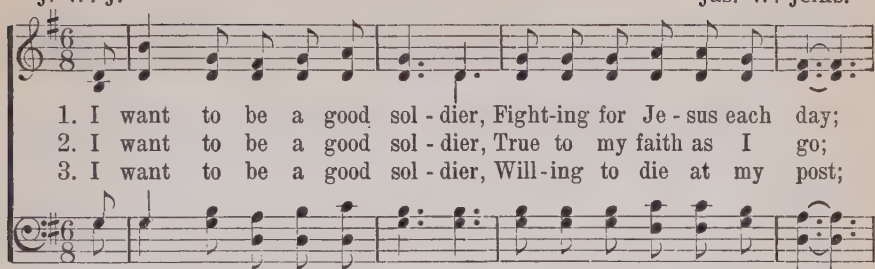


shows His ten - der mer - cy, He's al - ways near to com - fort and re - lieve.
 shows His ten - der mer - cy, He's al - ways near to com - fort and re - lieve.

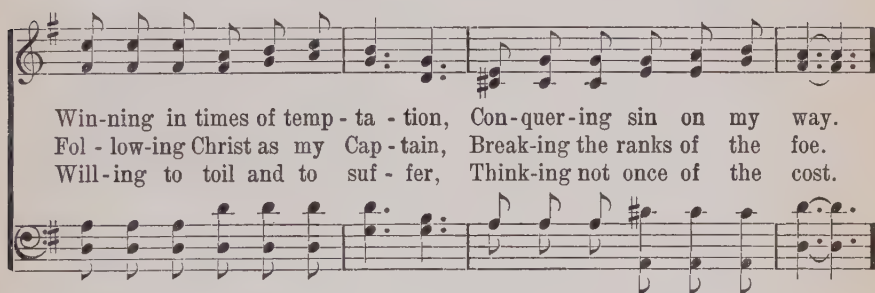


J. W. J.

Jas. W. Jelks.

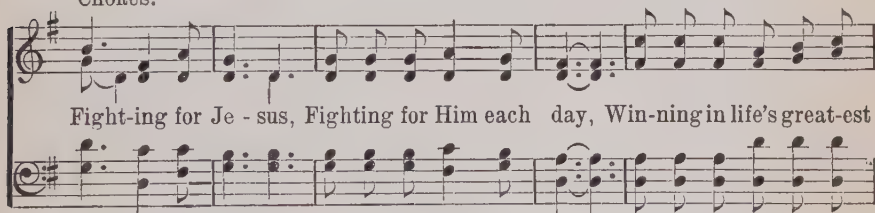


1. I want to be a good sol-dier, Fight-ing for Je-sus each day;
 2. I want to be a good sol-dier, True to my faith as I go;
 3. I want to be a good sol-dier, Will-ing to die at my post;

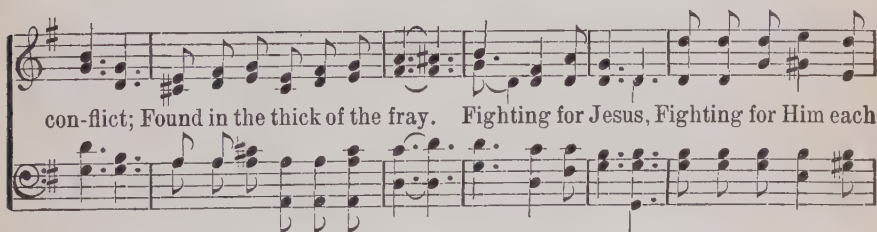


Win-ning in times of temp-ta-tion, Con-quer-ing sin on my way.
 Fol-low-ing Christ as my Cap-tain, Break-ing the ranks of the foe.
 Will-ing to toil and to suf-fer, Think-ing not once of the cost.

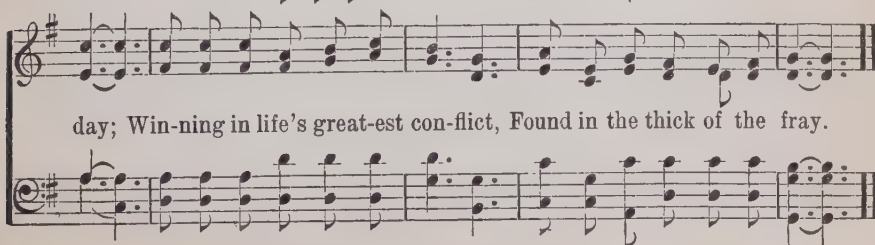
CHORUS.



Fight-ing for Je-sus, Fighting for Him each day, Win-ning in life's great-est



con-flict; Found in the thick of the fray. Fighting for Jesus, Fighting for Him each



day; Win-ning in life's great-est con-flict, Found in the thick of the fray.

C. H. G.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. When all my la-bors and tri-als are o'er, And I am safe on that
2. When, by the gift of His in-fi-nite grace, I am ac-cord-ed in
3. Friends will be there I have loved long a-go; Joy like a riv-er a-

beau-ti-ful shore, Just to be near the dear Lord I a-dore,
Heav-en a place, Just to be there and to look on His face,
round me will flow; Yet, just a smile from my Sav-ior, I know,

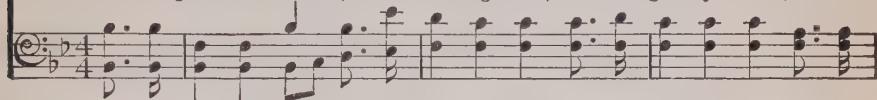
rit. - - - CHORUS. *Faster.*
Will thro' the a-ges be glo-ry for me. . . . O that will be
O that will

glo-ry for me, Glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me; When by His grace
be glo-ry for me, Glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me;

rit. > > >
I shall look on His face, That will be glo-ry, be glo-ry for me. A-MEN.



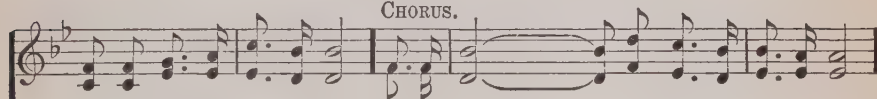
1. 'Tis the grand-est theme thro' the a-ges rung; 'Tis the grandest theme for a
2. 'Tis the grand-est theme in the earth or main; 'Tis the grandest theme for a
3. 'Tis the grand-est theme, let the ti-dings roll, To the guilt-y heart, to the



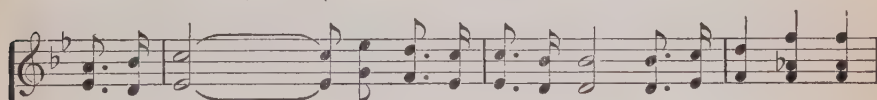
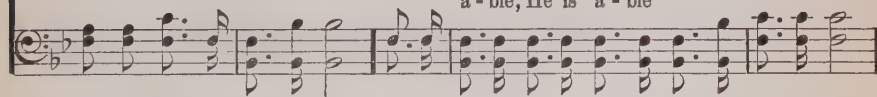
mor-tal tongue; 'Tis the grandest theme that the world e'er sung, "Our God is
mor-tal strain; 'Tis the grandest theme, tell the world a - gain, "Our God is
sin-ful soul; Look to God in faith, He will make thee whole, "Our God is



CHORUS.



a-ble to de-liv-er thee." He is a - - - ble to de-liv-er thee,
a-ble, He is a-ble



He is a - - - - ble to de-liv-er thee; Tho' by sin op-prest,
a-ble, He is a-ble



Go to Him for rest; "Our God is a-ble to de-liv-er thee." A-MEN.



J. P. S.

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J. P. Scholfield.

DUET. Soprano and Alto.

1. You have a great Sav - ior in glo - ry, Tell some-one to-
 2. A - round you some oth - ers are dy - ing, Tell some-one to-
 3. The joy of sal - va - tion will cheer you, Tell some-one to-

day; ... For some have not yet heard the sto - ry,
 day; ... For Christ and the gos - pel they're sigh - ing,
 day; ... The Spir - it of God will be near you,

CHORUS.

Tell some-one to - day. Tell some-one the sto - ry to - day,

ad lib.
 Show some-one the way; . . . 'Twill bring your Lord glo - ry, if
 heav'n-ward way;

you tell the sto - ry, Then tell some-one to - day. A - MEN.

1. Tho' He may call me to go the val-ley thro', Je- sus is my Lead-er and
 2. O - ver the o - cean if He should bid me go, I'll fol-low His lead-ing and
 3. I shall not ques-tion the lead-ing of my King, I'll go where He leads me, with

to Him I'll be true; Wher-e'er He lead-eth I'll fol-low and o - bey;
 seek His will to know; Trust-ing my pi - lot, I'll go with-out de - lay,
 joy I'll serve and sing; Trust-ing His wis-dom, I'll fol-low day by day,

CHORUS.

If Je-sus is leading, I'll follow all the way. When Jesus leads I'll fol-low all the
 lead-eth me,

way, . . When Je-sus speaks I'll do as He shall say; When Je-sus calls . . I'll
 the way, speaks to me, call-eth me,

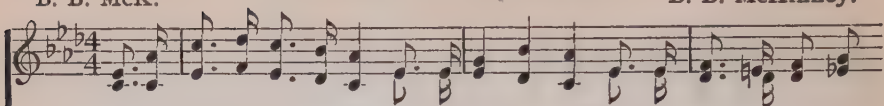
rit.

go without de-lay, . . Wher-ev-er He leads I'll fol-low all the way. A - MEN.
 de-lay,

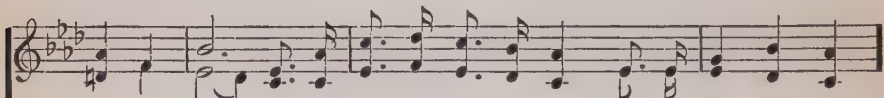
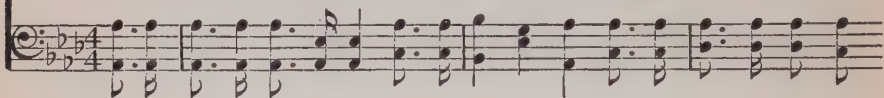
B. B. McK.

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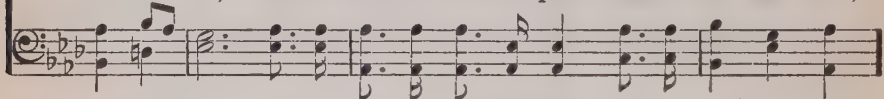
B. B. McKinney.



1. It is won-der-ful to know that the Savior came, That He cleansed my heart and
2. It is sweet to know that He is my dear-est Friend, All my pain and sor-row
3. I have found for me a place in the ranks of God, May I ev - er faith-ful



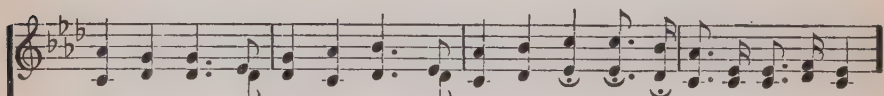
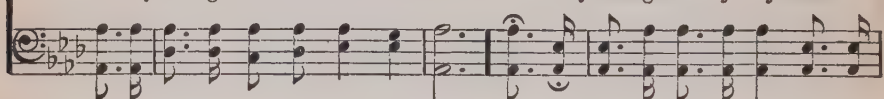
set me free; I will sing a song of praise to His Ho - ly name,
He doth see; And I know that He will keep me un - to the end,
to Him be; Tho' it means to tread the path that the Sav - ior trod,



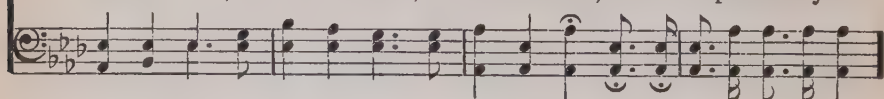
CHORUS.



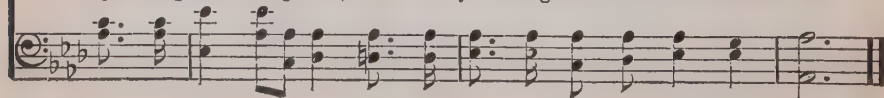
I'm re-joic-ing since His love found me. I'm re-joic-ing ev-'ry day since His



love found me, His love found me, His love found me; And He keeps me ev'ry hour



By His grace and pow'r, I'm re - joic - ing since His love found me.



27 Keep the Joy-Bells Ringing.

I. E. R.

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I. E. Reynolds.

1. Keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart to-day, Tho' your path be filled with care;
2. Keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart to-day, Tho' temptations come so strong;
3. Keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart to-day, Tho' bowed down with sorrowsore,

Je-sus knows each trouble and will be your stay, Ev'-ry bur-den He will share.
Je-sus knows each trial, He'll prepare the way, Keep the heart from ev'ry wrong.
Je-sus knows each sadness and the words will say, Which bring comfort as of yore.

CHORUS.

Keep the joy - bells ring - ing in your heart to - day, Keep the joy - bells

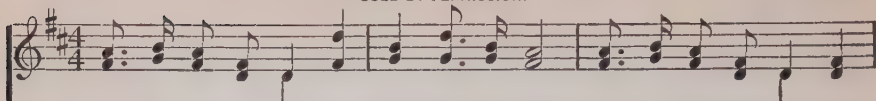
ring - ing in your heart al - way; Whether morn - ing, noon or night, Be thou

ev - er glad and bright, Keep the joy - bells ring - ing in your heart.

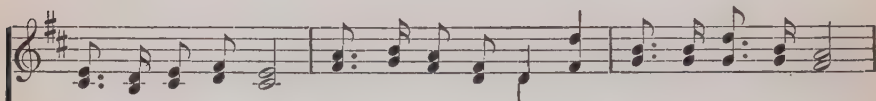
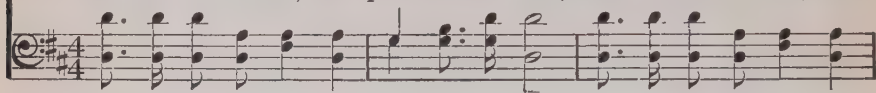
P. P. B.

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P. P. Bliss.



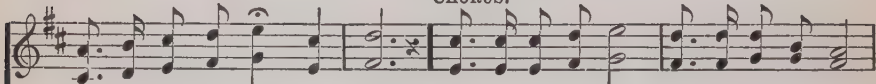
1. "Who - so - ev - er hear-eth," shout, shout the sound! Spread the blessed ti - dings
2. Who - so - ev - er com - eth need not de - lay, Now the door is o - pen,
3. "Who - so - ev - er will," the prom - ise se - cure, "Who - so - ev - er will," for -



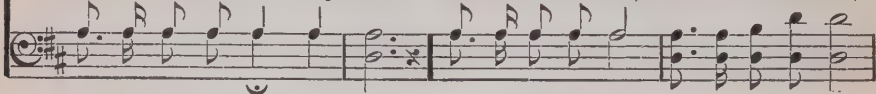
all the world a-round; Spread the joy-ful news wher - ev - er man is found:
en - ter while you may; Je - sus is the true, the on - ly Liv - ing Way:
ev - er must en - dure; "Who - so - ev - er will," 'tis life for - ev - er - more:



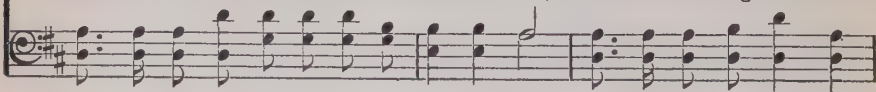
CHORUS.



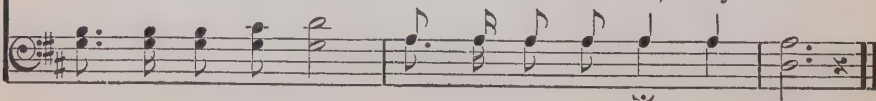
"Who - so - ev - er will may come." "Who - so - ev - er will, who - so - ev - er will,"



Send the proc-la-ma-tion o-ver vale and hill; 'Tis a lov-ing Fa-ther



calls the wan - d'rer home: "Who - so - ev - er will, may come."



J. P. S.

J. P. Scholfield.



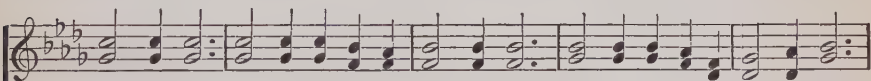
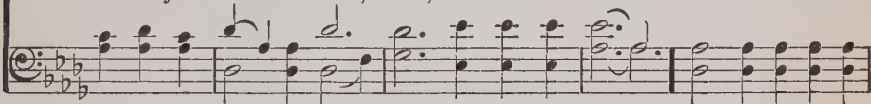
1. If God has plant-ed His love in you, Shine, shine for the Lord! Do
2. If He a - bides in your heart to-day, Shine, shine for the Lord! That
3. Would you have joy that will o - ver-flow, Shine, shine for the Lord! Lead



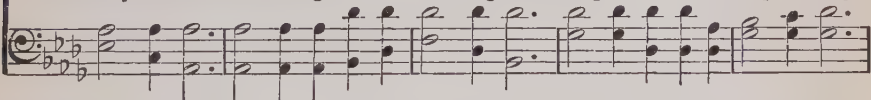
CHORUS.



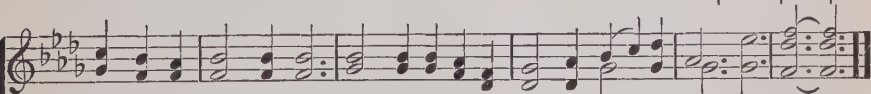
just as He bids you do, Shine, shine for the Lord!
 oth-ers may find the way, Shine, shine for the Lord! Shine for Je-sus just
 oth-ers your Christ to know, Shine, shine for the Lord!



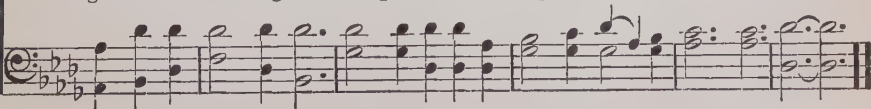
where you are! Shed the light of the Morning Star! Help an-oth-er a-long the way,



Shine for Je-sus to - day! Shine for Je-sus just where you are! Shed the




light of the Morning Star! Help another a-long the way and shine to - day!



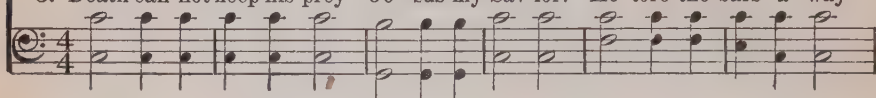

Robert Lowry.

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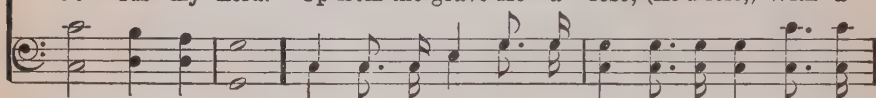

Robert Lowry.



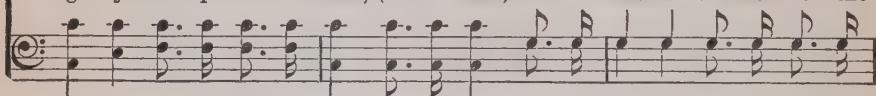

1. Low in the grave He lay— Je - sus my Sav-ior! Wait-ing the com-ing day—
2. Vain-ly they watch His bed—Je - sus my Sav-ior! Vain - ly they seal the dead—
3. Death can-not keep his prey— Je - sus my Sav-ior! He tore the bars a'-way—


REFRAIN. *Faster.*


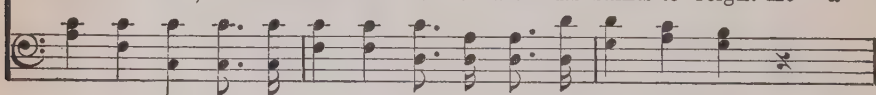
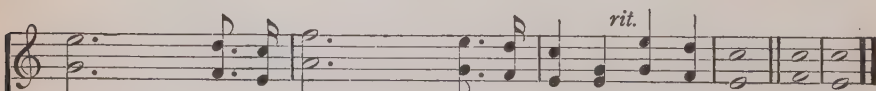
Je - sus my Lord! Up from the grave He a - rose, (He a-rose,) With a

might-y tri-umph o'er His foes; (He a - rose!) He a - rose a Vic - tor from the

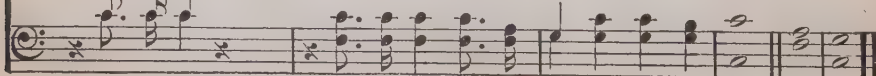



dark do-main, And He lives for - ev - er with His saints to reign. He a-

rose! He a - rose! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ a-rose! A-MEN

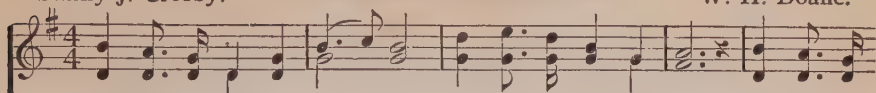
He a - rose! He a - rose!



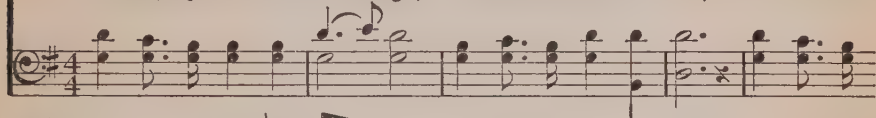
Fanny J. Crosby.

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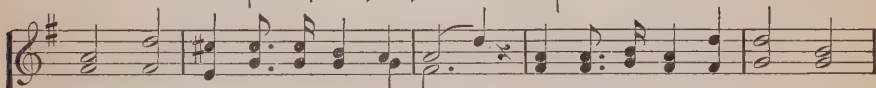
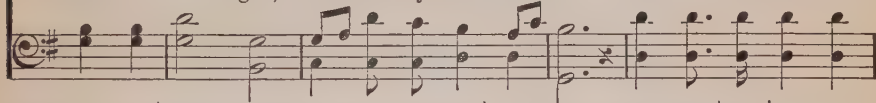
W. H. Doane.



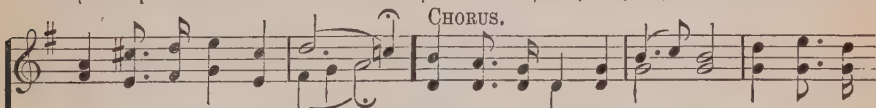
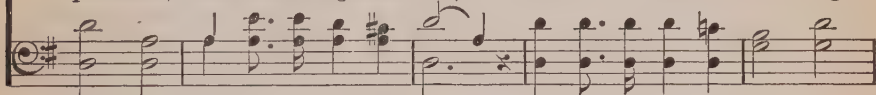
1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast, There by His
2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor - rod - ing care, Safe from the
3. Je - sus, my heart's dear ref - uge, Je - sus has died for me; Firm on the



love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet - ly my soul shall rest. Hark! 'tis the voice of
world's temp - ta - tions, Sin can - not harm me there. Free from the blight of
Rock of A - ges, Ev - er my trust shall be. Here let me wait with



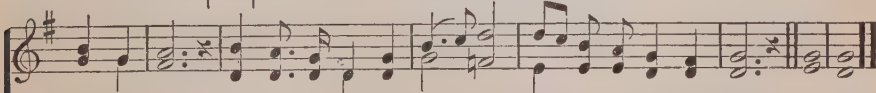
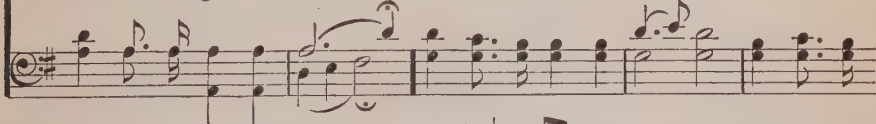
an - gels, Borne in a song to me, O - ver the fields of glo - ry,
sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears; On - ly a few more tri - als,
pa - tience, Wait till the night is o'er; Wait till I see the morn - ing



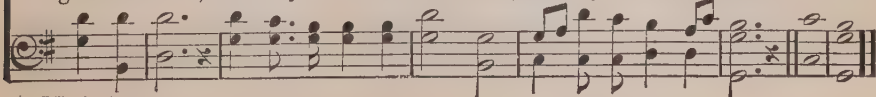
CHORUS.

O - ver the jas - per sea. . . .

On - ly a few more tears! . . Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His
Break on the gold - en shore. . .



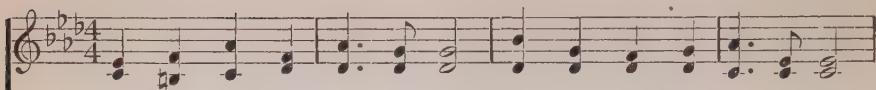
gen - tle breast, There by His love o'er - shaded, Sweetly my soul shall rest. A - MEN.



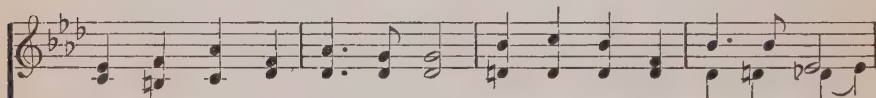
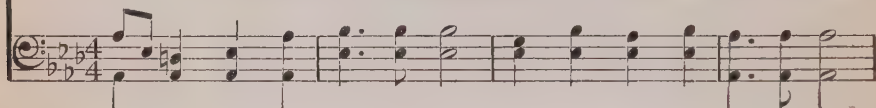
Robert Grant.

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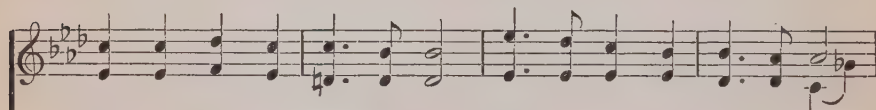
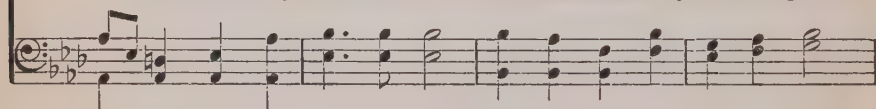
Mrs. I. E. Reynolds.



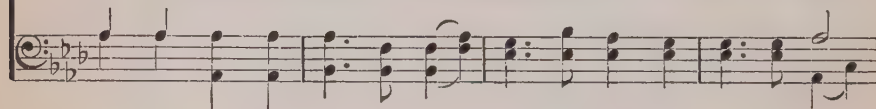
1. Lord of earth, Thy form - ing hand Well this beauteous frame had planned;
2. Lord of heav'n, be - yond our sight Shines a world of pur - er light;
3. Lord of earth and heav'n, my heart Seeks in Thee its on - ly rest;



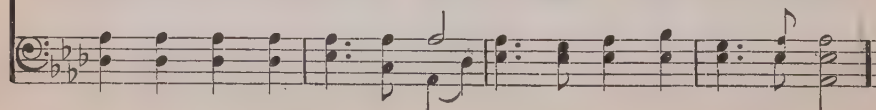
Woods that wave, and hills that tow'r, O - cean roll - ing in His pow'r:
 There in love's un - cloud - ed reign, Sev - ered friends shall meet a - gain.
 I was lost! Thy ac - cents mild Homeward lured Thy wand'ring child:



Yet a - midst this scene so fair, Should I cease Thy smile to share,
 O that world is pass - ing fair! Yet if Thou wert ab - sent there,
 Or if once Thy smile di - vine Ceased up - on my soul to shine,

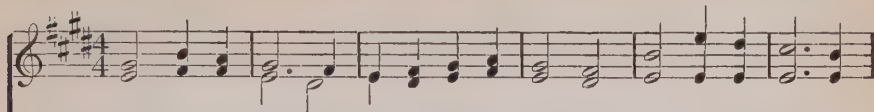


What were all its joys to me? Whom have I on earth but Thee?
 What were all its joys to me? Whom have I on earth but Thee?
 What were earth or heav'n to me? Whom have I in each but Thee?

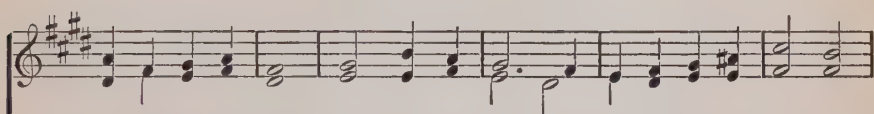


F. W. Faber.

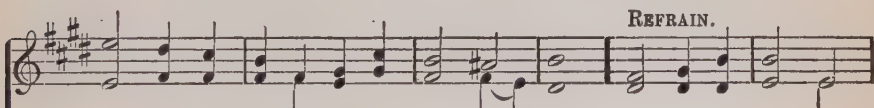
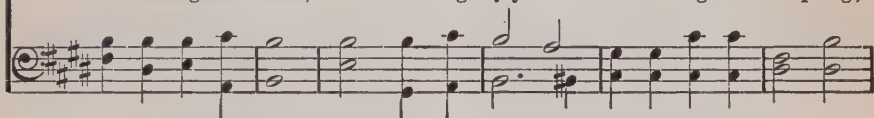
Henry Smart.



1. Hark! hark, my soul! an - gel - ic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields and
2. On - ward we go; for still we hear them singing, "Come, wear-y souls, for
3. An - gels, sing on! your faith-ful watches keep-ing; Sing us sweet frag-ments

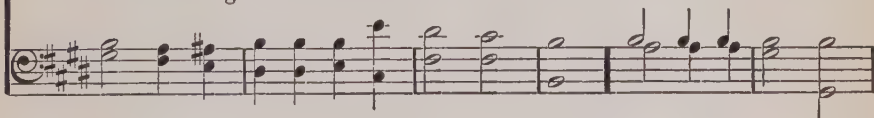


ocean's wave-beat shore: How sweet the truth those blessed strains are tell-ing
 Je - sus bids you come!" And thro' the dark its ech-oes sweet-ly ring-ing,
 of the songs a - bove, Till morn-ing's joy shall end the night of weep-ing,

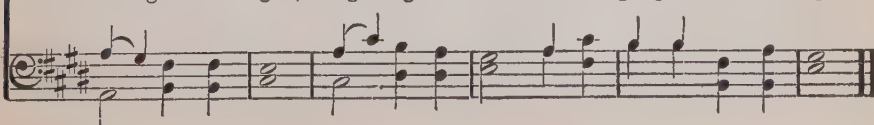


REFRAIN.

Of that new life when sin shall be no more!
 The mu - sic of the gos-pel leads us home. An - gels of Je - sus,
 And life's long shadows break in cloud-less love.



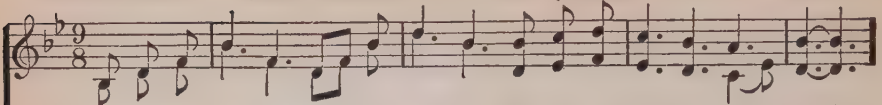
An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil-grims of the night!

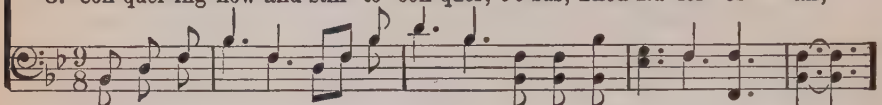


Sallie Martin.

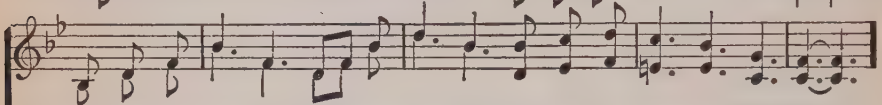
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Jno. R. Sweney.

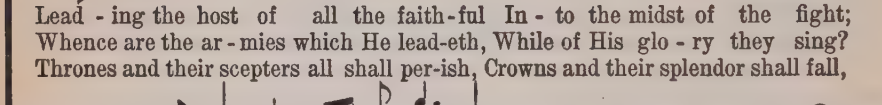
- 
1. Con-quer-ing now and still to con-quer, Rid-eth a King in His might,
 2. Con-quer-ing now and still to con-quer, Who is this won-der-ful King?
 3. Con-quer-ing now and still to con-quer, Je-sus, Thou Ru-ler of all,



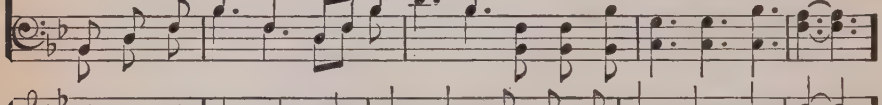
Lead-ing the host of all the faith-ful In-to the midst of the fight;
Whence are the ar-mies which He lead-eth, While of His glo-ry they sing?
Thrones and their scepters all shall per-ish, Crowns and their splendor shall fall,



See them with cour-age ad-vanc-ing, Clad in their bril-liant ar-ray,
He is our Lord and Re-deem-er, Sav-ior and Mon-arch di-vine;
Yet shall the ar-mies Thou lead-est, Faith-ful and true to the last,



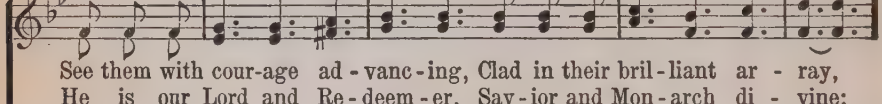
Shout-ing the name of their Lead-er, Hear them ex-ult-ing-ly say:
They are the stars that for-ev-er Bright in His King-dom will shine.
Find in Thy man-sions e-ter-nal Rest, when their war-fare is past.



D.S.—Yet to the true and the faith-ful Vic-t'ry is prom-ised thro' grace.

CHORUS.

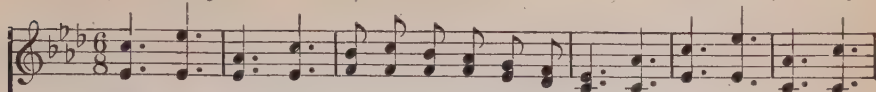
D.S.



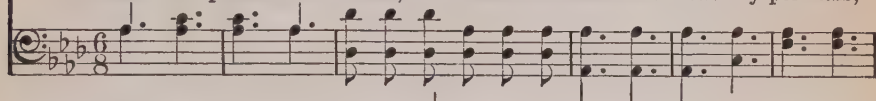
Not to the strong is the bat-tle, Not to the swift is the race, A-MEN.

Fanny J. Crosby.

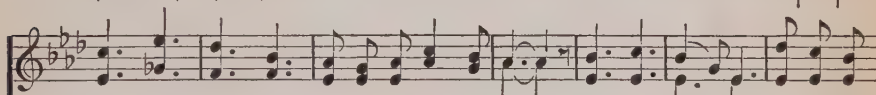
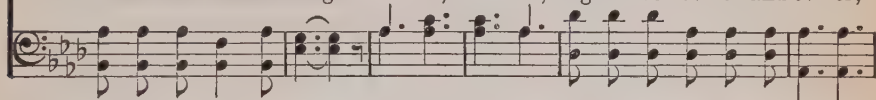
Chester G. Allen.



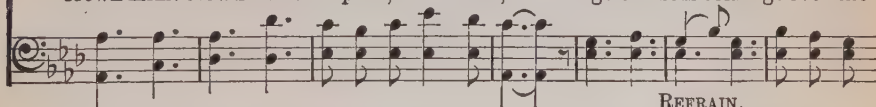
1. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! Sing O Earth, His
2. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! For our sins He
3. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! Heav'nly por-tals,



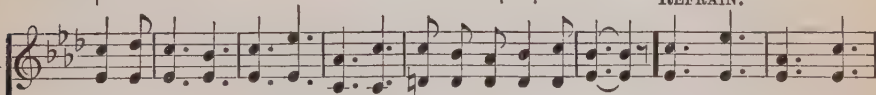
won-der-ful love proclaim! Hail Him! hail Him! highest archangels in glo-ry;
suffered, and bled, and died; He our Rock, our hope of e-ter-nal sal-va-tion,
loud with ho-san-nas ring! Je-sus, Sav-ior, reigneth for-ev-er and ev-er;



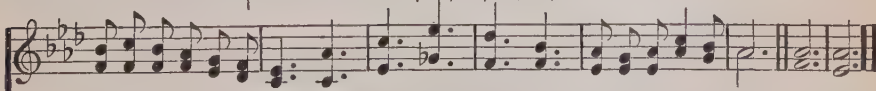
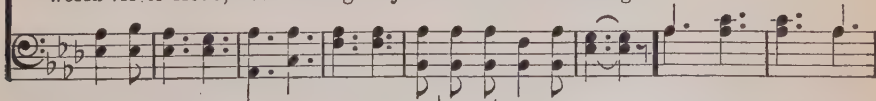
Strength and hon-or give to His ho-ly name! Like a shep-herd, Je-sus will
Hail Him! hail Him! Je-sus the Cru-ci-fied. Sound His Prais-es! Je-sus who
Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet, and Priest, and King! Christ is coming! over the



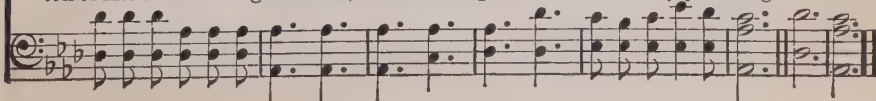
REFRAIN.



guard His children, In His arms He carries them all day long: Praise Him! praise Him!
bore our sorrows, Love unbounded, wonderful, deep and strong:
world vic-to-rious, Pow'r and glo-ry un-to the Lord be-long:



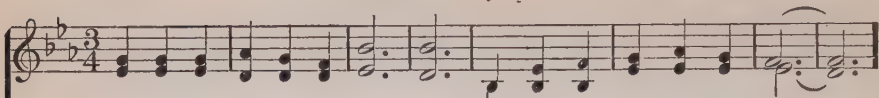
tell of His ex-cel-lent greatness; Praise Him! praise Him! ever in joyful song! A-MEN.



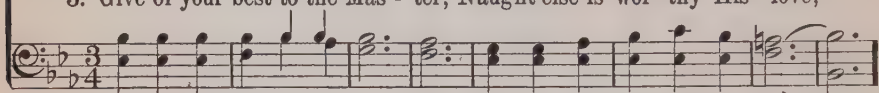
H. B. G.

Barnard. 8s. 7s. D.

Mrs. Charles Barnard.

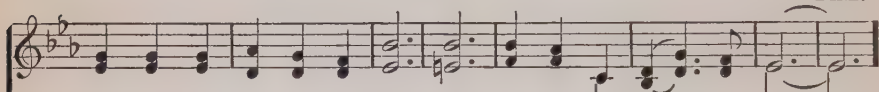


1. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give of the strength of your youth;
2. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give Him first place in your heart;
3. Give of your best to the Mas - ter, Naught else is wor - thy His love;

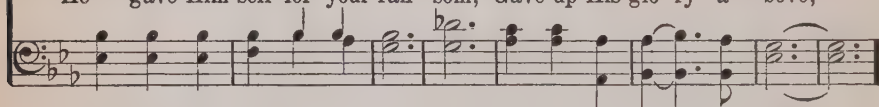


REF.—Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give of the strength of your youth;

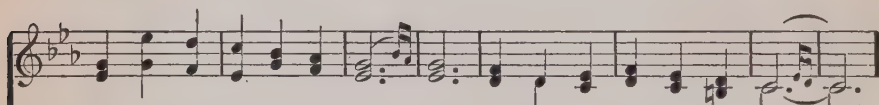
FINE.



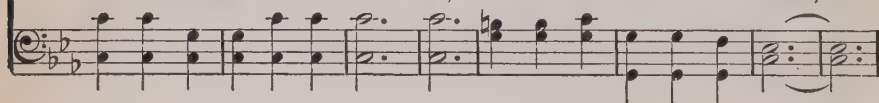
Throw your soul's fresh, glowing ar - dor In - to the bat - tle for truth.
 Give Him first place in your serv - ice, Con-se-crate ev - 'ry part.
 He gave Him-self for your ran - som, Gave up His glo - ry a - bove;



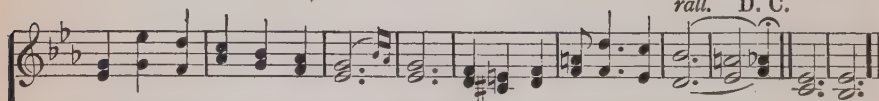
Clad in sal - va - tion's full ar - mor, Join in the bat - tle for truth.



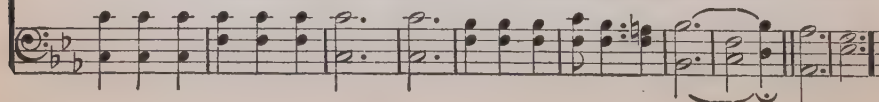
Je - sus has set the ex - am - ple; Dauntless was He, young and brave;
 Give, and to you shall be giv - en; God His be - lov - ed Son gave;
 Laid down His life without mur - mur, You from sin's ru - in to save;



rall. D. C.



Give Him your loy - al de - vo - tion, Give Him the best that you have.
 Grate - ful - ly seek - ing to serve Him, Give Him the best that you have.
 Give Him your heart's ad - o - ra - tion, Give Him the best that you have. A - MEN.



37 All the Way My Savior Leads Me.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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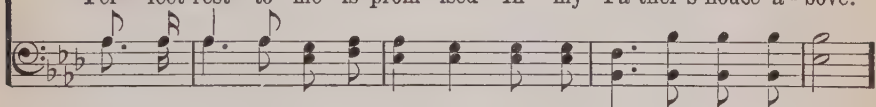
Robert Lowry.



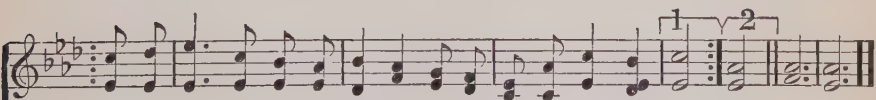
1. All the way my Sav-ior leads me; What have I to ask be-side?
2. All the way my Sav-ior leads me, Cheers each winding path I tread,
3. All the way my Sav-ior leads me; Oh, the full-ness of His love!



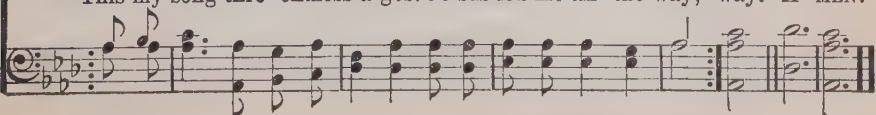
Can I doubt His ten-der mer-cy, Who thro' life has been my Guide?
Gives me grace for ev-'ry tri-al, Feeds me with the liv-ing bread.
Per-fect rest to me is prom-ised In my Fa-ther's house a-bove.



Heav'n-ly peace, di-vin-est com-fort, Here by faith in Him to dwell!
Though my wear-y steps may fal-ter, And my soul a-thirst may be,
When my spir-it, clothed im-mor-tal, Wings its flight to realms of day,



For I know, whate'er be-fall me, Je-sus do-eth all things well; well.
Gushing from the Rock before me, Lo! a spring of joy I see; see.
This my song thro' endless a-ges: Je-sus led me all the way; way. A-MEN.

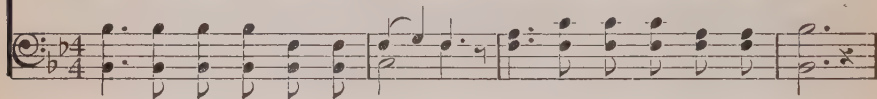


Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

Grant Colfax Tullar.



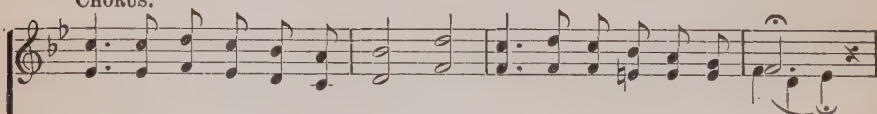
1. Face to face with Christ my Sav - ior, Face to face, how can it be,
2. On - ly faint - ly now I see Him, With the dark - ling veil be - tween;
3. What re - joic - ing in His pres - ence, When are banished grief and pain!
4. Face to face—O bliss - ful mo - ment! Face to face, to see and know;



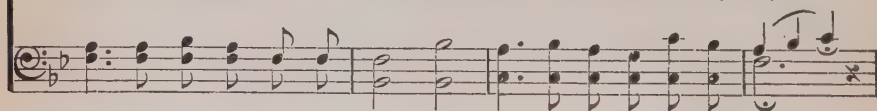
When with rap - ture I be - hold Him, Je - sus Christ, who died for me?
 But a bless - ed day is com - ing, When His glo - ry shall be seen.
 When the crook - ed ways are straightened, And the dark things shall be plain!
 Face to face with my Re - deem - er, Je - sus Christ, who loves me so.



CHORUS.



Face to face shall I be - hold Him, Far be - yond the star - ry sky;...



Face to face in all His glo - ry, I shall see Him by and by!



J. E. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1921, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. Edwin McConnell.

Not too fast.

1. Art thou wear - y, heav - y - la - den? Cast thy care at Je - sus' feet: Dost thou
2. Hath the storms of life be - set thee? Art thou struggling in the dark? Know ye
3. Hear, O hear Him gen - tly calling, "Weary one, come and find rest:" Come thou,



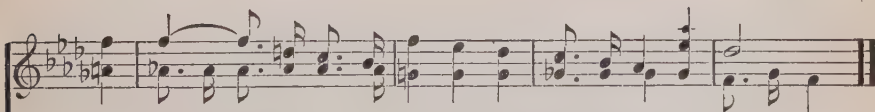
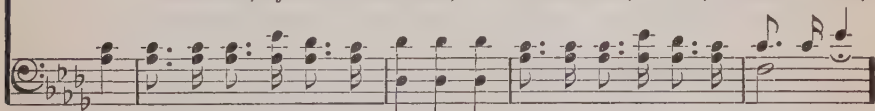
feel thou art for - sak - en? O take heart, take heart, take heart.
not He can't for - get thee?
have no fear of fall - ing, Take heart, take heart.



CHORUS.



Take heart, . . . thy Savior loves thee; Take heart, . . . He died for thee;
Take heart, thy Sav - ior loves thee; Take heart, He died, He died for thee;



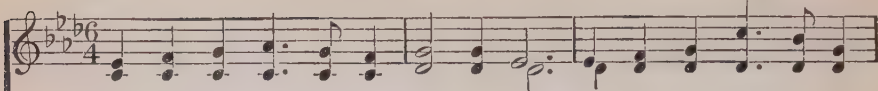
Take heart, . . . and look a - bove thee; And, trusting Him, take heart.
Take heart, take heart.



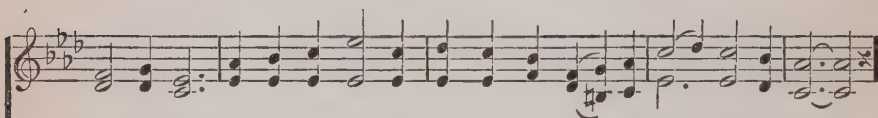
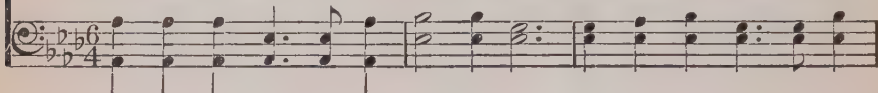
W. M. R.

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY W. M. RUNYAN.
OWNED BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

William M. Runyan.



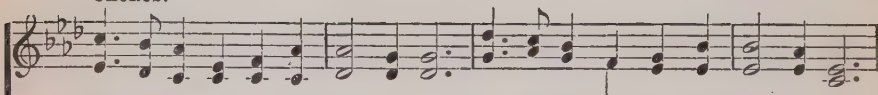
1. All that my soul in its sin can need, All that my faith in its
2. My on - ly claim for all sin for-giv'n, Ground for my hope of a
3. Bread for the soul when I hun-ger sore, Grace for my heart when I
4. More than my song can in love de-clare, More than all meas-ure of



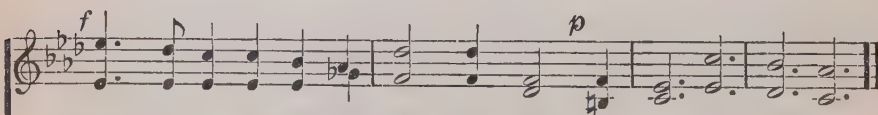
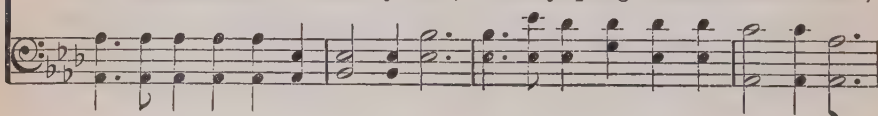
prayer can plead; Cen-ter of life and soul of my creed Is Je - sus to me.
home in heav'n; Power thro' which my chains are all riv'n Is Je - sus to me.
thirst for more; Sheltering rock when storms 'round me roar Is Je - sus to me.
praise or prayer; Comfort and balm for sor-row or care Is Je - sus to me.



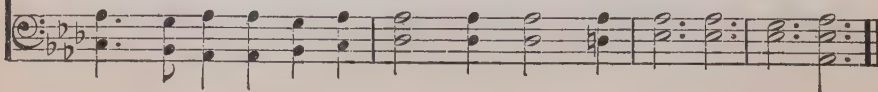
CHORUS.



He is my Rock in a wear-y land, He is my Spring 'midst the des-ert sand;

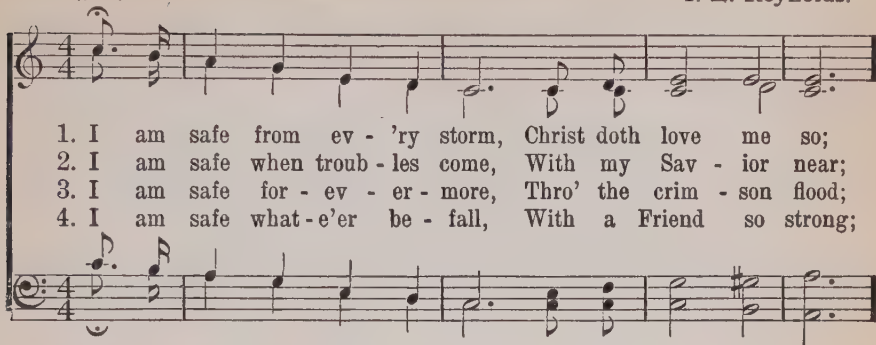


Strength in my weak-ness that I may stand, Is Je - sus, Je - sus.

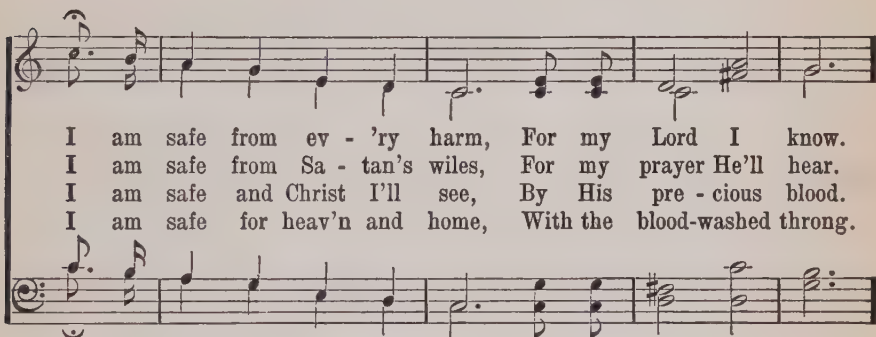


I. E. R.

I. E. Reynolds.

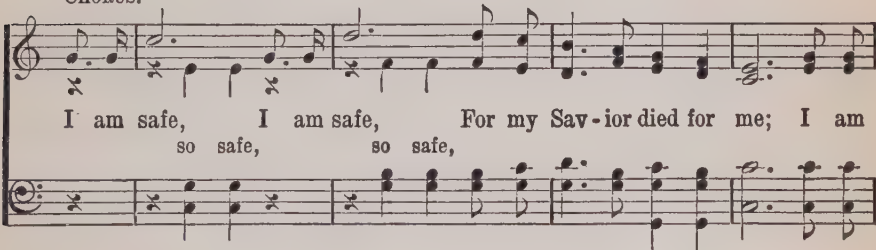


1. I am safe from ev - 'ry storm, Christ doth love me so;
 2. I am safe when troub - les come, With my Sav - ior near;
 3. I am safe for - ev - er - more, Thro' the crim - son flood;
 4. I am safe what-e'er be - fall, With a Friend so strong;

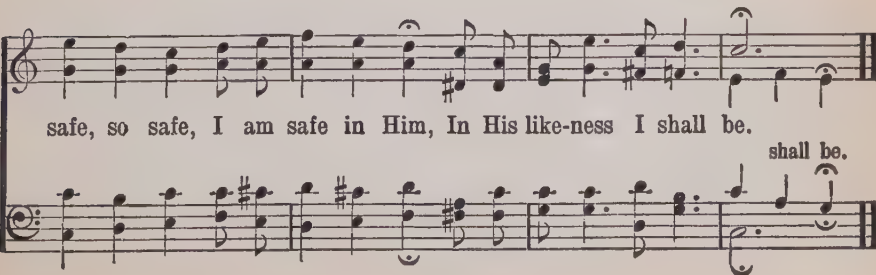


I am safe from ev - 'ry harm, For my Lord I know.
 I am safe from Sa - tan's wiles, For my prayer He'll hear.
 I am safe and Christ I'll see, By His pre - cious blood.
 I am safe for heav'n and home, With the blood-washed throng.

CHORUS.



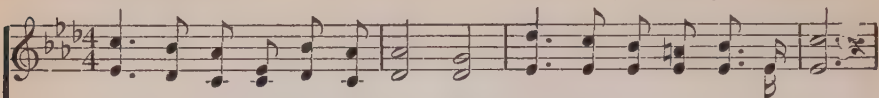
I am safe, I am safe, For my Sav - ior died for me; I am
 so safe, so safe,



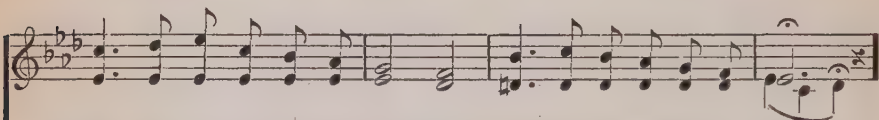
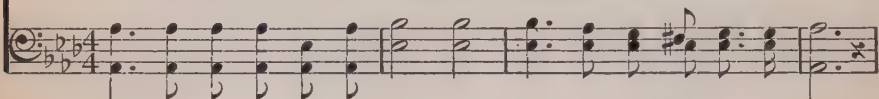
safe, so safe, I am safe in Him, In His like-ness I shall be.
 shall be.

Rev. Alfred Barratt.

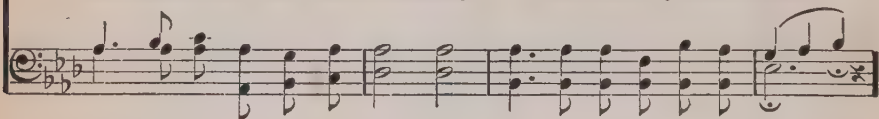
Henry P. Morton.



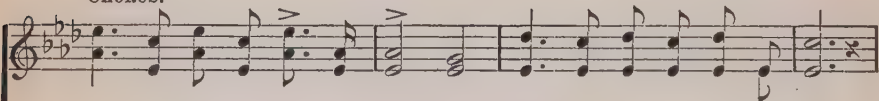
1. Say - ior, let me walk be - side Thee, All a - long the heav'nward way;
2. When the darkness gathers o'er me, Be Thou still my lov - ing Guide;
3. Guard my soul from un-seen dan - ger, Thou who art my heav'nly Friend;
4. I will fol - low Thee more close-ly, With un-wav'ring faith and love;



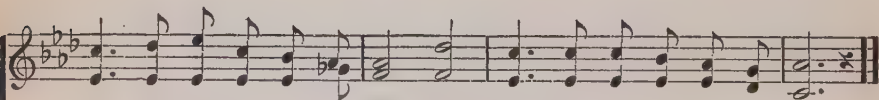
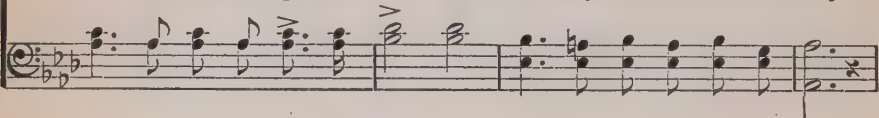
Take me by the hand and lead me, Lest from Thee I go a - stray.
 Make the path-way bright be-fore me, While I'm walking by Thy side.
 When the storms of life are rag - ing, On Thy mer-cy I de - pend.
 Then when dawns life's radiant morning, I shall reach my home a-bove.



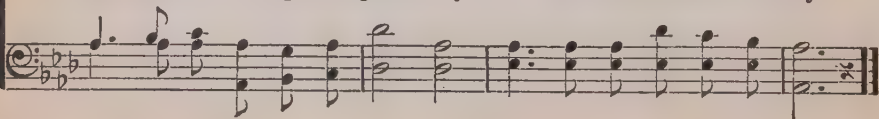
CHORUS.



Sav - ior, lead me up-ward, on - ward, Then my soul can nev - er stray

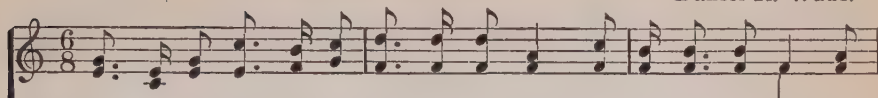


From that dear, de-light-ful path - way In - to sin's de-ceil - ful way.

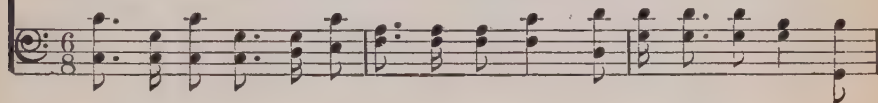


D. R. W.

Daniel R. Wade.



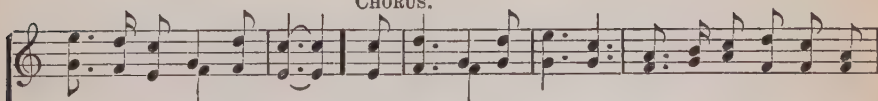
1. If the dear Sav-ior is pre-cious to you, Go tell it to-day, go
2. Tell of the Sav-ior who rose from the grave, Go tell it to-day, go
3. If when in sor-row He com-forts your soul, Go tell it to-day, go
4. When Je-sus gave up His life on the cross, Go tell it to-day, go



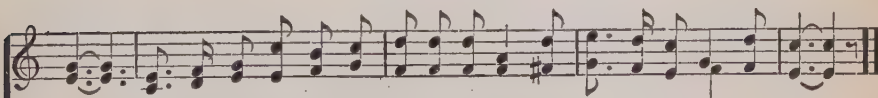
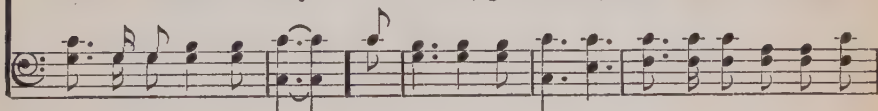
tell it to-day; Tell what His love un-to oth-ers will do, Go
 tell it to-day; Tell how He suf-ered dear sin-ners to save, Go
 tell it to-day; Tell how He guid-ed you in-to His fold, Go
 tell it to-day, That by His dy-ing, death's pow-er was lost, Go



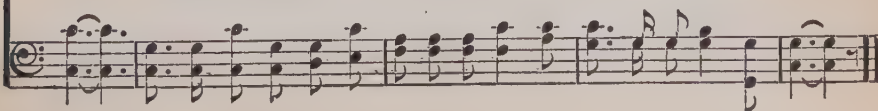
CHORUS.



tell of His love to-day. Go tell it, go tell it, Tell of His won-der-ful

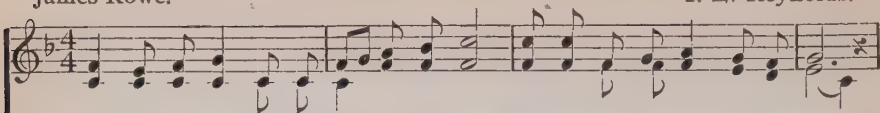


love; Tell what the Sav-ior is do-ing for you, Go tell of His love to-day.

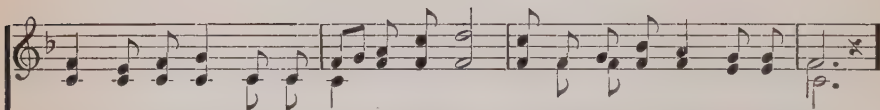
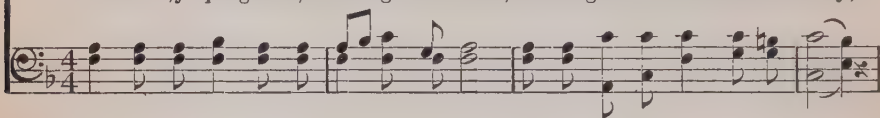


James Rowe.

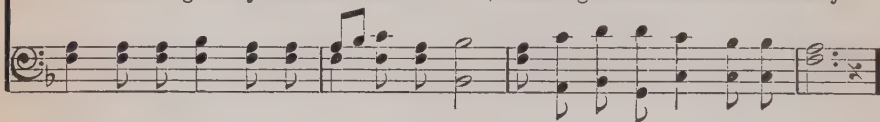
I. E. Reynolds.



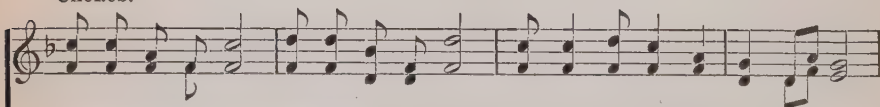
1. On - ward, ye pil-grims, to glo - ry a - bove, Trusting in the blood all the way;
2. Loy-al and strong in His serv-ice re-main, Trusting in the blood all the way;
3. Words of en-cour-age-ment lovingly speak, Trusting in the blood all the way;
4. On - ward, ye pil-grims, be strong in the Lord, Trusting in the blood all the way;



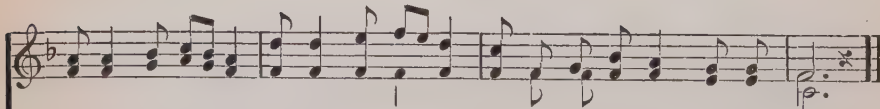
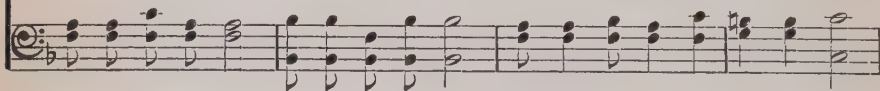
Scat - ter the gos - pel of in - fi - nite love, Trusting in the blood all the way.
 Fight with-out ceasing the life-crown to gain, Trusting in the blood all the way.
 Comfort the sad ones, and strengthen the weak, Trusting in the blood all the way.
 On - ward to glo - ry and end - less re-ward, Trusting in the blood all the way.



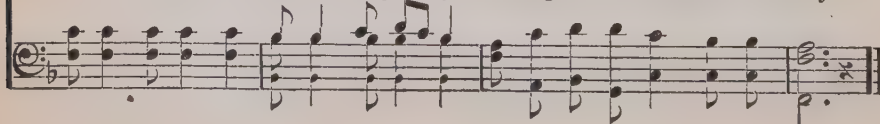
CHORUS.



Trusting in the blood, trusting in the blood, March in the light both day and night,

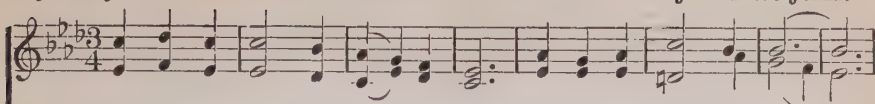


Tell-ing the sto - ry, on-ward to glo - ry, Trusting in the blood all the way.

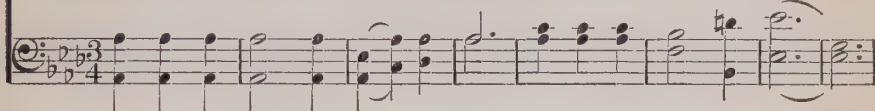


J. W. J.

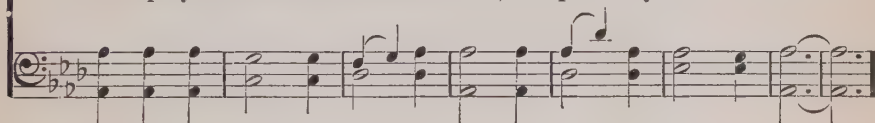
James W. Jelks.



1. Just as I am, Thou bidst me come, O Sav-ior, un - to Thee;
2. Just as I am, my back to sin, My face tow'rd Thee, my God,
3. Just as I am, with bro - ken heart, I come to seek Thy love;
4. Just as I am, I give Thee back, My life so hurt by sin;



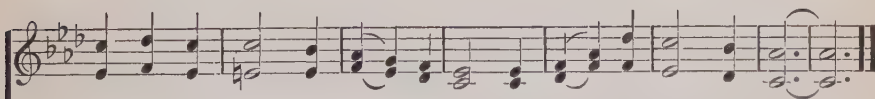
I claim no mer - it of my own, Thou, Lord must heal - er be.
 I come re - pent - ing wrong I've done, O save me by Thy word.,
 I want to feel Thy cleansing, Lord, Thy bless - ing from a - bove.
 And pray that Thou wilt make me clean, And plant Thy life with - in.



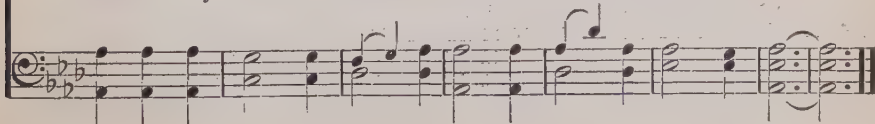
CHORUS.



Thou, God of Love, canst make me clean, Thou a-lone canst save from sin;



What I may need Thou canst be-stow, And make me pure with - in.

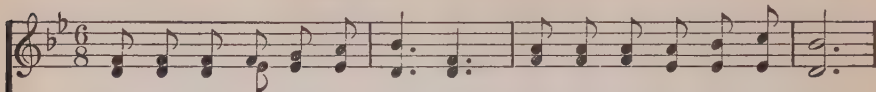


46 There Shall Be Showers of Blessing.

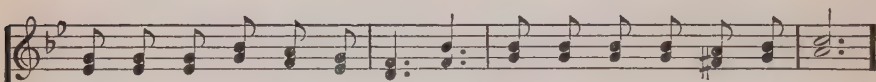
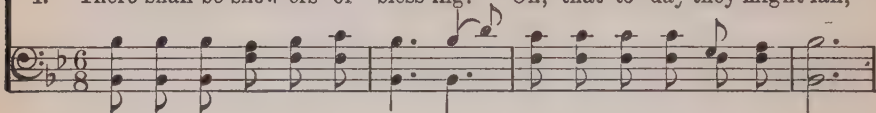
El Nathan.

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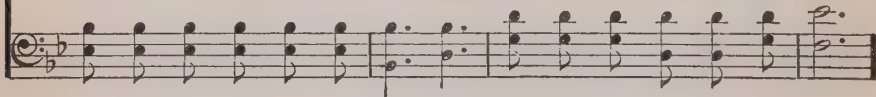
James McGranahan.



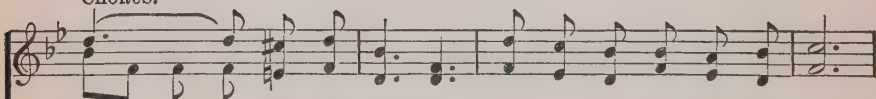
1. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" This is the prom-ise of love;
2. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing"— Pre-cious re - viv - ing a - gain;
3. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" Send them up-on us, O Lord;
4. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" Oh, that to-day they might fall,



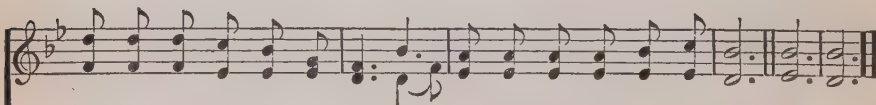
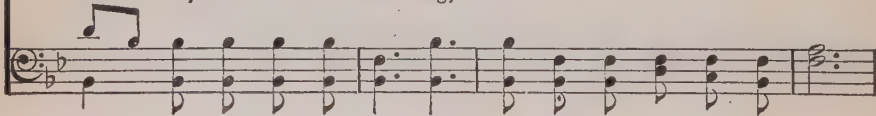
There shall be sea-sons re-fresh-ing, Sent from the Sav-ior a - bove.
O - ver the hills and the val - leys, Sound of a - bun-dance of rain.
Grant to us now a re-fresh-ing, Come, and now hon - or Thy Word.
Now as to God we're con-fess-ing, Now as on Je - sus we call!



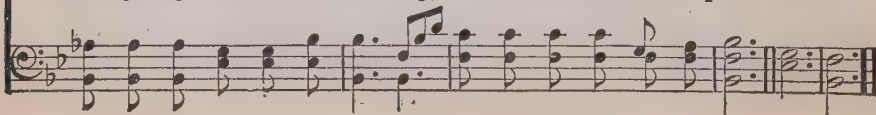
CHORUS.



Show - - - ers of bless-ing, Show-ers of bless-ing we need:
Show - ers, show-ers of bless - ing,



Mer-cy-drops round us are fall - ing, But for the show-ers we plead. A-MEN.



Palmer Hartsough.

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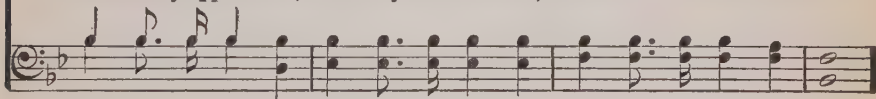
J. H. Fillmore.



1. I am resolved no lon - ger to lin - ger, Charmed by the world's de - light;
2. I am resolved to go to the Sav - ior, Leav - ing my sin and strife;
3. I am resolved to fol - low the Sav - ior, Faith - ful and true each day;
4. I am resolved to en - ter the Kingdom, Leav - ing the paths of sin;



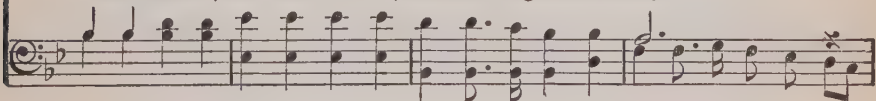
Things that are higher, things that are no - bler, These have al - lured my sight.
 He is the true One, He is the just One, He hath the words of life.
 Heed what He say - eth, do what He will - eth, He is the liv - ing way.
 Friends may oppose me, foes may be - set me, Still will I en - ter in.



CHORUS.



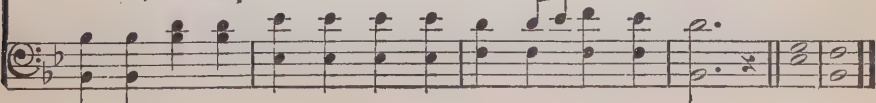
I will has - ten to Him, Has - ten so glad and free;
 I will has - ten, has - ten to Him, Has - ten so glad and free;



Has - ten glad and free;



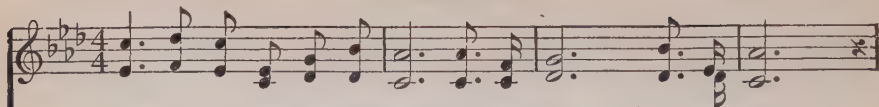
Je - sus, Great - est, High - est, I will come to Thee. A - MEN.
 Je - sus, Je - sus,



Ina Duley Ogdon.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

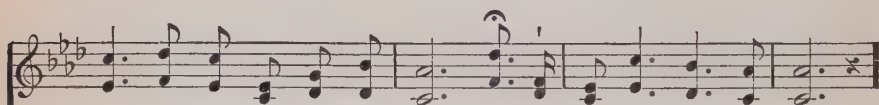
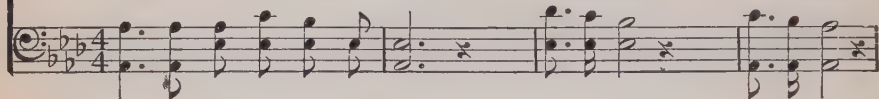
B. D. Ackley.



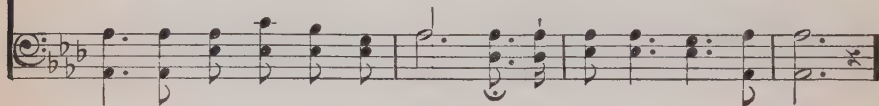
1. Who will o - pen mer-cy's door? Je - sus will! Je - sus will!
 2. Who can take a - way my sin? Je - sus will! Je - sus will!
 3. Who can conquer doubts and fears? Je - sus will! Je - sus will!
 4. Who will be my dearest Friend? Je - sus will! Je - sus will!

Je - sus will!

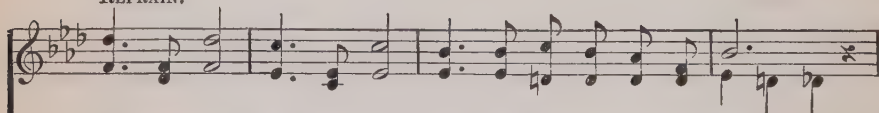
Je - sus will!



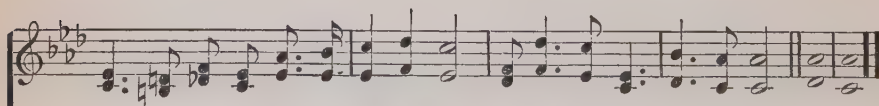
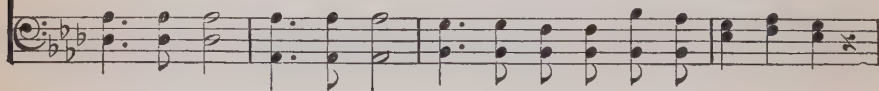
As for par - don I im - plore? Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus will!
 Make me pure, with - out, with - in? Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus will!
 Share my joys and dry my tears? Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus will!
 Love and keep me to the end? Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus will!



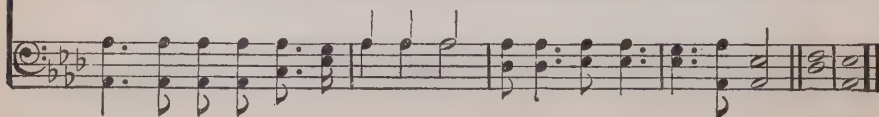
REFRAIN.



Je - sus will, Je - sus will! , Yes, your lov - ing Sav - ior will;
 sure - ly will;



He will each and ev - ry need ful - fill, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus will! A - MEN -



Johnson Oatman, Jr.

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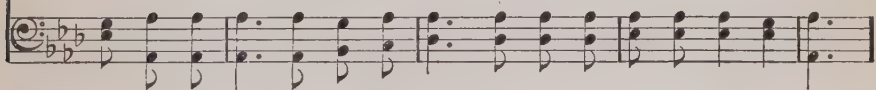
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. I'm press-ing on the up-ward way, New heights I'm gaining ev-'ry day;
2. My heart has no de - sire to stay Where doubts a-rise and fears dis-may;
3. I want to live a - bove the world, Tho' Sa-tan's darts at me are hurled;
4. I want to scale the utmost height, And catch a gleam of glo - ry bright;



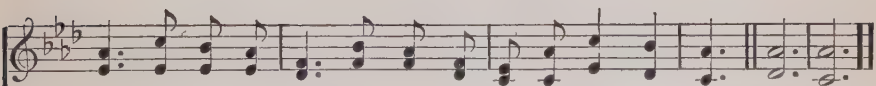
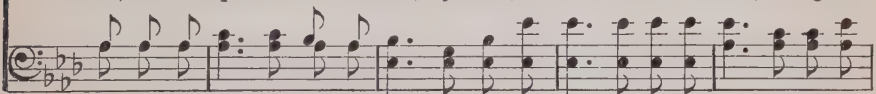
Still pray-ing as I on-ward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on higher ground."
Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My prayer, my aim, is higher ground.
For faith has caught the joy-ful sound, The song of saints on higher ground.
But still I'll pray till Heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to higher ground."



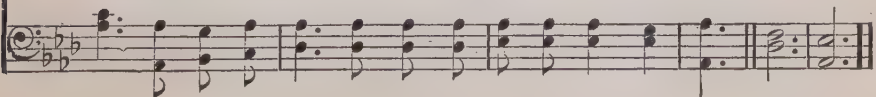
CHORUS.



Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on Heaven's table-land, A high-er



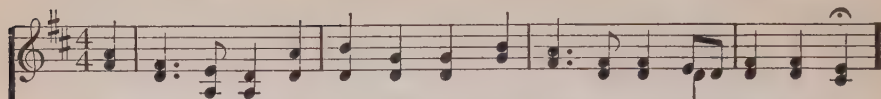
plane than I have found; Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground. A - MEN.



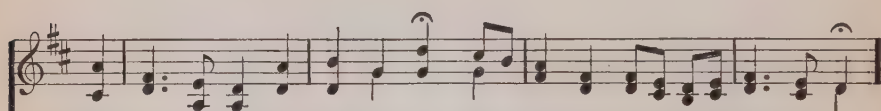
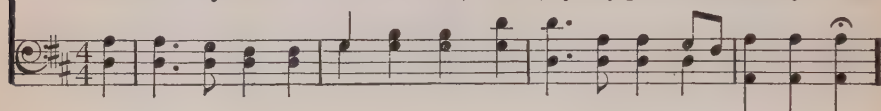
Joseph H. Gilmore.

He Leadeth Me. L. M.

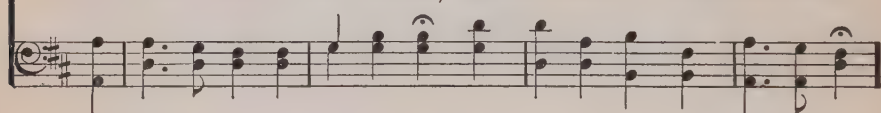
William B. Bradbury.



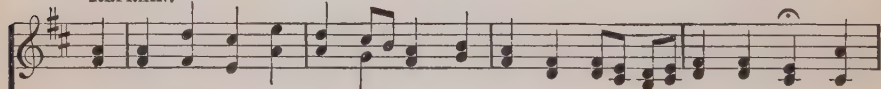
1. He lead - eth me! O bless-ed thought! O words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bow-ers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur nor re - pine,
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vic-t'ry's won,



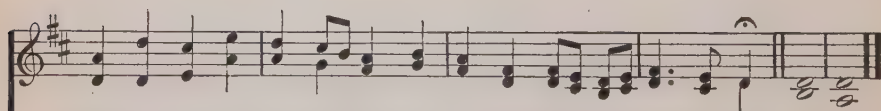
What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
 By wa - ters still, o'er troubled sea, — Still 'tis His hand that lead-eth me!
 Con - tent, what-ev - er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead-eth me!
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead-eth me.



REFRAIN.



He lead - eth me, He lead - eth me, By His own hand He lead-eth me: His



faith - ful fol-lower I would be, For by His hand He lead - eth me. A-MEN.

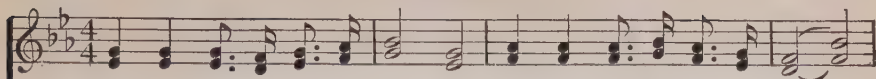


Beautiful River.

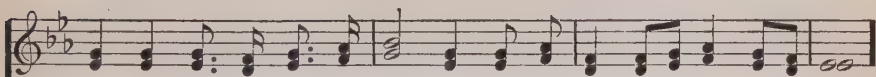
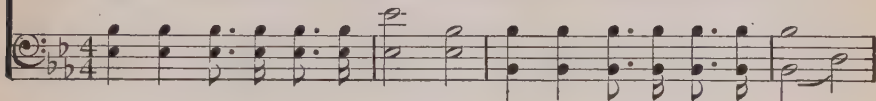
Robert Lowry.

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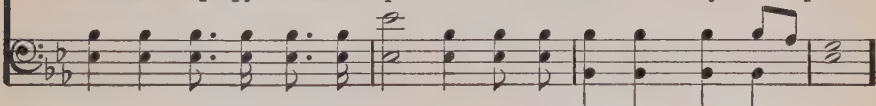
Robert Lowry.



1. Shall we gath-er at the riv - er, Where bright an-gel feet have trod;
2. On the mar-gin of the riv - er, Wash-ing up its sil-ver spray,
3. Ere we reach the shin-ing riv - er, Lay we ev-'ry bur-den down;
4. Soon we'll reach the shining riv - er, Soon our pil-grim-age will cease;



With its crys-tal tide for-ev-er Flow-ing by the throne of God?
 We will walk and wor-ship ev-er, All the hap-py, gold-en day.
 Grace our spir-its will de-liv-er, And pro-vide a robe and crown.
 Soon our hap-py hearts will quiv-er With the mel-o-dy of peace.



CHORUS.



Yes, we'll gath-er at the riv - er, The beau-ti-ful, the beau-ti-ful riv - er,—



Gath-er with the saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God. A-MEN.



Wm. R. Newell.

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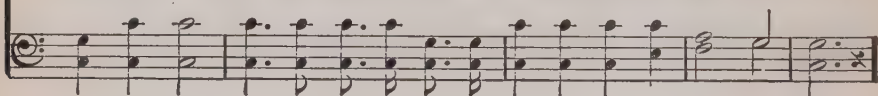
D. B. Towner.



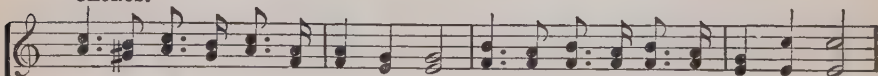
1. Years I spent in van - i - ty and pride, Car - ing not my Lord was
2. By God's Word at last my sin I learned; Then I trem - bled at the
3. Now I've giv'n to Je - sus ev - 'ry - thing, Now I glad - ly own Him
4. O the love that drew sal - va - tion's plan! O the grace that bro't it



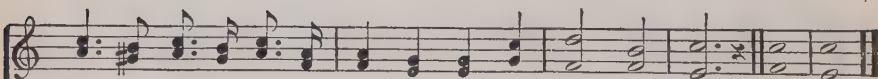
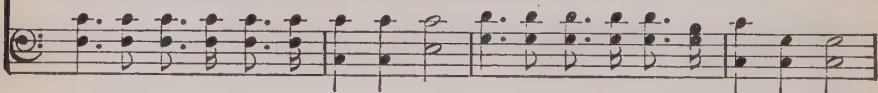
cru - ci - fied, Know - ing not it was for me He died On Cal - va - ry.
 law I'd spurned, Till my guilt - y soul im - plor - ing turned To Cal - va - ry.
 as my King, Now my raptured soul can on - ly sing Of Cal - va - ry.
 down to man! O the might - y gulf that God did span At Cal - va - ry.



CHORUS.



Mer - cy there was great, and grace was free; Pardon there was mul - ti - plied to me;



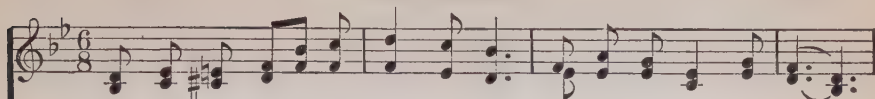
There my burdened soul found lib - er - ty, At Cal - va - ry! A - MEN.



C. D. Martin.

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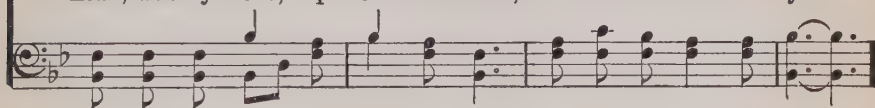
W. S. Martin.



1. Be not dis-mayed, what-e'er be-tide, God will take care of you;
2. Thro' days of toil, when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;
3. All you may need He will pro-vide, God will take care of you;
4. No mat-ter what may be the test, God will take care of you;



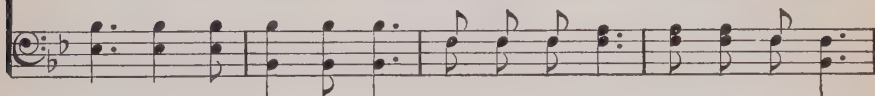
Be - neath His wings of love a - bide, God will take care of you.
 When dan-gers fierce your path as - sail, God will take care of you.
 Noth - ing you ask will be de - nied, God will take care of you.
 Lean, wear-y one, up - on His breast, God will take care of you.



CHORUS.



God will take care of you, Thro' ev-'ry day, O'er all the way;



He will take care of you, God will take care of you. . . A - MEN.
 take care of you.

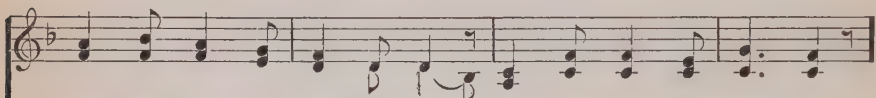
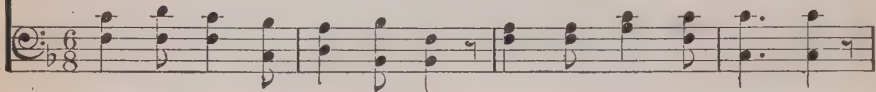


Fanny J. Crosby.

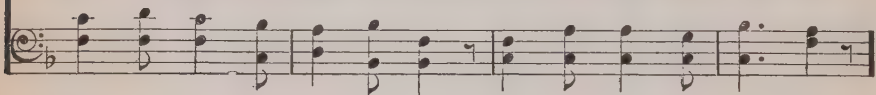
W. H. Doane.



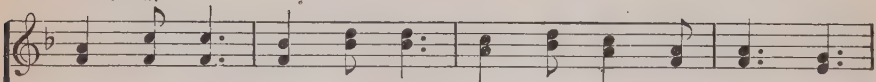
1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross, There a pre - cious foun - tain,
2. Near the cross, a tremb - ling soul, Love and mer - cy found me;
3. Near the cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be - fore me;
4. Near the cross I'll watch and wait, Hop - ing, trust - ing ev - er,



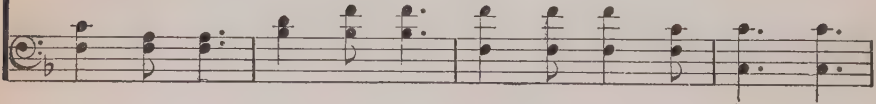
Free to all, a heal - ing stream, Flows from Cal - v'ry's moun - tain.
 There the Bright and Morn - ing Star Shed His beams a - round me.
 Help me walk from day to day, With its shad - ows o'er me.
 Till I reach the gold - en strand, Just be - yond the riv - er.



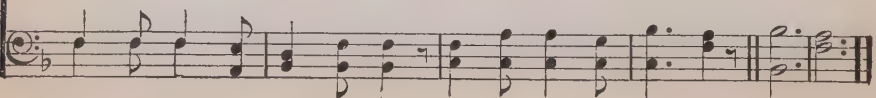
REFRAIN.



In the cross, in the cross Be my glo - ry ev - er,



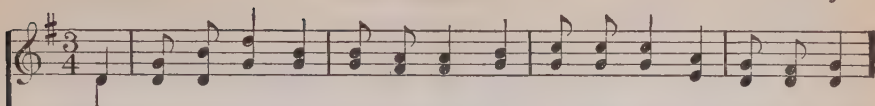
Till my rap - tured soul shall find Rest be - yond the riv - er. A - MEN.



Edward Mote.

The Solid Rock. L. M.

William B. Bradbury.



1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and righteousness;
2. When dark-ness veils His love-ly face, I rest on His un-chang-ing grace;
3. His oath, His cov-e-nant, His blood, Sup-port me in the whelm-ing flood;
4. When He shall come with trumpet sound, Oh, may I then in Him be found;



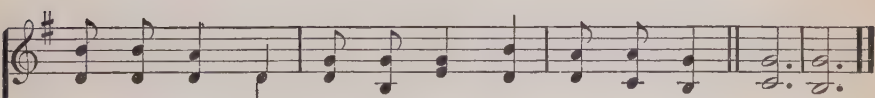
I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name.
 In ev-'ry high and storm-y gale, My an-chor holds with-in the veil.
 When all a-round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.
 Dressed in His right-eous-ness a-lone, Fault-less to stand be-fore the throne.



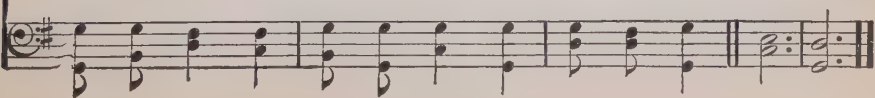
REFRAIN.



On Christ, the sol-id Rock, I stand; All oth-er ground is



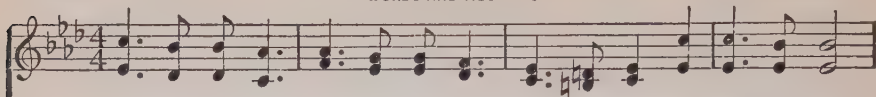
sink-ing sand, All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand. A-MEN.



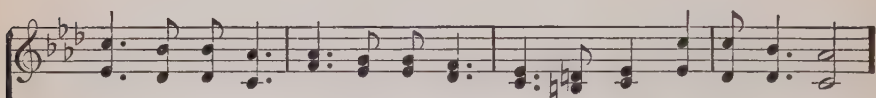
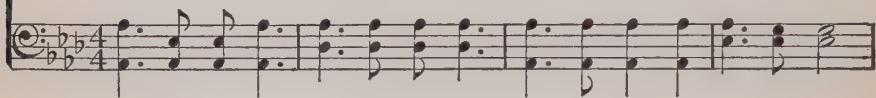
Isabel C. Allam.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

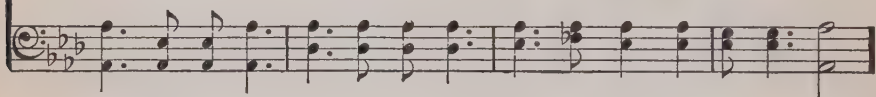
E. O. Excell.



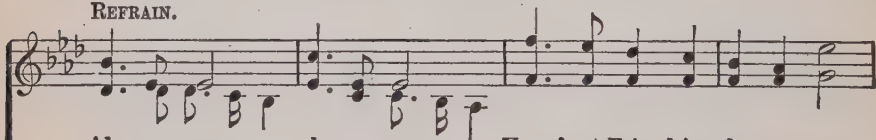
1. When the shad-ows 'round you gath-er, When the day is long and drear,
2. When your cour-age al-most fails you, When you need a word of cheer,
3. When your fondest hopes have perished, When so free-ly falls the tear,
4. When the val-ley of the shad-ow You are tread-ing, do not fear;



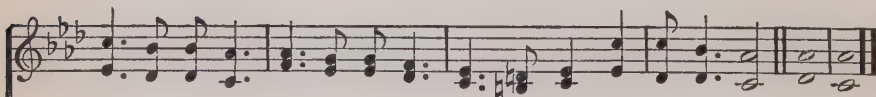
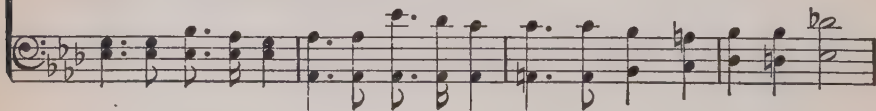
In the morn-ing, or at mid-night, Your best Friend is al-ways near.
There is One who will not leave you: Your best Friend is al-ways near.
He who knows and feels your sor-row—Your best Friend—is al-ways near.
One there is who will go with you: Your best Friend is al-ways near.



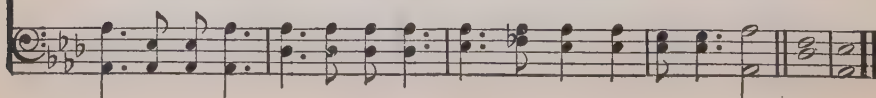
REFRAIN.



Al-ways near, al-ways near, Your best Friend is al-ways near;
He is al-ways near, He is al-ways near,



In your glad-ness, in your sad-ness, Your best Friend is al-ways near. A-MEN.



Love Is the Theme.

To my friend, L. E. Jones.

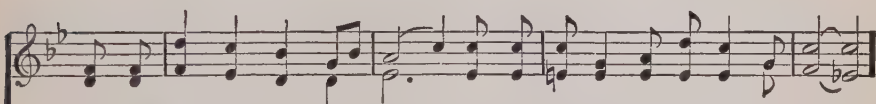
A. C. F.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

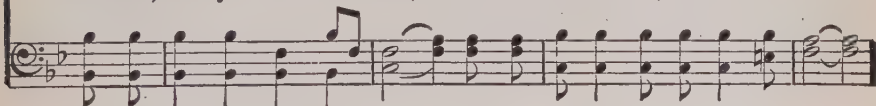
Albert C. Fisher.



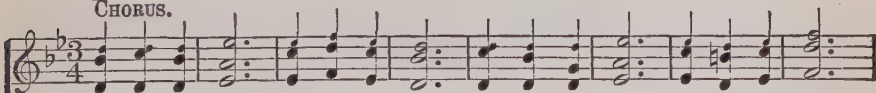
1. Of the themes that men have known, One su-preme-ly stands a - lone;
2. Let the bells of Heav-en ring, Let the saints their trib - ute bring,
3. Since the Lord my soul un - bound, I am tell - ing all a - round
4. As of old when blind and lame To the bless - ed Mas - ter came,



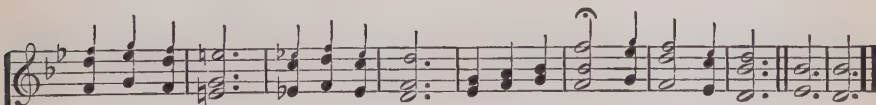
Thro' the a - ges it has shown,—'Tis His won-der-ful, won-der-ful love.
 Let the world true prais-es sing For His won-der-ful, won-der-ful love.
 Par-don, peace and joy are found In His won-der-ful, won-der-ful love.
 Sin-ners, call ye on His name,—Trust His won-der-ful, won-der-ful love.



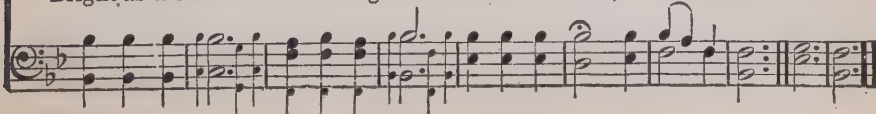
CHORUS.



Love is the theme, Love is su-preme; Sweet-er it grows, Glo-ry be-stows;



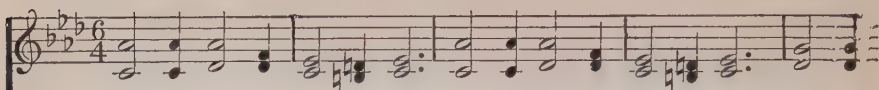
Bright as the sun Ev-er it glows! Love is the theme, E-ter-nal theme! A-MEN.



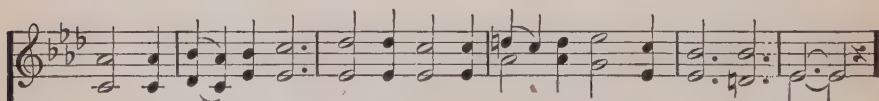
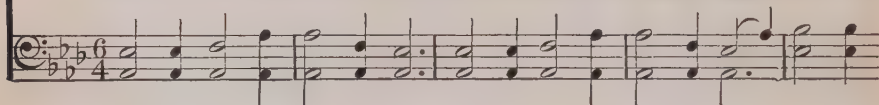
Mary A. Lathbury.

Evening Praise. 7s. 4.

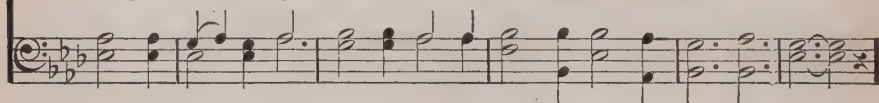
William F. Sherwin.



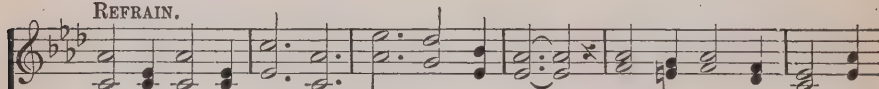
1. Day is dy - ing in the west, Heav'n is touching earth with rest; Wait and
2. Lord of life, be-neath the dome Of the u - ni-verse, Thy home, Gath-er
3. While the deep'ning shadows fall, Heart of Love, en-fold - ing all, Thro' the
4. When for - ev - er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of



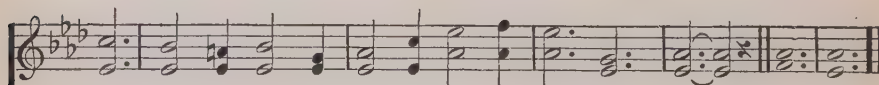
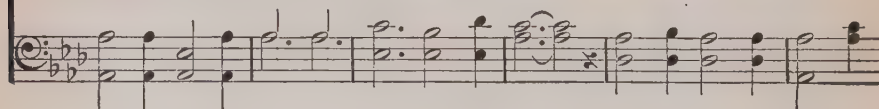
wor-ship while the night Sets her evening lamps alight Thro' all the sky.
us, who seek Thy face, To the fold of Thy embrace, For Thou art nigh.
glo - ry and the grace Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts as-cend.
an - gels, on our eyes Let e - ter-nal morning rise, And shad-ows end!



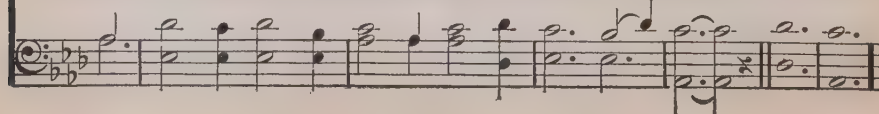
REFRAIN.



Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are full of



Thee! Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord most high! A - MEN.

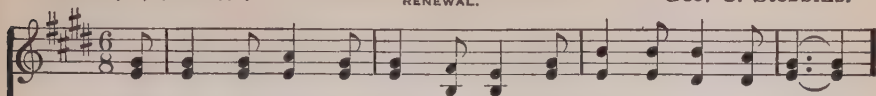


59 There is a Green Hill far Away.

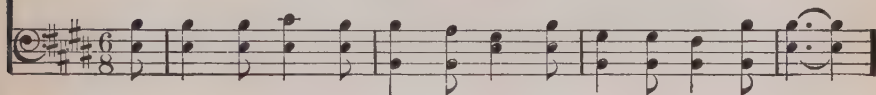
Cecil F. Alexander.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS.
RENEWAL.

Geo. C. Stebbins.



1. There is a green hill far a-way, With-out a cit-y wall;
2. We may not know, we can-not tell, What pains He had to bear;
3. He died that we might be for-giv'n, He died to make us good,
4. There was no oth-er good e-nough To pay the price of sin;



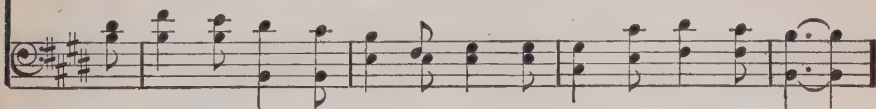
Where the dear Lord was cru-ci-fied, Who died to save us all.
But we be-lieve it was for us He hung and suf-fered there.
That we might go at last to Heav'n, Saved by His pre-cious blood.
He on-ly could un-lock the gate Of Heav'n and let us in.



CHORUS.



Oh, dear-ly, dear-ly has He loved, And we must love Him, too,



And trust in His re-deem-ing blood, And try His works to do.

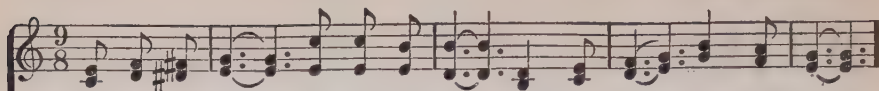
A - MEN.



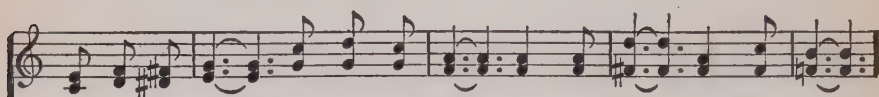
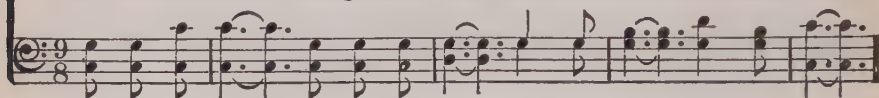
I. E. R.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN,

I. E. Reynolds.



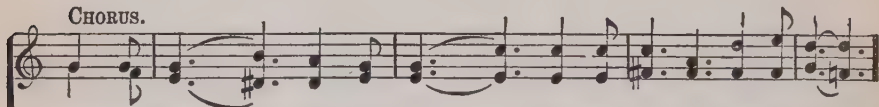
1. There is a land our eyes shall see, Some sweet day, some sweet day;
2. From care and toil we shall be free, Some sweet day, some sweet day;
3. A - round the throne we'll sing His praise, Some sweet day, some sweet day;
4. We'll meet the loved ones gone be - fore, Some sweet day, some sweet day;



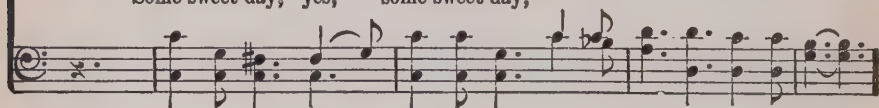
Where we shall dwell, dear Lord, with Thee, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
 E - ter - nal joy in Heav'n 'twill be, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
 A - loud the great ho - san - nas raise, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
 To know and greet them as of yore, Some sweet day, some sweet day.



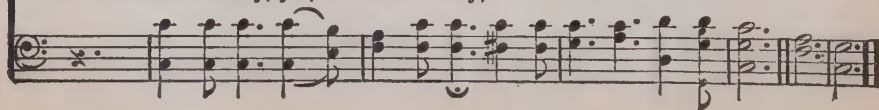
CHORUS.



Some sweet day, . . . some sweet day, . . . We shall dwell in "Glo-ry-Land;"
 Some sweet day, yes, some sweet day,



Some sweet day, . . . some sweet day, . . . With the ransomed we shall stand, A-MEN.
 Some sweet day, yes, some sweet day,



W. L. T.

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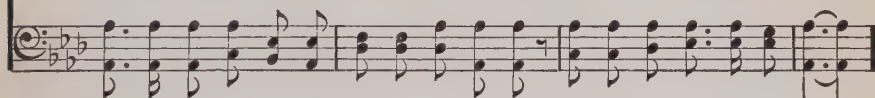
Will L. Thompson.

Very slow. pp

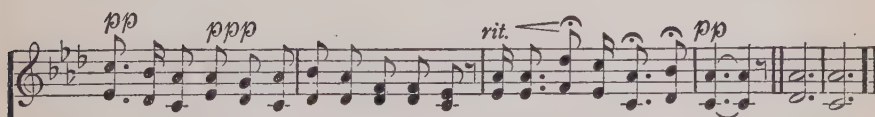
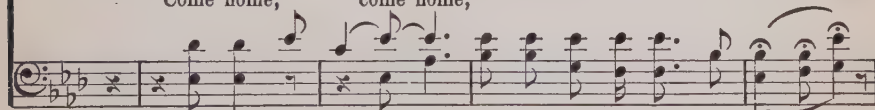
1. Soft - ly and ten-der-ly Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tarry when Je-sus is plead-ing, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. Oh! for the won-der-ful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;



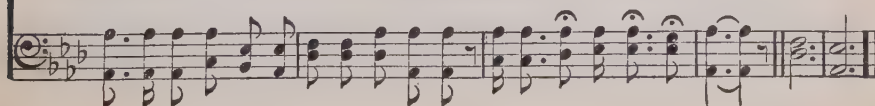
See, on the portals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
 Why should we linger and heed not His mercies, Mercies for you and for me?
 Shadows are gathering, death beds are coming, Com-ing for you and for me.
 Tho' we have sinned, He has mercy and pardon, Par-don for you and for me.

CHORUS. *m*

Come home, . . come home, . . Ye who are wear-y, come home; . .
 Come home, come home,



Earnestly, ten-der-ly, Je-sus is calling, Calling, O sinner, come home! A-MEN.



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Frances Ridley Havergal, alt.

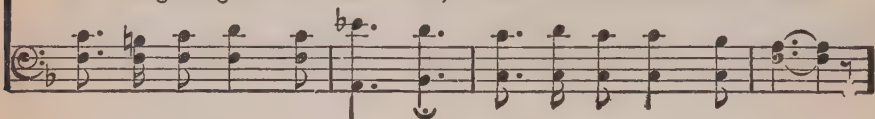
Rev. Jackson Leslie.



1. No - bod - y knows but Je - sus, — 'Tis but an old re - frain,
2. No - bod - y knows but Je - sus, — 'Tis mu - sic for to - day,
3. Bur - dens might be so heav - y That dear ones could not bear
4. No - bod - y knows but Je - sus: My Lord, I bless Thee now



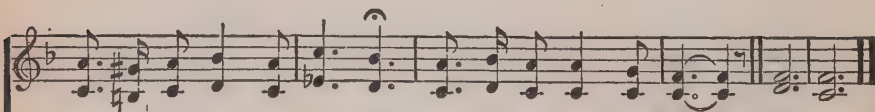
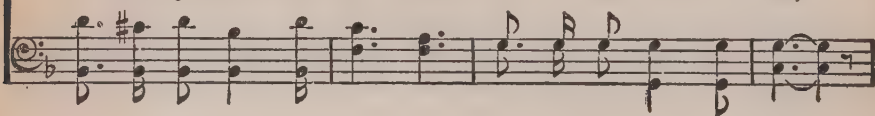
But it is new to my heart, Now as it comes a - gain.
 And thro' the hard - est tri - als, Helps me a - long the way.
 To know the bit - ter heart - aches They could not come and share.
 For the great gift of sor - row, That no one knows but Thou.



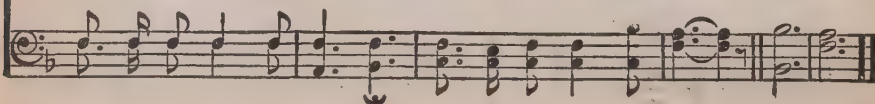
CHORUS.



No - bod - y knows but Je - sus: Is it not bet - ter so,



That no one else but Je - sus, My own dear Lord, shall know? A - MEN.



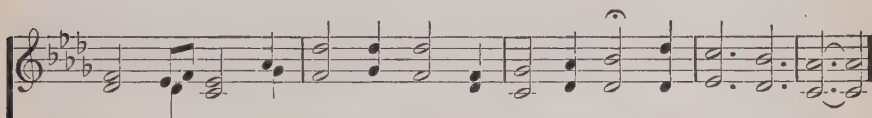
W. C. Poole.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

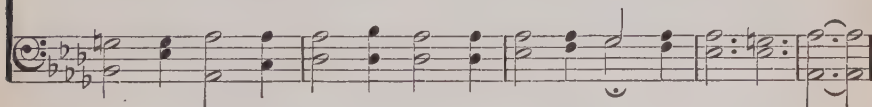
Henry P. Morton.



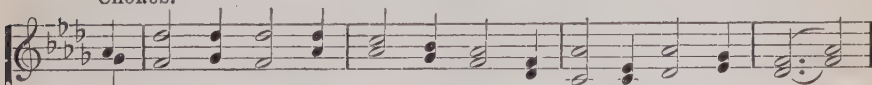
1. I know who plans my on - ward way; I know who leads me
2. He plans the way that's best for me; He lead - eth me to
3. I know on whom my hope is set; I know that He will
4. And so my trust - ing heart will sing, As on my up - ward



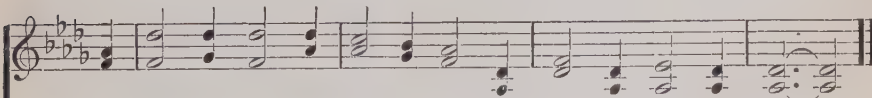
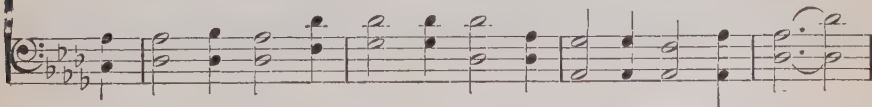
day by day; I know who hears me when I pray,—It is my Friend.
vic - to - ry; On Him my all for - e'er to be, I can de - pend.
not for - get; I know that He will nev - er let E - vil be - fall.
way I wing, Where songs of glad - ness ev - er ring, Where Christ is King.



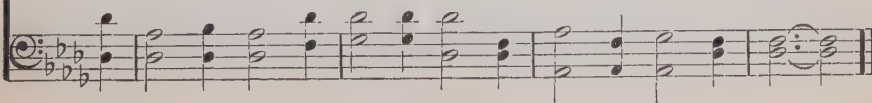
CHORUS.



I know, O yes, I sure - ly know, I know who loved me so;



That all my way from day to day, He leads me as I go.



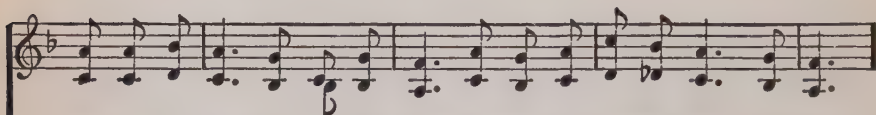
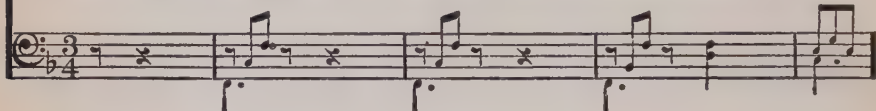
Fanny J. Crosby.

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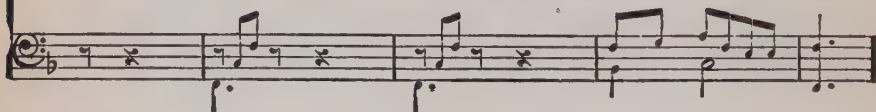
Geo. C. Stebbins.



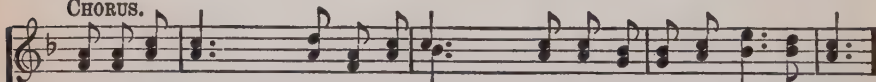
1. Some day the sil - ver cord will break, And I no more as now shall sing;
2. Some day my earth - ly house will fall, I can - not tell how soon 'twill be,
3. Some day, when fades the gold - en sun Be - neath the ro - sy - tint - ed west,
4. Some day; till then I'll watch and wait, My lamp all trimmed and burning bright,



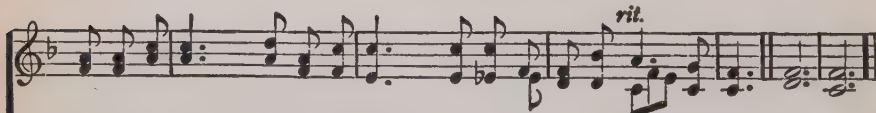
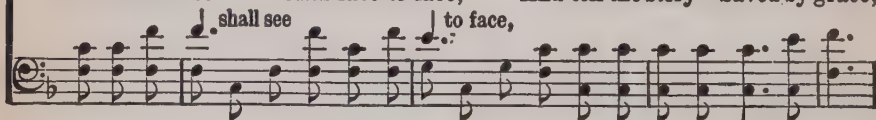
But, O, the joy when I shall wake With-in the pal - ace of the King!
 But this I know—my All in All Has now a place in Heav'n for me.
 My blessed Lord shall say, "Well done!" And I shall en - ter in - to rest.
 That when my Sav - ior opes the gate, My soul to Him may take its flight.



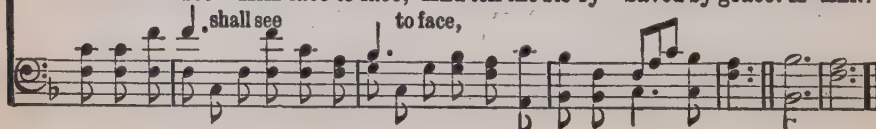
CHORUS.



And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the story—Saved by grace;



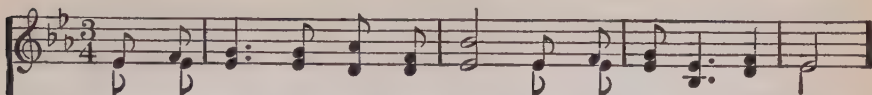
And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the sto - ry—Saved by grace. A - MEN.



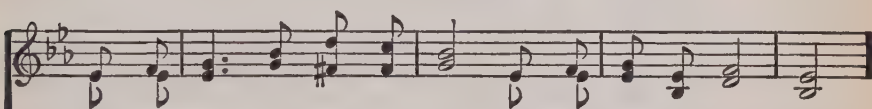
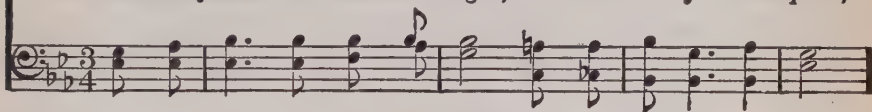
John R. Clements.

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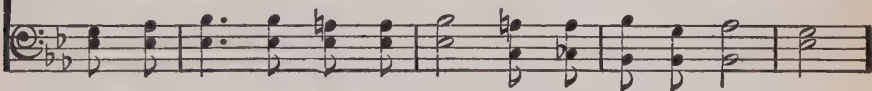
H. P. Danks.



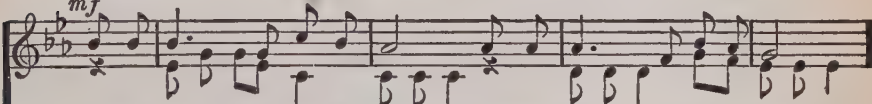
1. In the land of fade-less day Lies the "cit-y four-square,"
2. All the gates of pearl are made, In the "cit-y four-square,"
3. And the gates shall nev-er close To the "cit-y four-square,"
4. There they need no sun-shine bright, In that "cit-y four-square,"



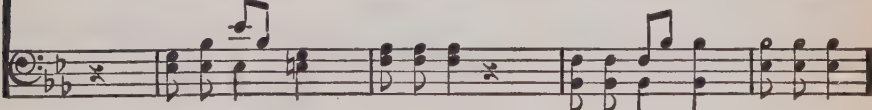
It shall nev-er pass a-way, And there is "no night there."
 All the streets with gold are laid, And there is "no night there."
 There life's crys-tal riv-er flows, And there is "no night there."
 For the Lamb is all the light, And there is "no night there."



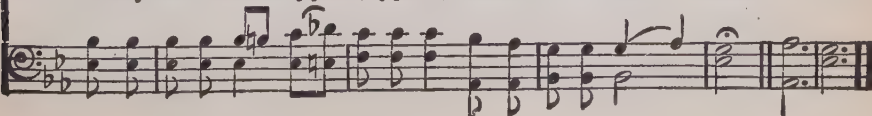
CHORUS.

mf

God shall wipe a-way all tears;" There's no death, no pain, nor fears;
 God shall "wipe a-way all tears;" There's no death, no pain, nor fears;



And they count not time by years, For there is "no night there." A-MEN.
 And they count not time by years, by years, For there is "no night... there."

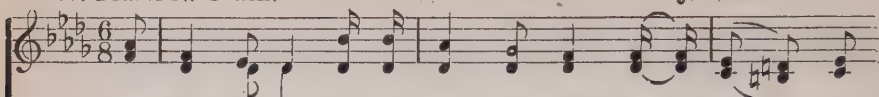


Does Jesus Care?

Rev. Frank E. Graeff.

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J. Lincoln Hall.



1. Does Je - sus care when my heart is pained Too deep - ly for
 2. Does Je - sus care when my way is dark With a name - less
 3. Does Je - sus care when I've tried and failed To re - sist some temp-
 4. Does Je - sus care when I've said "good - by" To the dear - est on



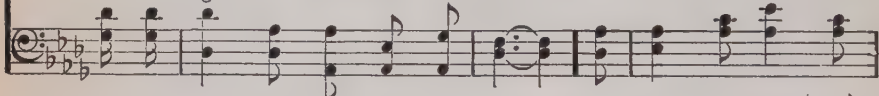
mirth or song; As the bur - dens press, And the cares dis - tress,
 dread and fear? As the day - light fades In - to deep night shades,
 ta - tion strong; When for my deep grief There is no re - lief,
 earth to me, And my sad heart aches Till it near - ly breaks,



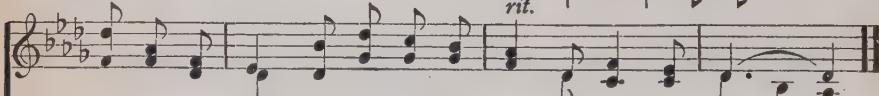
CHORUS.



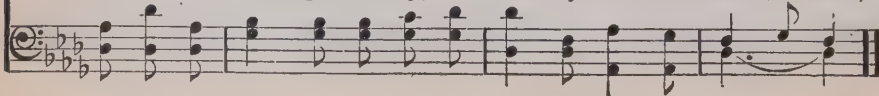
And the way grows wear - y and long?
 Does He care e - nough to be near? O yes, He cares, I
 Tho' my tears flow all the night long?
 Is it aught to Him? Does He care?



know He cares, His heart is touched with my grief;... When the days are



wear - y, The long night drear - y, I know my Sav - ior cares. (He cares.)



Rev. Alfred Barratt.

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I. E. Reynolds.

1. Step o - ver the line from dark-ness to light, Step o - ver the line from
 2. Step o - ver the line from sad-ness to cheer, Step o - ver the line where
 3. Step o - ver the line of pleas-ures a - new, Step o - ver the line, for
 4. Step o - ver the line be - fore it's too late, Step o - ver the line while

weak-ness to might, Step o - ver the line from e - vil to right—Step
 doubts dis-ap - pear, Step o - ver the line while Je - sus is near—Step
 Je - sus is true, Step o - ver the line, He's wait-ing for you—Step
 mer - cy doth wait, Step o - ver the line ere closed is the gate—Step

CHORUS.

o - ver the line to Je - sus. Step o - ver the line, Step

o - ver the line, Step o - ver the line to Je - sus; Throw o - ver your

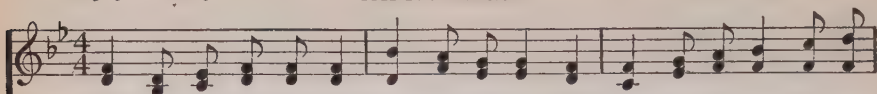
sin, Sal - va - tion to win, Step o - ver the line to Je - sus.

Rescue the Perishing.

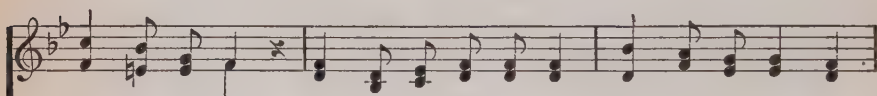
Fanny J. Crosby.

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William H. Doane.



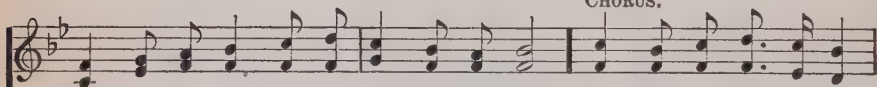
1. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait - ing, Wait - ing the pen - i - tent
3. Down in the human heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feel - ings lie bur - ied that
4. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Du - ty de - mands it; Strength for thy la - bor the



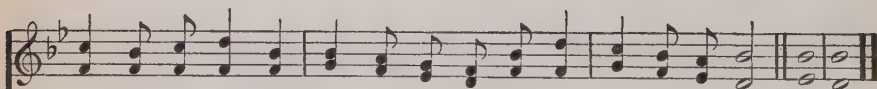
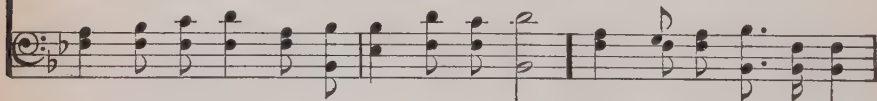
sin and the grave; Weep o'er the er - ring one, Lift up the fall - en,
child to re - ceive; Plead with them ear - nest - ly, Plead with them gen - tly,
grace can re - store; Touched by a lov - ing heart, Wak - ened by kind - ness,
Lord will pro - vide; Back to the nar - row way Pa - tient - ly win them;



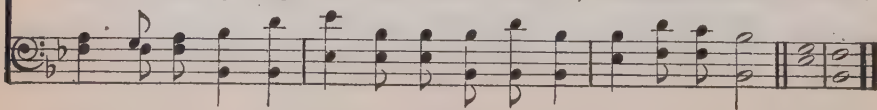
CHORUS.



Tell them of Je - sus the might - y to save.
He will for - give if they on - ly be - lieve. Res - cue the per - ish - ing,
Chords that are bro - ken will vi - brate once more.
Tell the poor wan - d'r'er a Sav - ior has died.



Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save. A - MEN.



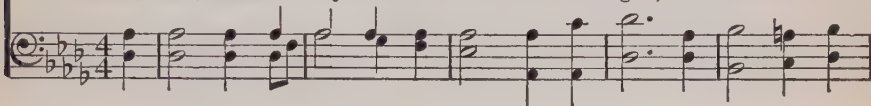
H. G. Spafford.

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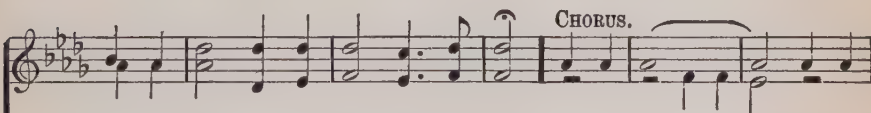
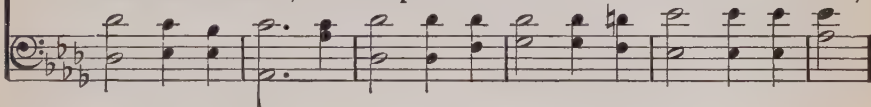
P. P. Bliss.



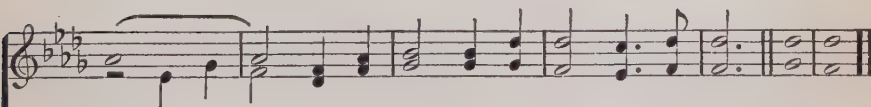
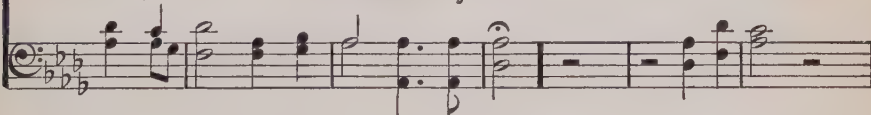
1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend - eth my way, When sor - rows like
2. Though Sa - tan should buf - fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let this blest as -
3. My sin - oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous tho't—My sin—not in
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled



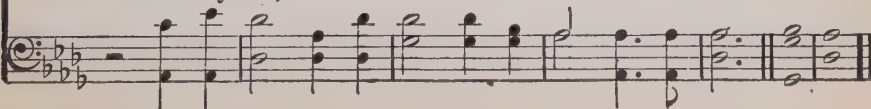
sea - bil - lows roll; What - ev - er my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,
sur - ance con - trol, That Christ has re - gard - ed my help - less es - tate,
part, but the whole, Is nailed to the cross and I bear it no more,
back as a scroll, The trump shall resound and the Lord shall de - scend,



It is well, it is well with my soul.
And hath shed His own blood for my soul. It is well with my
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!
"E - ven so"—it is well with my soul. It is well



soul, . . . It is well, it is well with my soul. A - MEN.
with my soul,

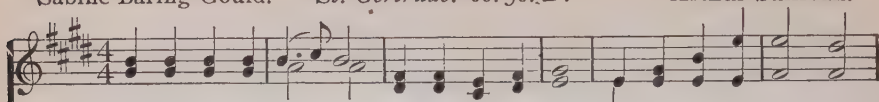


Onward, Christian Soldiers.

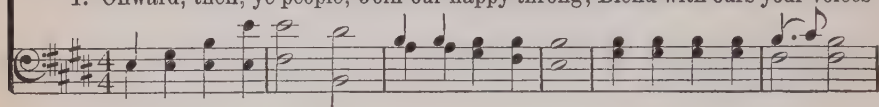
Sabine Baring-Gould.

St. Gertrude. 6s. 5s. D.

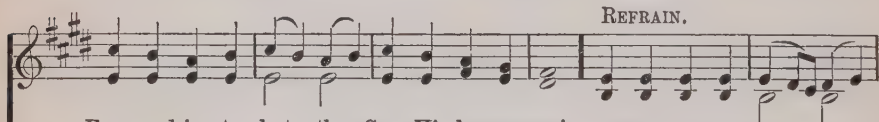
Arthur Sullivan.



1. Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. At the sign of tri-umph Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers,
3. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading
4. Onward, then, ye people, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voices

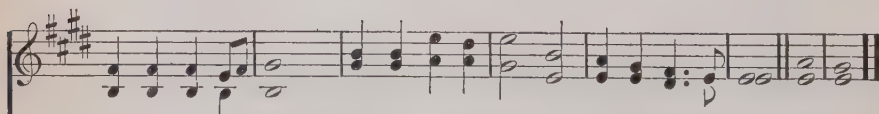
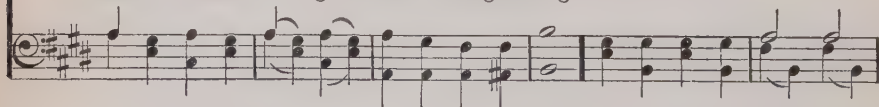


Go - ing on be - fore! Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;
 On to vic - to - ry! Hell's foun - da - tions quiv - er At the shout of praise;
 Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed; All one bod - y we,
 In the tri - umph song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or, Un - to Christ the King;

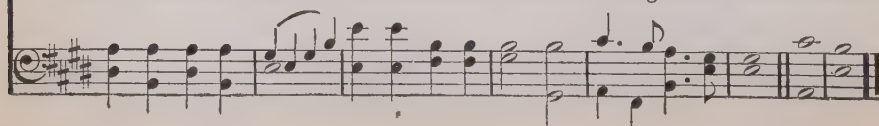


REFRAIN.

For - ward in - to bat - tle, See, His banner go!
 Brothers, lift your voices, Loud your anthems raise! Onward, Christian soldiers,
 One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
 This thro' countless a - ges Men and angels sing.



March - ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore! A - MEN.



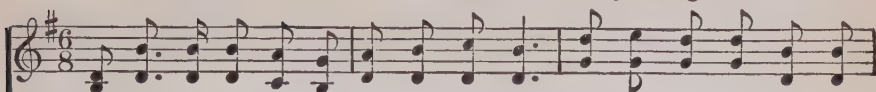
Throw Out the Life-Line.

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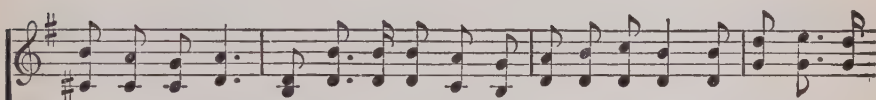
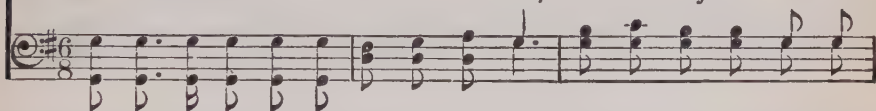
E. S. Ufford.

Edward S. Ufford.

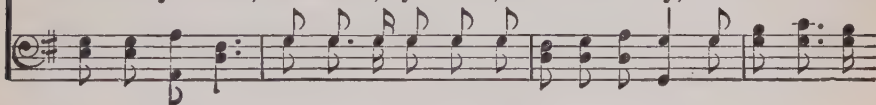
Arr. by George C. Stebbins.



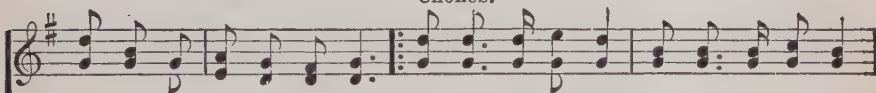
1. Throw out the Life-Line a - cross the dark wave, There is a broth - er whom
2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong: Why do you tar - ry, why
3. Throw out the Life-Line to dan-ger-fraught men, Sink-ing in an-guish where
4. Soon will the sea - son of res - cue be o'er, Soon will they drift to e-



some one should save; Somebody's broth-er! oh, who then, will dare To throw out the
lin - ger so long? See! he is sink-ing; oh; has - ten to - day — And out with the
you've nev - er been: Winds of temp - ta - tion and bil - lows of woe Will soon hurl them
ter - ni - ty's shore, Haste then, my brother, no time for de - lay, But throw out the



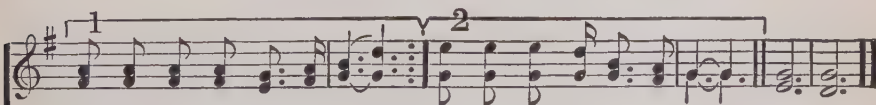
CHORUS.



Life-Line, his per - il to share?

Life-Boat! a - way, then, a - way! Throw out the Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line!
out where the dark wa - ters flow.

Life-Line and save them to - day.



Some one is drift-ing a - way; Some one is sink-ing to - day. A - MEN.



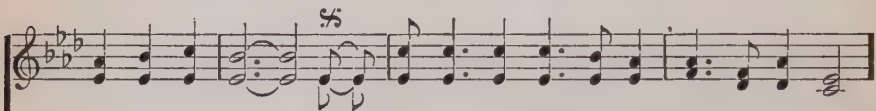
H. L. Gilmour.

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RENEWAL, H. L. GILMOUR, OWNER.

George D. Moore.



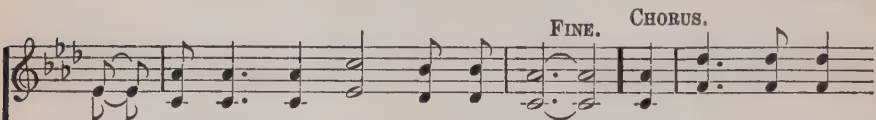
1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So bur - dened with
2. I yield - ed my - self to His ten - der em - brace, And, faith tak - ing
3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has been the old
4. Oh, come to the Sav - ior, He pa - tient - ly waits, To save by His



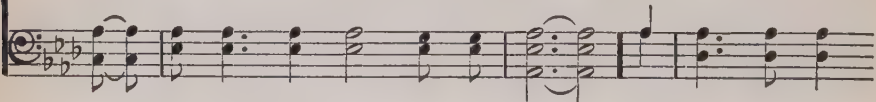
sin and dis - tress, Till I heard a sweet voice saying, "Make me your choice,"
hold of the word, My fet - ters fell off, and I an - chored my soul:
sto - ry so blest, Of Je - sus, who'll save who - so - ev - er will have
pow - er di - vine; Come, an - chor your soul in the ha - ven of rest,



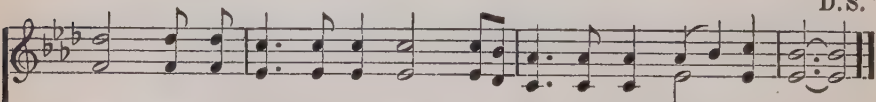
D. S.—The tem - pest may sweep o'er the wild storm - y deep,



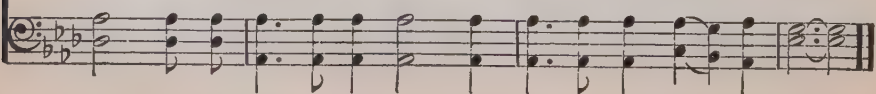
And I en - tered the ha - ven of rest.
The ha - ven of rest is my Lord. I've an - chored my
A home in the ha - ven of rest.
And say, "My Be - lov - ed is mine."



In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.



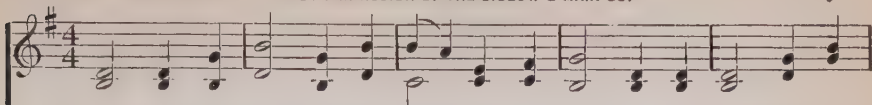
soul in the ha - ven of rest, I'll sail the wide seas no more;



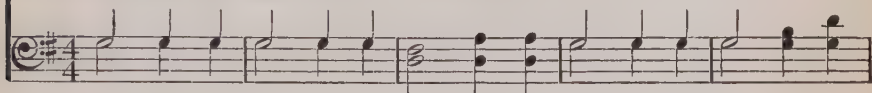
S. O'Maley Cluff.

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Ira D. Sankey.



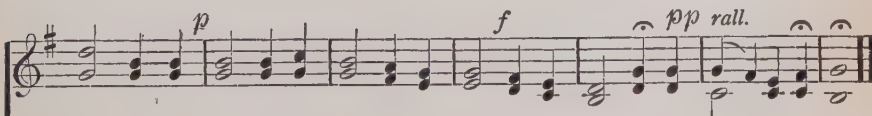
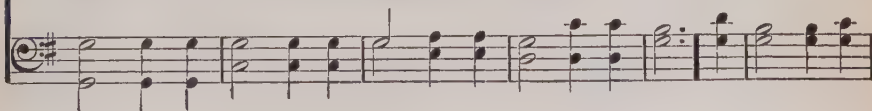
1. I have a Sav - ior, He's plead - ing in glo - ry, A dear, lov - ing
2. I have a Fa - ther; to me He has giv - en A hope for e -
3. I have a robe: 'tis re - splen - dent in white - ness, A - wait - ing in
4. When Je - sus has found you, tell oth - ers the sto - ry, That my lov - ing



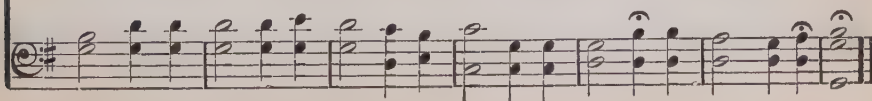
Sav - ior, tho' earth - friends be few; And now He is watch - ing in ten - der - ness
ter - ni - ty, bless - ed and true; And soon will He call me to meet Him in
glo - ry my won - der - ing view; Oh, when I re - ceive it all shin - ing in
Sav - ior is your Sav - ior too; Then pray that your Sav - ior may bring them to

*f* CHORUS.

o'er me, And, oh, that my Sav - ior were your Sav - ior too!
heav - en, But oh, that He'd let me bring you with me too! For you I am
brightness, Dear friend, could I see you re - ceiv - ing one too!
glo - ry, And prayer will be answered—'twas answered for you!



pray - ing, For you I am pray - ing, For you I am pray - ing, I'm praying for you.



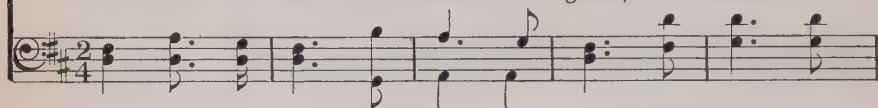
Isaac Watts.

Antioch. C. M.

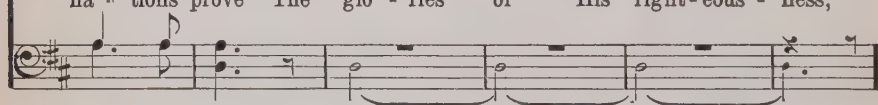
George F. Handel.



1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-
 2. Joy to the earth! the Sav - ior reigns; Let men their
 3. No more let sins and sor - rows grow, Nor thorns in-
 4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the



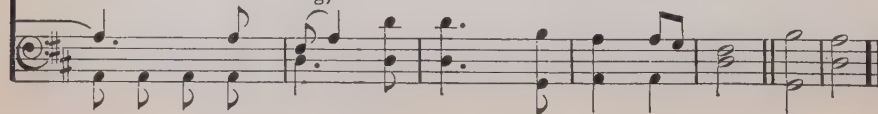
ceive her King; Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room,
 songs em - ploy; While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
 fest the ground; He comes to make His bless - ings flow
 na - tions prove The glo - ries of His right - eous - ness,



And Heav'n and na - ture sing, And Heav'n and na - ture
 Re - peat the sound - ing joy, Re - peat the sound - ing
 Far as the curse is found, Far as the curse is
 And won - ders of His love, And won - ders of His
 And Heav'n and na - ture sing, And



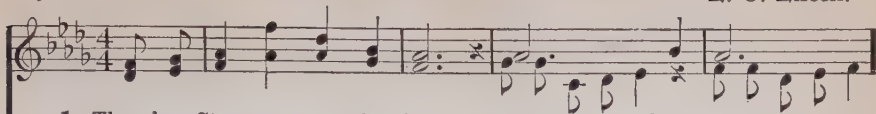
sing, And Heav'n, and Heav'n and na - ture sing.
 joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sound - ing joy.
 found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
 love, And won - ders, and won - ders of His love. A - MEN.
 Heav'n and na - ture sing,



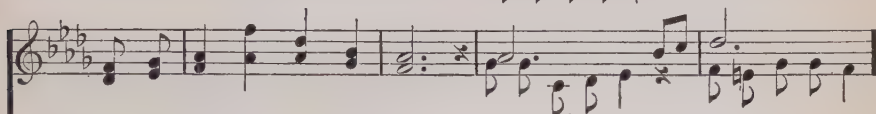
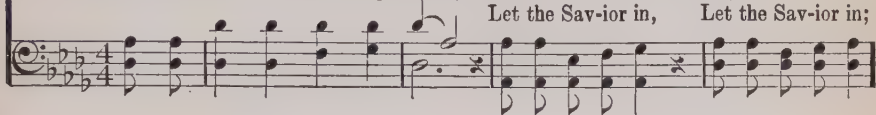
J. B. Atchinson.

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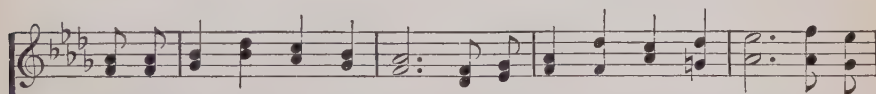
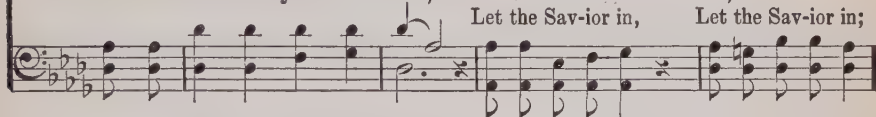
E. O. Excell.



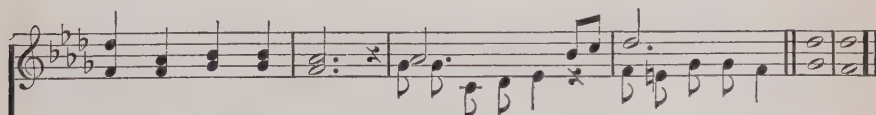
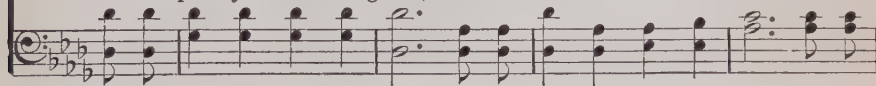
- | | | |
|--------------------------------------|---------------------|---------------------|
| 1. There's a Stran-ger at the door, | Let | Him in; |
| 2. O - pen now to Him your heart, | Let | Him in; |
| 3. Hear you now His lov - ing voice? | Let | Him in; |
| 4. Now ad - mit the heav'n-ly Guest, | Let | Him in; |
| | Let the Sav-ior in, | Let the Sav-ior in; |



- | | | |
|------------------------------------|---------------------|---------------------|
| He has been there oft be - fore, | Let | Him in; |
| If you wait He will de - part, | Let | Him in; |
| Now, oh, now make Him your choice, | Let | Him in; |
| He will make for you a feast, | Let | Him in; |
| | Let the Sav-ior in, | Let the Sav-ior in; |

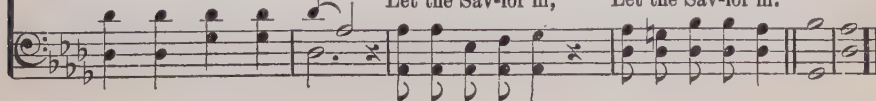


- | | |
|--------------------------------------|--|
| Let Him in, ere He is gone, | Let Him in, the Ho - ly One, Je - sus |
| Let Him in, He is your Friend, | He your soul will sure de - fend, He will |
| He is stand - ing at your door, | Joy to you He will re - store, And His |
| He will speak your sins for - giv'n, | And when earth ties all are riv'n; He will |



- | | | |
|------------------------------|---------------------|---------------------|
| Christ, the Fa - ther's Son, | Let | Him in. |
| keep you to the end, | Let | Him in. |
| name you will a - dore, | Let | Him in. |
| take you home to Heav'n, | Let | Him in. |
| | Let the Sav-ior in, | Let the Sav-ior in. |

A-MEN.

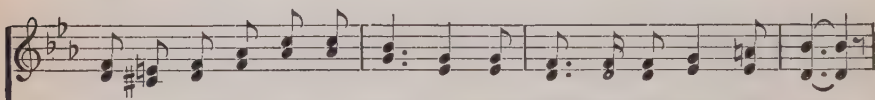
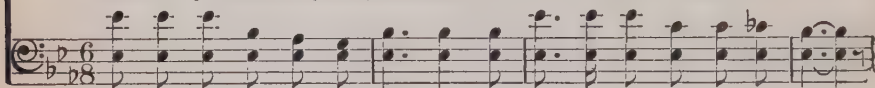


Helen D. Sylvester.

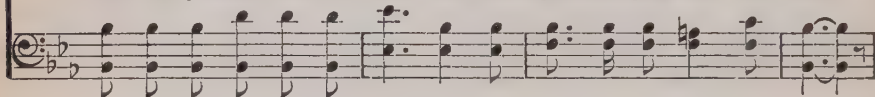
E. L. Wolslagel.



1. Nev - er a day that is lone - ly, And nev - er a night that is long,
2. One who has car - ried your sor - rows, Whose grace is a - bound - ing and free,
3. Knowing your frame and your frailty, And touched with your weakness and fear,
4. Some - bod - y shares in your glad - ness, He mak - eth your cup to o'er - flow;



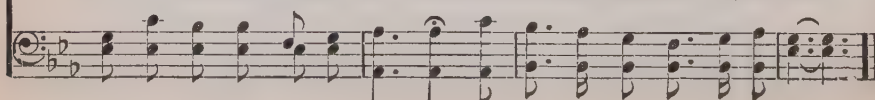
But in the dark - ness is stand - ing The Friend who is true and strong.
 Pit - ies your heart - ache and whispers, "Leave all of your load with Me."
 Some - bod - y still is be - side you, Re - peat - ing, "My child, I'm here."
 Some - bod - y watch - es the con - flict, The fight that goes on be - low.



Some - bod - y knows when the bur - den Seem - eth too heav - y to bear;
 Some - bod - y knows when life's fe - ver Throbs in your heart and your brain;
 Life with its toil - ing and fret - ting, Wear - i - ness, wait - ing and woe,
 Trust - ing in Him, you shall con - quer, Yon - der shall be your re - ward,

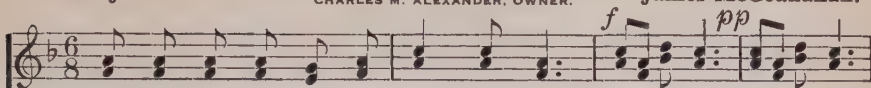


Some - bod - y calls to you soft - ly, I love you—I know—and I care.
 Lo, in His touch there is heal - ing, No soul ev - er sought it in vain.
 Sin - ning, re - pent - ing, re - turn - ing, Lies o - pen to One who doth know.
 There you shall know and be like Him, And en - ter the joy of your Lord.

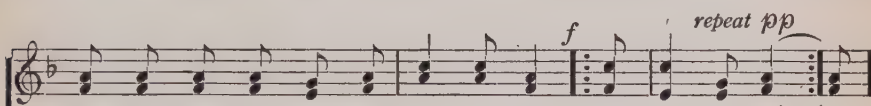
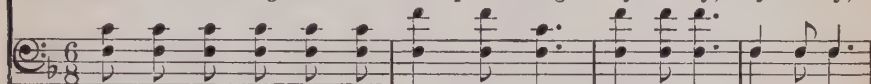


Shall You? Shall I?

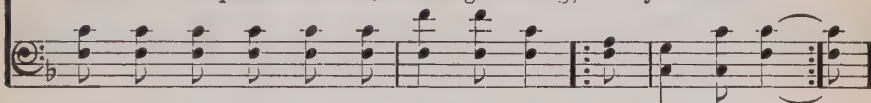
G. M. J.

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CHARLES M. ALEXANDER, OWNER.

1. Some one will en - ter the pearl - y gate By and by, by and by,
2. Some one will glad - ly his cross lay down By and by, by and by,
3. Some one will knock when the door is shut By and by, by and by,
4. Some one will sing the tri - um - phant song By and by, by and by,



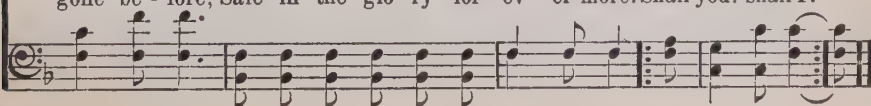
Taste of the glo - ries that there a - wait, Shall you? shall I?.....
 Faith - ful, ap - proved, shall re - ceive a crown, Shall you? shall I?.....
 Hear a voice say - ing, "I know you not," Shall you? shall I?.....
 Join in the praise with the blood-bought throng, Shall you? shall I?.....



Some one will trav - el the streets of gold, Beau - ti - ful vi - sions will
 Some one the glo - ri - ous King will see, Ev - er from sor - row of
 Some one will call and shall not be heard, Vain - ly will strive when the
 Some one will greet on the gold - en shore Loved ones of earth who have



there be - hold, Feast on the pleas - ures so long fore - told: Shall you? shall I?
 earth be free, Hap - py with Him thro' e - ter - ni - ty: Shall you? shall I?
 door is barred, Some one will fail of the saint's reward: Shall you? shall I?
 gone be - fore, Safe in the glo - ry for - ev - er - more: Shall you? shall I?

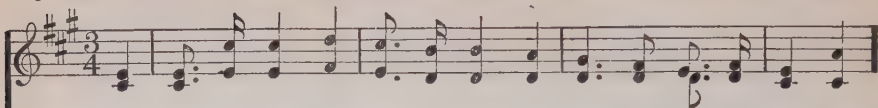


I've found a friend.

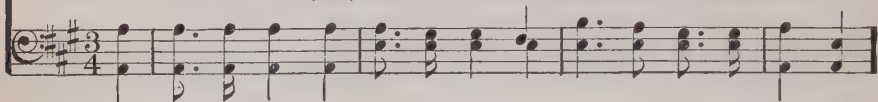
J. G. Small.

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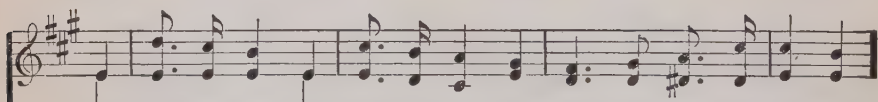
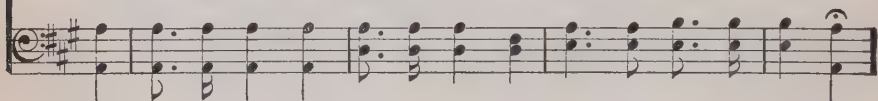
Geo. C. Stebbins.



1. I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him;
2. I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend! He bled, He died to save me;
3. I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend! All pow'r to Him is giv - en,
4. I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend! So kind, and true, and ten - der,



He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him.
 And not a - lone the gift of life, - But His own self He gave me.
 To guard me on my on-ward course, And bring me safe to Heav-en.
 So wise a Coun - sel - lor and Guide, So might - y a De-fend - er!



And 'round my heart still close - ly twine Those ties which naught can sev - er,
 Naught that I have my own I call, I hold it for the Giv - er:
 Th' e - ter - nal glo - ries gleam a - far, To nerve my faint en-deav-or:
 From Him, who loves me now so well, What pow'r my soul can sev - er?



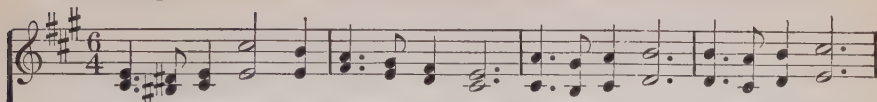
For I am His, and He is mine, For-ev - er and for-ev - er.
 My heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are His, and His for-ev - er.
 So now to watch, to work, to war, And then to rest for-ev - er.
 Shall life or death, or earth or hell? No; I am His for-ev - er. A - MEN.



W. T. Sleeper.

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Geo. C. Stebbins.



1. Out of my bond-age, sor-row and night, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
2. Out of my shame-ful fail-ure and loss, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
3. Out of un-rest and ar-ro-gant pride, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
4. Out of the fear and dread of the tomb, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;



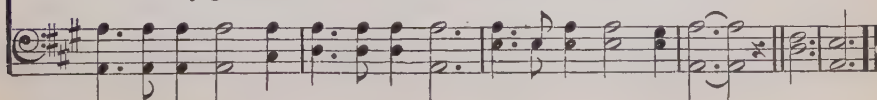
In - to Thy free-dom, glad-ness and light, Je - sus, I come to Thee;
 In - to the glo-rious gain of Thy cross, Je - sus, I come to Thee;
 In - to Thy bless-ed will to a - bide, Je - sus, I come to Thee;
 In - to the joy and light of Thy home, Je - sus, I come to Thee;



Out of my sick-ness in-to Thy health, Out of my want and in-to Thy wealth,
 Out of earth's sorrows into Thy balm, Out of life's storms and into Thy calm,
 Out of my-self to dwell in Thy love, Out of de-spair in-to rap-tures a-bove,
 Out of the depths of ru - in un - told, In - to the peace of Thy sheltering fold,



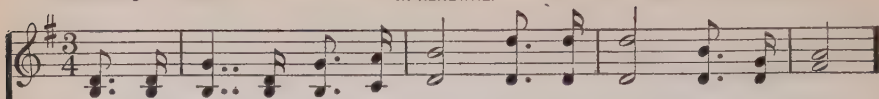
Out of my sin and in - to Thy-self, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
 Out of dis-tress to ju-bi-lant psalm, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
 Up-ward for aye on wings like a dove, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
 Ev - er Thy glo-rious face to be - hold, Je-sus, I come to Thee. A - MEN.



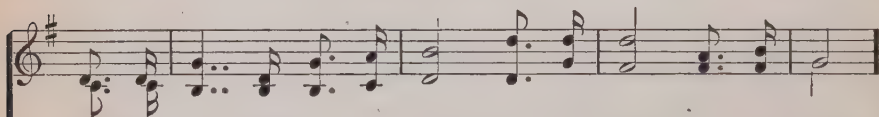
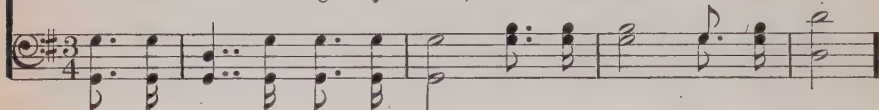
Priscilla J. Owens.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK,
IN RENEWAL.

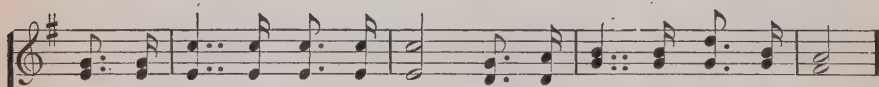
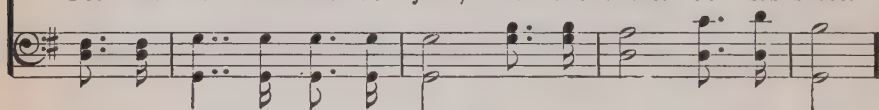
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



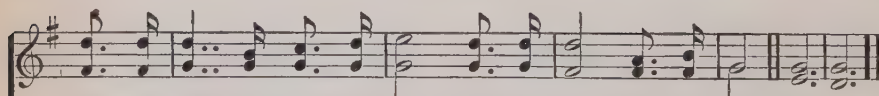
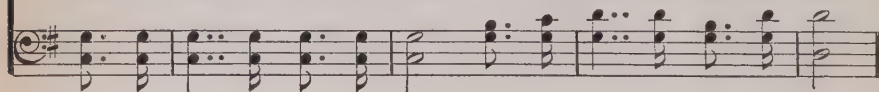
1. We have heard the joy - ful sound: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle strife, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!



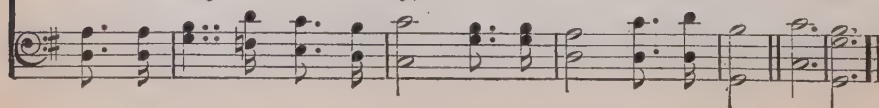
Spread the ti - dings all a - round: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 Tell to sin - ners far and wide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 By His death and end - less life, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 Let the na - tions now re - joice,— Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!



Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steep and cross the waves;
 Sing, ye is - lands of the sea; Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves;
 Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves;
 Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hills and deep - est caves;



On - ward!—'tis our Lord's com - mand; Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee; Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb,—Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 This our song of vic - to - ry,— Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves! A - MEN.



The Lord is My Shepherd.

23rd Psalm.

Tyler. 11s.

Arr. from Koschat
by E. O. E.

1. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know; I feed in green
 2. Thro' the val-ley and shad-ow of death tho' I stray, Since Thou art my
 3. In the midst of af - flic - tion my ta - ble is spread; With blessings un-
 4. Let good-ness and mer - cy, my boun - ti - ful God, Still fol - low my

pas - tures, safe-fold - ed I rest; He lead - eth my soul where the
 Guard-ian, no e - vil I fear; Thy rod shall de - fend me, Thy
 meas - ured my cup run-neth o'er; With per-fume and oil Thou a-
 steps till I meet Thee a - bove: I seek by the path which my

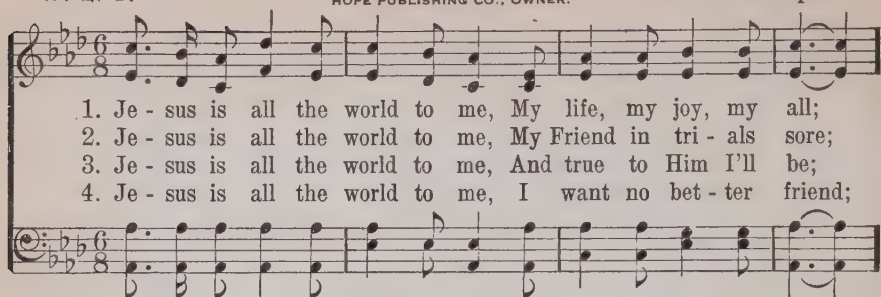
still wa - ters flow, Re - stores me when wand'ring, re-deems when op-
 staff be my stay; No harm can be - fall with my Com - fort - er
 noint - est my head; O what shall I ask of Thy prov - i - dence
 fore - fa - thers trod, Thro' the land of their so - journ, Thy king-dom of

pressed; Re - stores me when wand'ring, re-deems when oppressed.
 near; No harm can be - fall with my Com - fort - er near.
 more? O what shall I ask of Thy prov - i - dence more?
 love, Thro' the land of their so - journ, Thy king-dom of love. A - MEN.

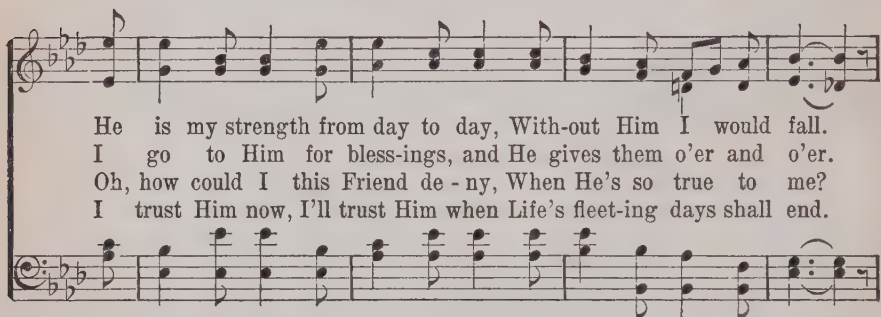
W. L. T.

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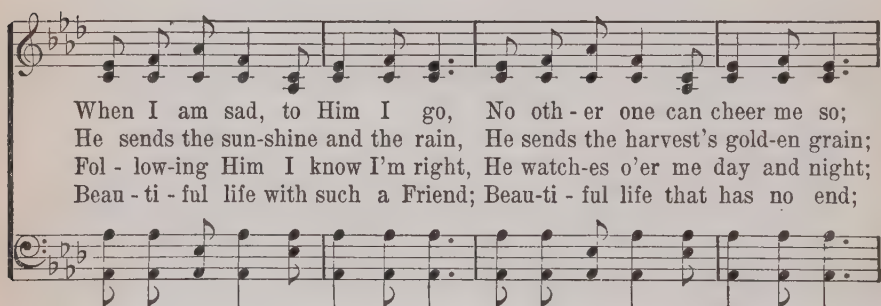
Will L. Thompson.



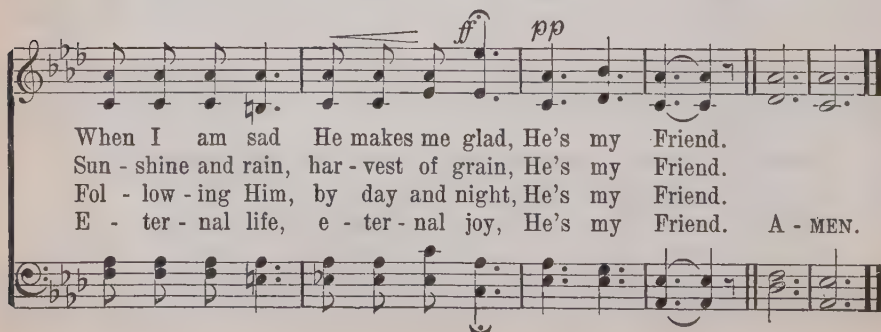
1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all;
 2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My Friend in tri - als sore;
 3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to Him I'll be;
 4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter friend;



He is my strength from day to day, With-out Him I would fall.
 I go to Him for bless-ings, and He gives them o'er and o'er.
 Oh, how could I this Friend de - ny, When He's so true to me?
 I trust Him now, I'll trust Him when Life's fleet-ing days shall end.



When I am sad, to Him I go, No oth - er one can cheer me so;
 He sends the sun-shine and the rain, He sends the harvest's gold-en grain;
 Fol - low-ing Him I know I'm right, He watch-es o'er me day and night;
 Beau - ti - ful life with such a Friend; Beau-ti - ful life that has no end;



When I am sad He makes me glad, He's my Friend.
 Sun - shine and rain, har - vest of grain, He's my Friend.
 Fol - low - ing Him, by day and night, He's my Friend.
 E - ter - nal life, e - ter - nal joy, He's my Friend. A - MEN.

Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

Henry F. Lyte.

Ellesdie. 8s. 7s. D.

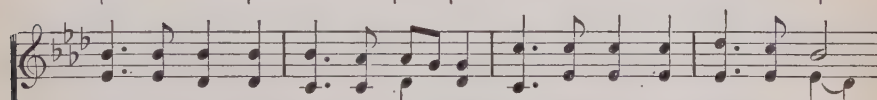
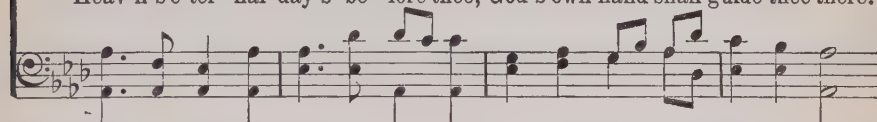
From Mozart.



1. Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken, All to leave, and fol - low Thee;
2. Let the world de-spise and leave me, They have left my Sav - ior, too;
3. Man may troub - le and dis - tress me, 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
4. Haste thee on from grace to glo - ry, Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;



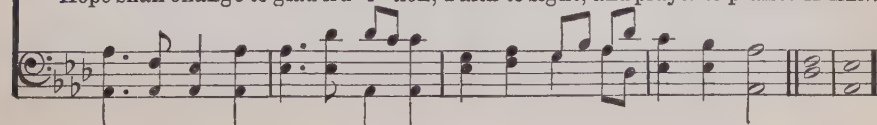
Des - ti - tute, de-spised, for - sa - ken, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
 Hu - man hearts and looks de - ceive me; Thou art not, like man, un - true;
 Life with tri - als hard may press me, Heav'n will bring me sweet - er rest.
 Heav'n's e - ter - nal day's be - fore thee, God's own hand shall guide thee there.



Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, and hoped, and known;
 And, while Thou shalt smile up - on me, God of wis - dom, love, and might,
 O 'tis not in grief to harm me, While Thy love is left to me;
 Soon shall close thy earth - ly mis - sion, Swift shall pass thy pil - grim days,



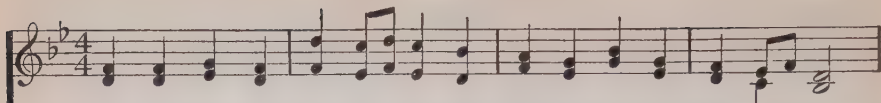
Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and Heav'n are still my own!
 Foes may hate, and friends may shun me; Show Thy face, and all is bright.
 O 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy unmixed with Thee.
 Hope shall change to glad fru - i - tion, Faith to sight, and prayer to praise. A-MEN.



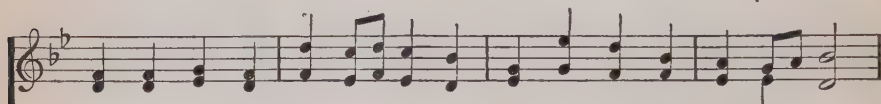
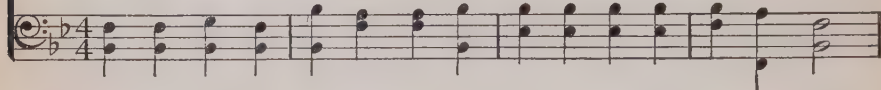
Charles Wesley.

Love Divine. 8s. 7s. D.

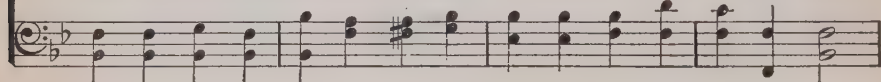
John Zundel.



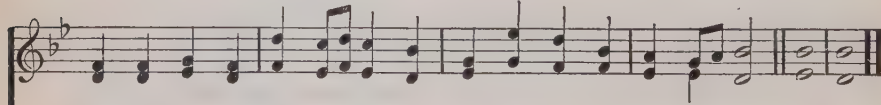
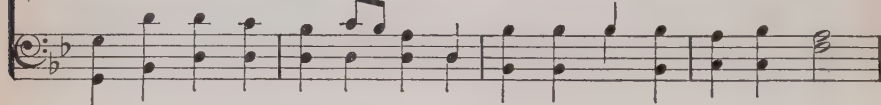
1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cel - ling, Joy of Heav'n, to earth come down!
2. Breathe, O breathe Thy lov - ing Spir - it In - to ev - 'ry troub - led breast!
3. Come, Al - might - y to de - liv - er, Let us all Thy life re - ceive;
4. Fin - ish then Thy new cre - a - tion; Pure and spot - less let us be;



Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell - ing; All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.
 Let us all in Thee in - her - it, Let us find that sec - ond rest.
 Sud - den - ly re - turn, and nev - er, Nev - er - more Thy tem - ples leave:
 Let us see Thy great sal - va - tion, Per - fect - ly re - stored in Thee:



Je - sus, Thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure, un - bound - ed love Thou art;
 Take a - way our bent to sin - ning; Al - pha and O - me - ga be;
 Thee we would be al - ways bless - ing, Serve Thee as Thy hosts a - bove,
 Changed from glo - ry in - to glo - ry, Till in Heav'n we take our place,



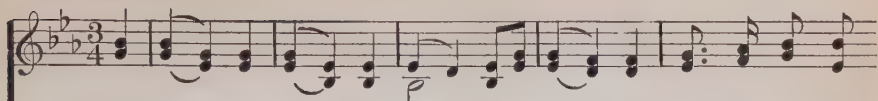
Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion; En - ter ev - 'ry trem - bling heart.
 End of faith, as its be - gin - ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.
 Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing, Glo - ry in Thy per - fect love.
 Till we cast our crowns before Thee, Lost in won - der, love, and praise. A - MEN.



Samuel Medley.

Ariel. 8. 8. 6. 8. 8. 6.

Dr. Lowell Mason.



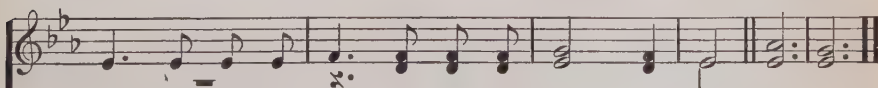
1. O could I speak the match - less worth, O could I sound the
2. I'd sing the pre - cious blood He spilt, My ran - som from the
3. I'd sing the char - ac - ters He bears, And all the forms of
4. Well, the de - light - ful day will come When my dear Lord will



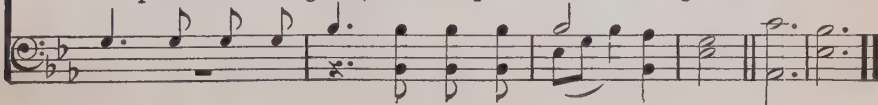
glo - ries forth Which in my Sav - ior shine, I'd soar, and touch the
 dread - ful guilt Of sin, and wrath di - vine: I'd sing His glo - rious
 love He wears, Ex - alt - ed on His throne: In loft - iest songs of
 bring me home, And I shall see His face; Then with my Sav - ior,



heav'n - ly strings, And vie with Ga - briel while he sings In
 right - eous - ness, In which all - per - fect, heav'n - ly dress My
 sweet - est praise, I would to ev - er - last - ing days Make
 Broth - er, Friend, A blest e - ter - ni - ty I'll spend, Tri -



notes al - most di - vine, In notes al - most di - vine.
 soul shall ev - er shine, My soul shall ev - er shine.
 all His glo - ries known, Make all His glo - ries known.
 um - phant in His grace, Tri - um - phant in His grace. A - MEN.

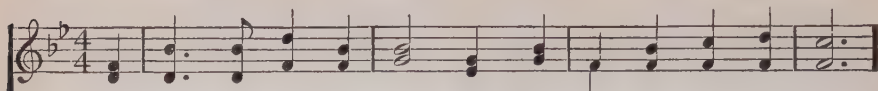


Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus!

George Duffield, Jr.

Webb. 7s. 6s. D.

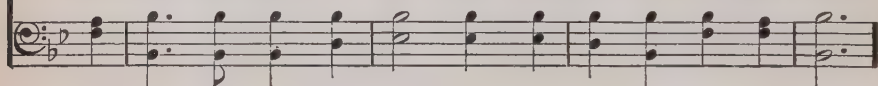
George J. Webb.



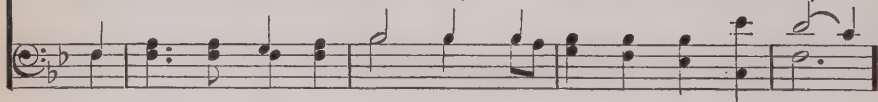
1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol - diers of the cross;
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! The trump - et call o - bey;
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! Stand in His strength a - lone;
4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! The strife will not be long;



Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss:
 Forth to the might - y con - flict, In this His glo - rious day:
 The arm of flesh will fail you; Ye dare not trust your own:
 This day the noise of bat - tle, The next the vic - tor's song:



From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall He lead,
 Ye that are men, now serve Him, A - gainst un - num - bered foes;
 Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, Each piece put on with prayer;
 To him that o - ver - com - eth, A crown of life shall be;



Till ev - 'ry foe is van - quished And Christ is Lord in - deed.
 Your cour - age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength oppose.
 Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.
 He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly. A - MEN.



S. F. Smith.

Webb. 7s. 6s. D.

G. J. Webb.



1. The morn - ing light is break - ing, The dark - ness dis - ap - pears;
2. See hea - then na - tions bend - ing Be - fore the God of love,
3. Blest riv - er of sal - va - tion, Pur - sue thine on - ward way;
4. Rich dews of grace come o'er us In many a gen - tle show'r,



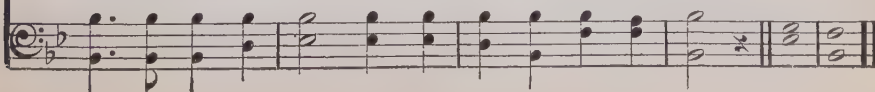
The sons of earth are wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears;
 And thou - sand hearts as - cend - ing In grat - i - tude a - bove;
 Flow thou to ev - 'ry na - tion, Nor in thy rich - ness stay;
 And bright - er scenes be - fore us Are ope - ning ev - 'ry hour;



Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings ti - dings from a - far, Of
 While sin - ners, now con - fess - ing, The Gos - pel's call o - bey, And
 Stay not till all the low - ly Tri - um - phant reach their home; Stay
 Each cry to Heav - en go - ing, A - bun - dant an - swer brings, And



na - tions in com - mo - tion. Pre - pared for Zi - on's war.
 seek a Sav - ior's biess - ing, A na - tion in a day.
 not till all the ho - ly Pro - claim, "The Lord is come!"
 heav'nly gales are blow - ing, With peace up - on their wings. A - MEN.

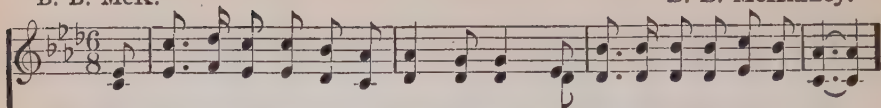


A Wonderful Savior is He.

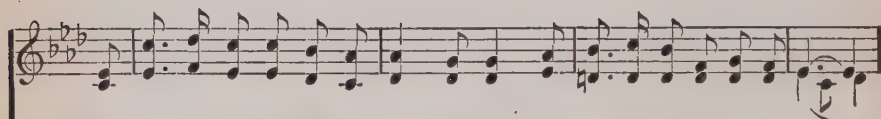
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B. B. McK.

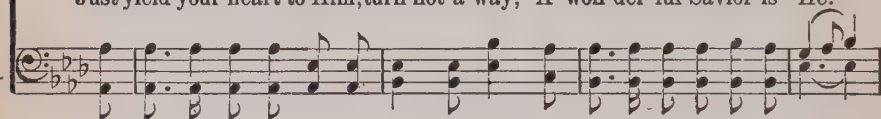
B. B. McKinney.



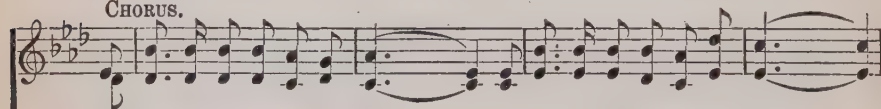
1. Christ Je-sus left heaven my soul to save, A won-der-ful Savior is He;
2. He's pleading my cause at the Father's throne, A won-der-ful Savior is He;
3. Some day His bright, beautiful face I'll see, A won-der-ful Savior is He;
4. O sin-ner, He's pleading for you to-day, A won-der-ful Savior is He;



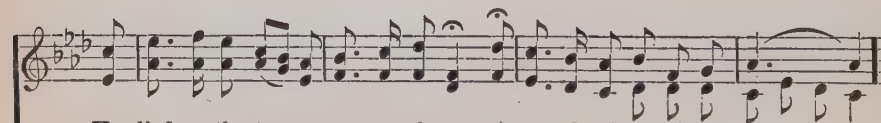
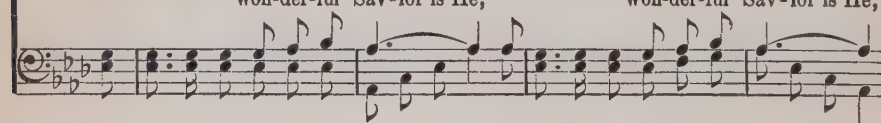
He suf-fered for me, His own life He gave, A won-der-ful Savior is He.
That heaven's pure glo-ry I too may own, A won-der-ful Savior is He.
I'll kiss the dear hand that was pierced for me, A won-der-ful Savior is He.
Just yield your heart to Him, turn not a-way, A won-der-ful Savior is He.



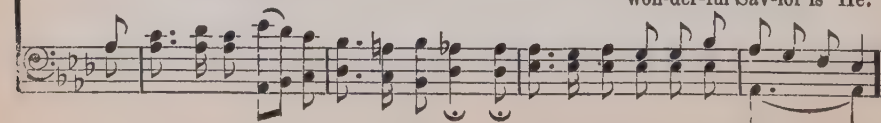
CHORUS.



A won-der-ful Savior is He, A won-der-ful Savior is He,
won-der-ful Sav-ior is He, won-der-ful Sav-ior is He.



He died on the tree, a ran-som for me, A won-der-ful Sav-ior is He.
won-der-ful Sav-ior is He.



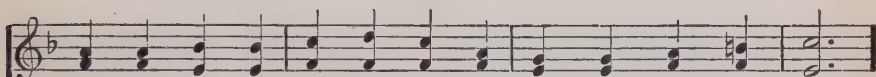
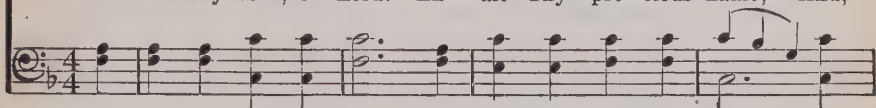
Albert Midlane.

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James McGranahan.



1. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord! Thy might - y arm make bare; Speak
2. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord! Dis - turb this sleep of death; Quick-
3. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord! Cre - ate soul-thirst for Thee; But
4. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord! Ex - alt Thy pre - cious name; And,



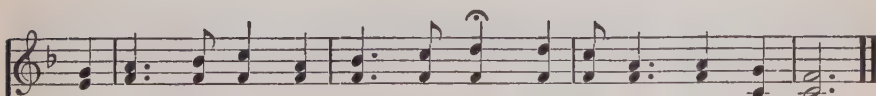
with the voice that wakes the dead, And make Thy peo - ple hear.
 en the smould'ring em - bers now By Thine Al - might - y breath.
 hun-g'ring for the bread of life, Oh, may our spir - its be.
 by the Ho - ly Ghost, our love For Thee and Thine in - flame.



CHORUS.



Re - vive! re - vive!..... And give re-fresh-ing showers;
 Re - vive Thy work! re - vive Thy work! And give, oh, give re - fresh - ing showers;



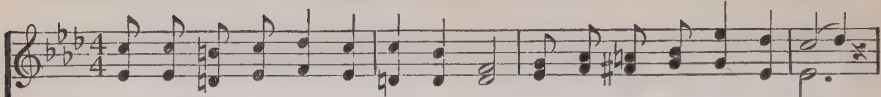
The glo - ry shall all be Thine own; The bless-ing shall be ours.



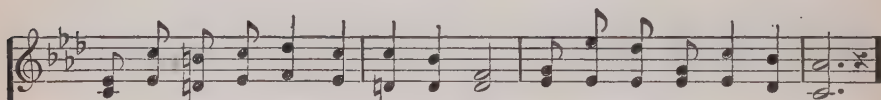
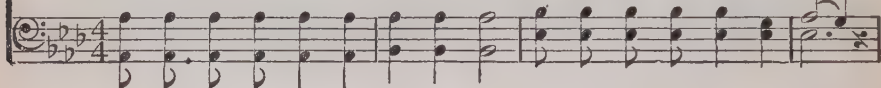
L. B. B.

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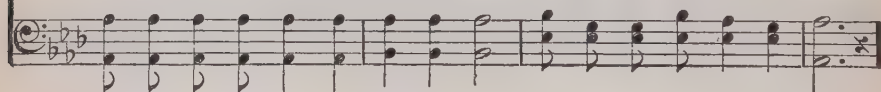
L. B. Bridgers.



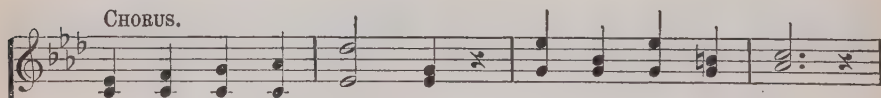
1. There's within my heart a mel - o - dy Je - sus whis-pers sweet and low,
2. All my life was wrecked by sin and strife, Dis-cord filled my heart with pain,
3. Feast-ing on the rich-es of His grace, Resting 'neath His shelt'ring wing,
4. Tho' sometimes He leads thro' waters deep, Tri - als fall a - cross the way,
5. Soon He's com-ing back to wel-come me Far be-yond the star - ry sky;



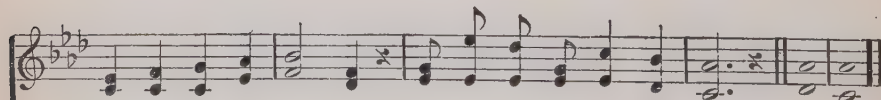
Fear not, I am with thee, peace, be still, In all of life's ebb and flow.
 Je - sus swept across the broken strings, Stirred the slumb'ring chords again.
 Al - ways look-ing on His smil-ing face, That is why I shout and sing.
 Tho' sometimes the path seems rough and steep, See His footprints all the way.
 I shall wing my flight to worlds un-known, I shall reign with Him on high.



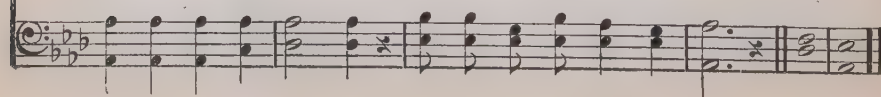
CHORUS.



Je - sus, Je - sus, Je - sus,— Sweet-est name I know,



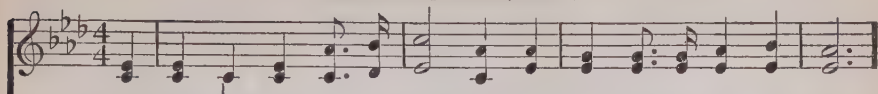
Fills my ev - 'ry long - ing, Keeps me sing-ing as I go. A-MEN.



C. H. G.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. I stand a-mazed in the pres-ence Of Je - sus the Naz - a - rene,
2. For me it was in the gar - den He prayed: "Not My will, but Thine;"
3. In pit - y an - gels be-held Him, And came from the world of light
4. He took my sins and my sor - rows, He made them His ver - y own;
5. When with the ransomed in glo - ry His face I at last shall see,



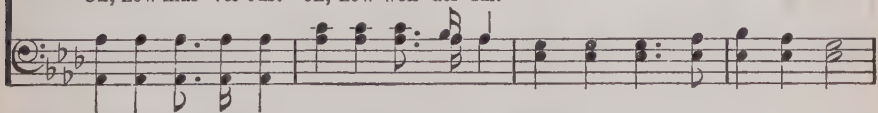
And won - der how He could love me, A sin - ner, condemned, un-clean.
He had no tears for His own griefs, But sweat-drops of blood for mine.
To com-fort Him in the sor - rows He bore for my soul that night.
He bore the bur - den to Cal - v'ry, And suf-fered, and died a - lone.
'Twill be my joy thro' the a - ges To sing of His love for me.



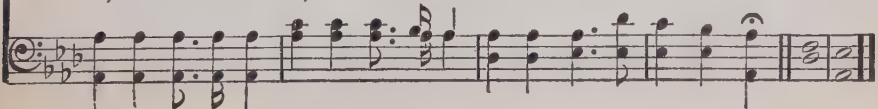
CHORUS.



How mar-vel-ous! how won-der-ful! And my song shall ev - er be:
Oh, how mar-vel-ous! oh, how won-der-ful!



How mar-vel-ous! how won-der-ful Is my Sav-ior's love for me! A-MEN.
Oh, how mar-vel-ous! oh, how won-der-ful



There is a fountain.

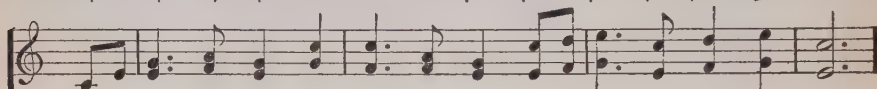
William Cowper.

Cleansing Fountain. C. M.

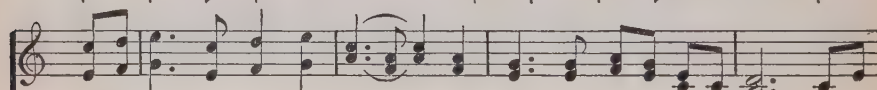
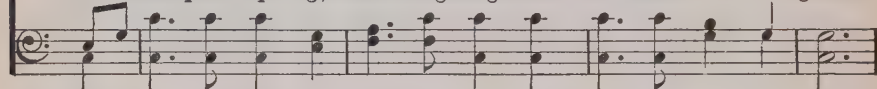
Lowell Mason.



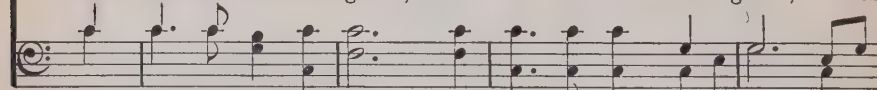
1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins;
2. The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That foun-tain in his day;
3. Dear dy-ing Lamb, Thy pre-cious blood Shall nev-er lose its pow'r,
4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds sup-ply,
5. Then in a no-bler, sweet-er song, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,



And sin-ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains:
 And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way:
 Till all the ran-somed church of God Be saved, to sin no more:
 Re-deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die:
 When this poor lisp-ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si-lent in the grave:



Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains; And
 Wash all my sins a-way, Wash all my sins a-way; And
 Be saved, to sin no more, Be saved, to sin no more; Till
 And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die; Re-
 Lies si-lent in the grave, Lies si-lent in the grave; When



sin-ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
 there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.
 all the ran-somed church of God Be saved, to sin no more.
 deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
 this poor lisp-ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si-lent in the grave. A-MEN.

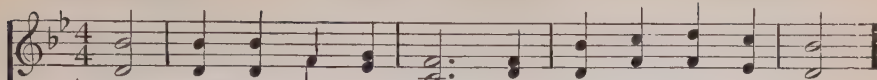


Arise, My Soul.

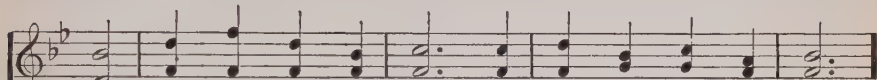
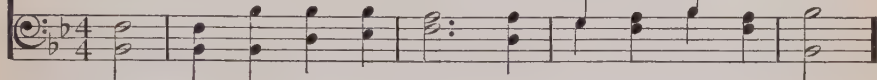
Charles Wesley.

Lenox. 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

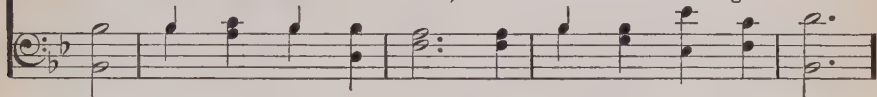
Lewis Edson.



1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise; Shake off thy guilt - y fears;
2. He ev - er lives a - bove, For me to in - ter - cede;
3. Five bleed - ing wounds He bears, Re - ceived on Cal - va - ry;
4. The Fa - ther hears Him pray, His dear a - noint - ed One;
5. My God is rec - on - ciled; His par - d'ning voice I hear;



The bleed - ing Sac - ri - fice In my be - half ap - pears:
 His all - re - deem - ing love, His pre - cious blood, to plead;
 They pour ef - fec - tual prayers, They strong - ly plead for me;
 He can - not turn a - way The pres - ence of His Son;
 He owns me for His child, I can no lon - ger fear:



Be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands, Be - fore the throne my
 His blood a - toned for all our race, His blood a - toned for
 "For - give Him, O for - give," they cry, "For - give Him, O for -
 His Spir - it an - swers to the blood, His Spir - it an - swers
 With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh, With con - fi - dence I



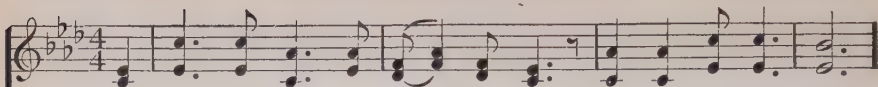
Sure - ty stands, My name is writ - ten on His hands.
 all our race, And sprin - kles now the throne of grace.
 give," they cry, "Nor let that ran - somed sin - ner die!"
 to the blood, And tells me I am born of God.
 now draw nigh, And, "Fa - ther, Ab - ba, Fa - ther," cry. A - MEN.



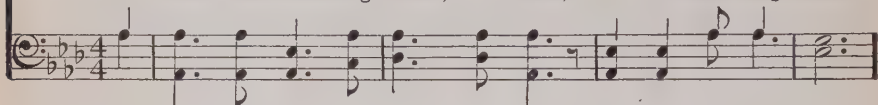
W. J. K.

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Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



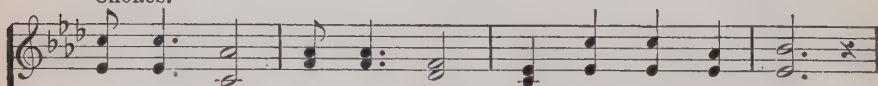
1. I've wan-dered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;
2. I've wast - ed man - y pre - cious years, Now I'm com-ing home;
3. I've tired of sin and stray-ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home;
5. My on - ly hope, my on - ly plea, Now I'm com-ing home;
6. I need His cleans-ing blood, I know, Now I'm com-ing home;



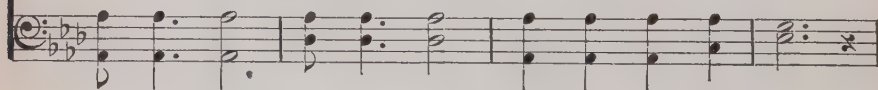
The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
 I now re-pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
 I'll trust Thy love, be - lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
 My strength re-new, my hope re-store, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
 That Je - sus died, and died for me, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
 O wash me whit - er than the snow, Lord, I'm com-ing home.



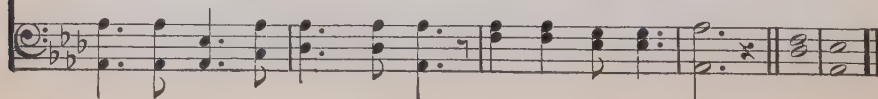
CHORUS.



Com - ing home, com - ing home, Nev - er - more to roam,



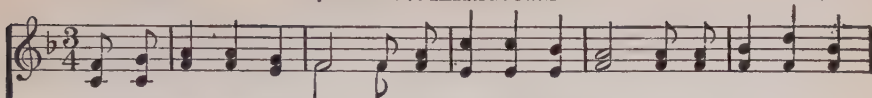
O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com-ing home. A - MEN.



J. H. Sammis.

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D. B. Towner.



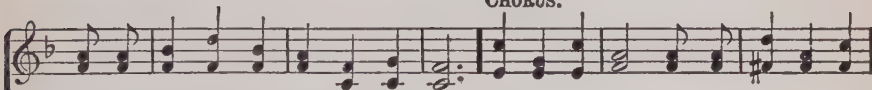
1. When we walk with the Lord In the Light of His Word What a glo - ry He
2. Not a shad - ow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But His smile quickly
3. Not a bur - den we bear, Not a sor - row we share, But our toil He doth
4. But we nev - er can prove The de - lights of His love Un - til all on the
5. Then in fel - low - ship sweet We will sit at His feet, Or we'll walk by His



sheds on our way! While we do His good-will, He a-bides with us still,
drives it a - way; Not a doubt or a fear, Not a sigh nor a tear,
rich - ly re - pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown or a cross,
al - tar we lay; For the fa - vor He shows, And the joy He be - stows,
side in the way; What He says we will do, Where He sends we will go, —



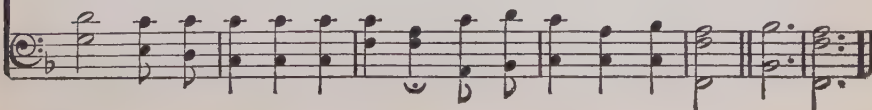
CHORUS.



And with all who will trust and o - bey.
Can a-bide while we trust and o - bey.
But is blest if we trust and o - bey. Trust and o - bey, for there's no oth - er
Are for them who will trust and o - bey.
Nev - er fear, on - ly trust and o - bey.



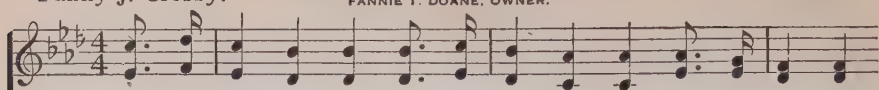
way To be hap - py in Je - sus, But to trust and o - bey. A - MEN.



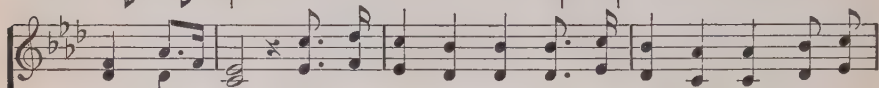
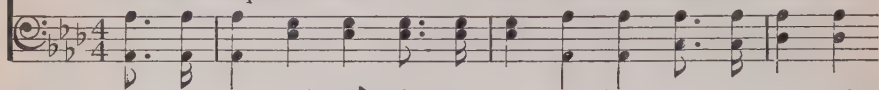
Fanny J. Crosby.

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FANNIE T. DOANE, OWNER.

W. H. Doane.



1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy
2. Con-se-crate me now to Thy serv-ice, Lord, By the pow'r of
3. O the pure de-light of a sin-gle hour That be-fore Thy
4. There are depths of love that I can-not know Till I cross the



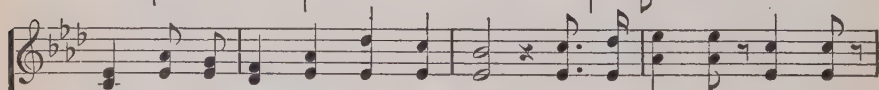
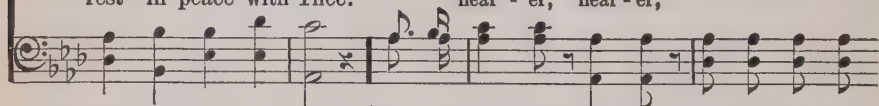
love to me; But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be
 grace di-vine; Let my soul look up with a stead-fast hope, And my
 throne I spend, When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my God, I com-
 nar-row sea; There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I



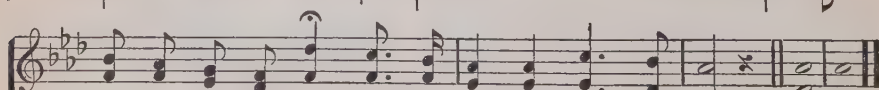
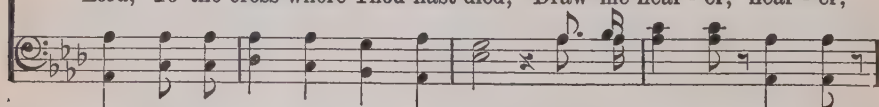
REFRAIN.



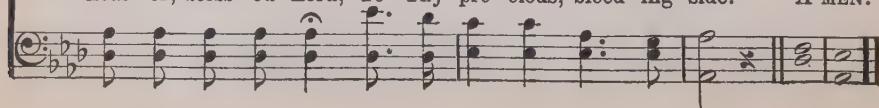
clo-ser drawn to Thee.
 will be lost in Thine. Draw me near - - er, near-er, bless-ed
 mune as friend with friend!
 rest in peace with Thee. near - er, near - er,



Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died; Draw me near - er, near - er,



near - er, bless - ed Lord, To Thy pre-cious, bleed-ing side. A-MEN.

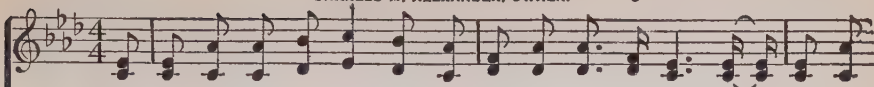


The Crowning Day.

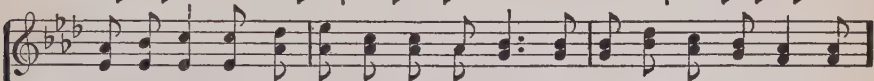
El Nathan.

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James McGranahan.



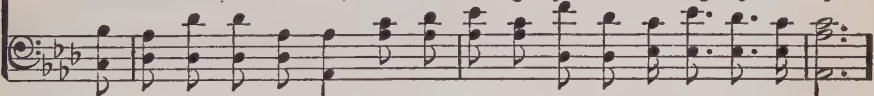
1. Our Lord is now re-ject-ed, And by the world dis-owned, By the man-y
2. The heav'ns shall glow with splendor, But brighter far than they The saints shall
3. Our pain shall then be o-ver, We'll sin and sigh no more, Be-hind us
4. Let all that look for, has-ten The com-ing joy-ful day, By ear-nest



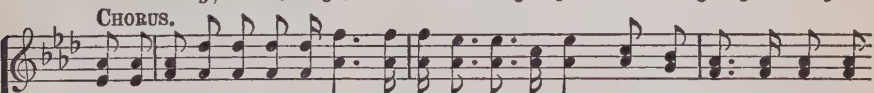
still neg-lect-ed, And by the few enthroned; But soon He'll come in glo-ry, -
shine in glo-ry, As Christ shall them ar-ray; The beau-ty of the Sav-ior
all of sor-row, And naught but joy be-fore; A joy in our Re-deem-er,
con-se-cra-tion, To walk the nar-row way, By gath'ring in the lost ones,



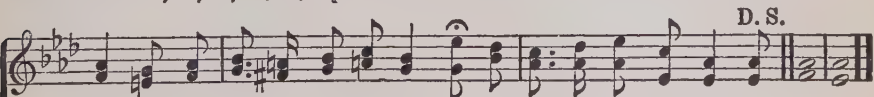
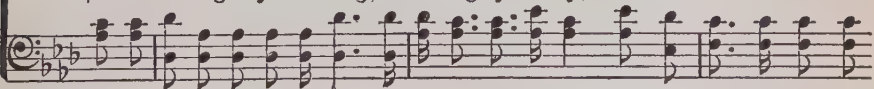
The hour is draw-ing nigh, For the crown-ing day is com-ing by and by.
Shall daz-zle ev-'ry eye, In the crown-ing day that's com-ing by and by.
As we to Him are nigh, In the crown-ing day that's com-ing by and by.
For whom our Lord did die, For the crown-ing day that's com-ing by and by.



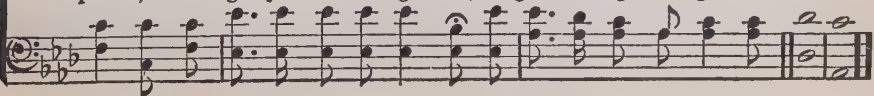
D. S.—*Each waiting, watchful eye, In the crown-ing day that's com-ing by and by.*



Oh, the crown-ing day is coming, Is coming by and by, When our Lord shall come in



“power,” And “glory” from on high. Oh, the glorious sight will gladden A-MEN.

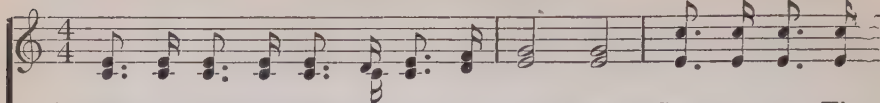


Jesus Answers Prayer.

Richard Hainsworth.

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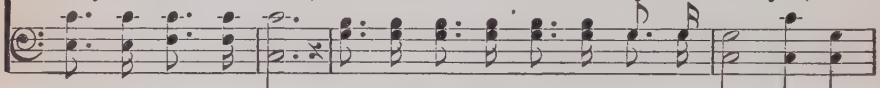
Haldor Lillenas



1. Plead the pre-cious prom-is-es of Je-sus, Cast up-on Him
2. When the storm and stress of life sur-round you, And the load seems
3. When per-plex-ing prob-lems you are fac-ing, And the path seems
4. Mat-ters not what sor-rows may en-fold you, There is One who



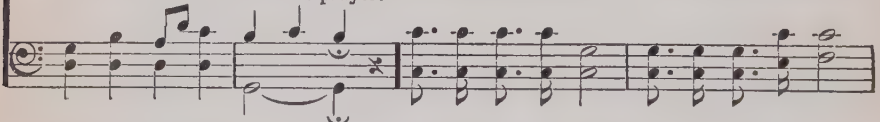
all your anx-ious care, Call up-on Him and He will de-liv-er, For
more than you can bear, Go to Him for aid and He will help you, For
rug-ged ev-'ry-where, Look to Je-sus, He will safe-ly guide you, For
can your heart-ache share; Go to Him what-ev-er may be-fall you, For



CHORUS.



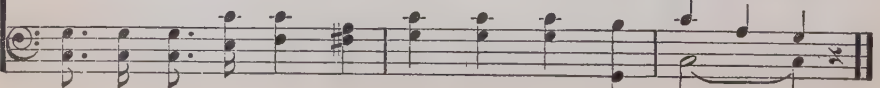
Je-sus an-swers prayer. . . Je-sus answers prayer, Je-sus answers prayer,
an-swers prayer.



Cast on Him your bur-den, roll on Him your care; Plead His word of love



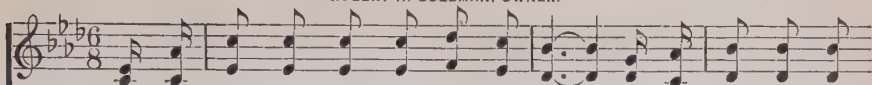
and His prom-ise prove, For Je-sus an-swers prayer. . .
an-swers prayer.



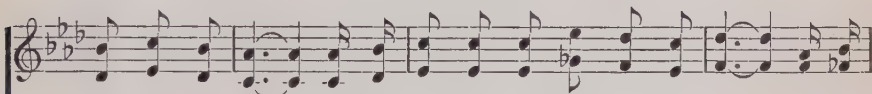
H. L.

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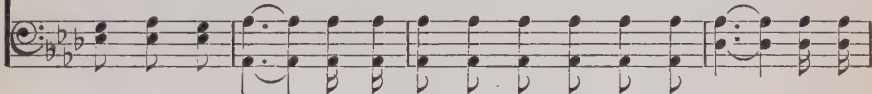
Haldor Lillenas.



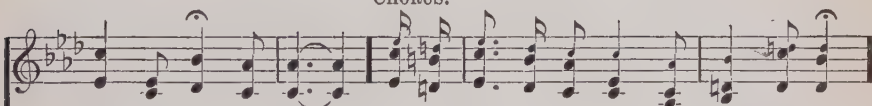
1. There's a sa - cred and hal-lowed re - treat, Where my soul finds a
2. There is naught can dis - turb or mo - lest, There my spir - it finds
3. Shut a - way from earth's strife and its din, And pro - tect - ed from
4. There the dove of sweet peace al - ways sings, And my faith ev - er



fel - low-ship sweet, Where the Lord of my life I may meet, In the
com-fort and rest, And my soul is no lon - ger dis - tressed, In the
soul-stain-ing sin, For my Sav - ior is dwell - ing with - in, In the
trust-ing - ly clings; And the chime of sweet hap - pi - ness rings In the



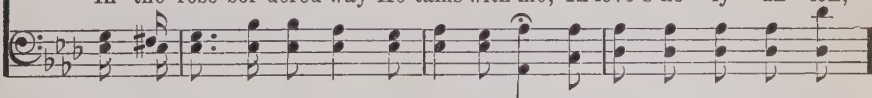
CHORUS.



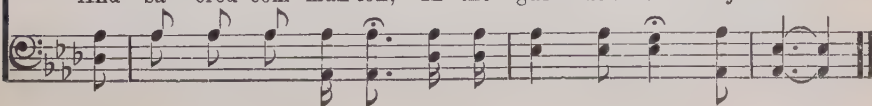
gar - den of my heart. In the cool of the day He walks with me,



In the rose-bor-dered way He talks with me; In love's ho - ly un - ion,



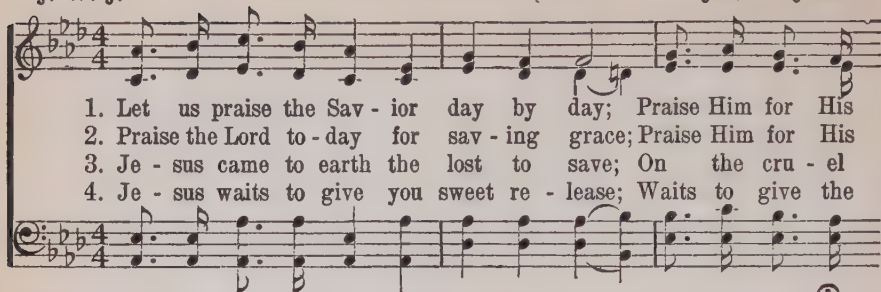
And sa - cred com-mun-ion, In the gar - den of my heart.



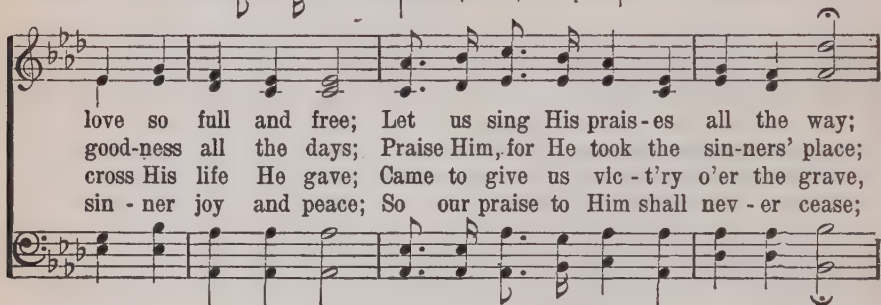
J. W. J.

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Jas. W. Jelks.

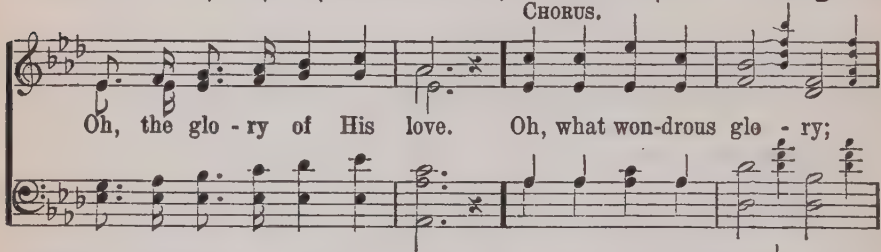


1. Let us praise the Sav - ior day by day; Praise Him for His
 2. Praise the Lord to - day for sav - ing grace; Praise Him for His
 3. Je - sus came to earth the lost to save; On the cru - el
 4. Je - sus waits to give you sweet re - lease; Waits to give the

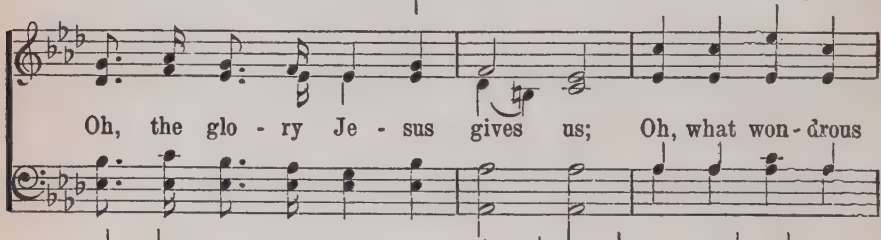


love so full and free; Let us sing His prais-es all the way;
 good-ness all the days; Praise Him, for He took the sin-ners' place;
 cross His life He gave; Came to give us vic-t'ry o'er the grave,
 sin - ner joy and peace; So our praise to Him shall nev - er cease;

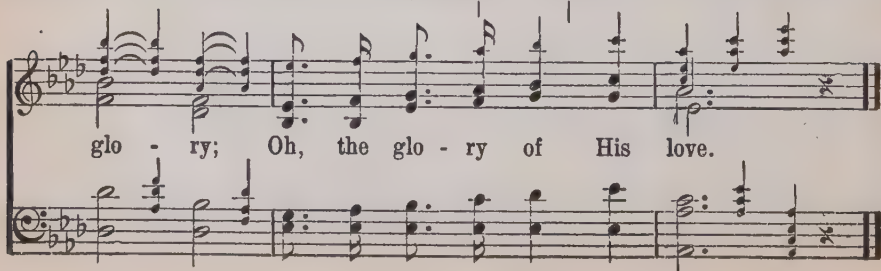
CHORUS.



Oh, the glo - ry of His love. Oh, what won-drous glo - ry;



Oh, the glo - ry Je - sus gives us; Oh, what won-drous



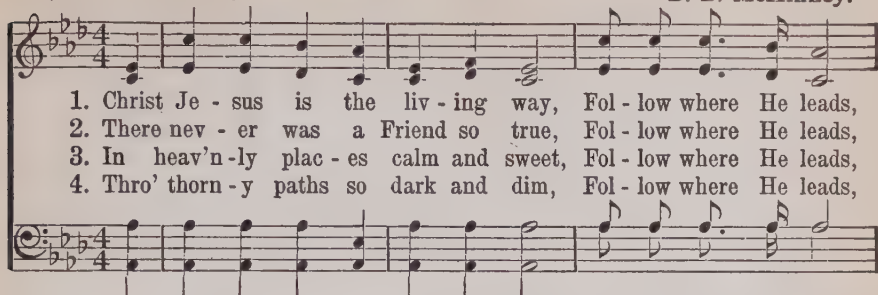
glo - ry; Oh, the glo - ry of His love.

101 follow Where the Savior Leadeth.

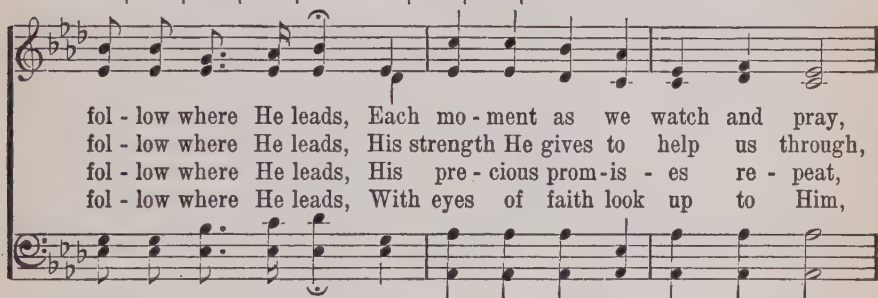
Lizzie DeArmond.

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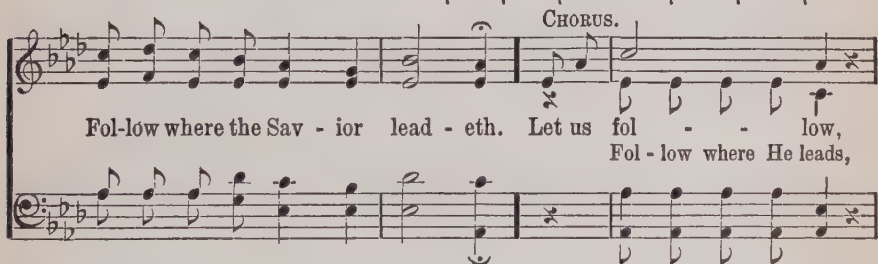
B. B. McKinney.



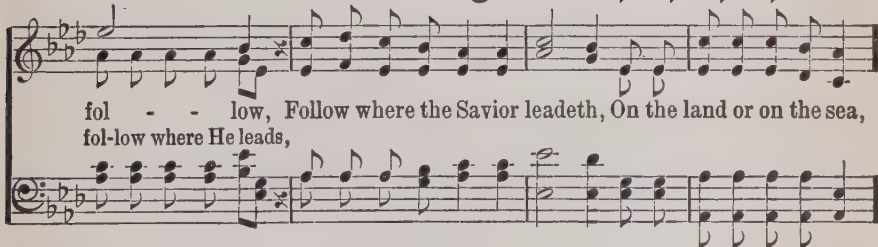
1. Christ Je - sus is the liv - ing way, Fol - low where He leads,
 2. There nev - er was a Friend so true, Fol - low where He leads,
 3. In heav'n - ly plac - es calm and sweet, Fol - low where He leads,
 4. Thro' thorn - y paths so dark and dim, Fol - low where He leads,



fol - low where He leads, Each mo - ment as we watch and pray,
 fol - low where He leads, His strength He gives to help us through,
 fol - low where He leads, His pre - cious prom - is - es re - peat,
 fol - low where He leads, With eyes of faith look up to Him,



CHORUS.
 Fol - low where the Sav - ior lead - eth. Let us fol - low,
 Fol - low where He leads,



fol - low, Follow where the Savior leadeth, On the land or on the sea,
 fol - low where He leads,



Ev - er faith - ful to Him be, Let us fol - low where the Sav - ior lead - eth.

I. E. R.

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I. E. Reynolds.

1. O won - der - ful love of God so free, So rich in its
 2. O won - der - ful love of God so sweet, O love so a-
 3. O won - der - ful love of God di - vine, O love so a-
 4. O won - der - ful love of God so pure, A love so sub-

flow for you and me; O won - der - ful love of God so true,
 maz - ing and com - plete; O won - der - ful love of God so great,
 bun - dant, so be - nign; O won - der - ful love of God so full,
 lime 'twill Heav'n pro - cure; O won - der - ful love of God sin - cere,

CHORUS.

O won - der - ful, won - der - ful love. Love, love,
 Won - der - ful, won - der - ful,

won - der - ful love, Love, love; mar - vel - ous love, Such
 Mar - vel - ous, mar - vel - ous,

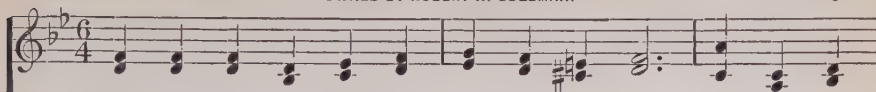
fath - om - less love, un - bound - ed, complete, O won - der - ful, won - der - ful love.

103 Somebody Loves You: 'Tis Jesus.

Laurene Highfield.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY S. W. BEAZLEY.
OWNED BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

Samuel W. Beazley.



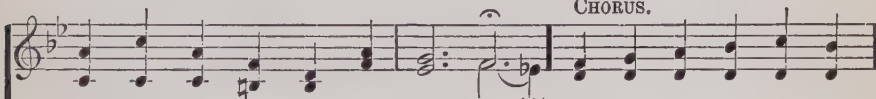
1. Though you are help-less and lone-ly and poor, Some-bod-y
2. Though you are wear-y and tri-als come fast, Some-bod-y
3. Though you have grieved Him and sad-dened His heart, Some-bod-y
4. Though you are friend-less and dark seems the way, Some-bod-y



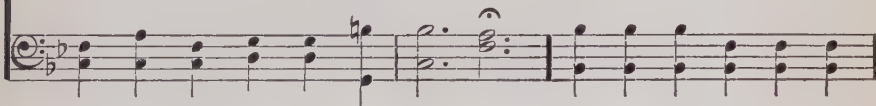
loves you: 'tis Je-sus; Tho' bit-ter sor-rows you have to en-dure,
loves you: 'tis Je-sus; His strength will comfort you un-to the last,
loves you: 'tis Je-sus; You in His ten-der-ness still have a part,
loves you: 'tis Je-sus; There is one Friend who for-ev-er will stay,



CHORUS.



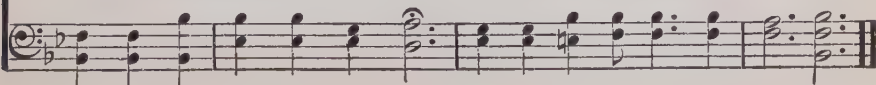
Some-bod-y loves you: 'tis Je-sus. Some-bod-y loves you wher-



ev-er you are; Tho' from life's battles you've many a scar, Tho' in strange



by-ways you've wan-dered a-far, Some-bod-y loves you: 'tis Je-sus.

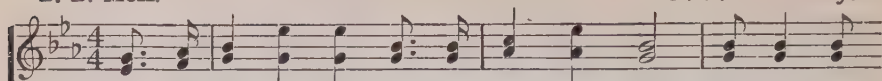


104 Carry Your Burden With a Smile.

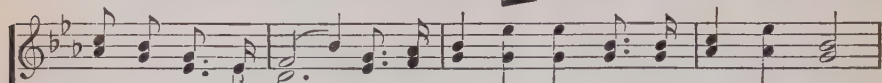
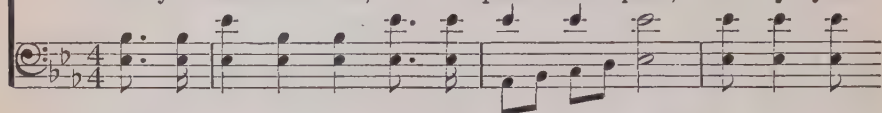
B. B. McK.

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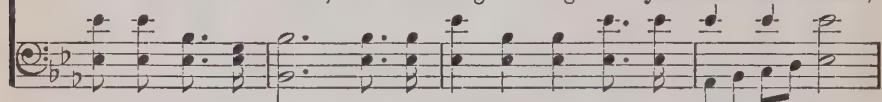
B. B. McKinney.



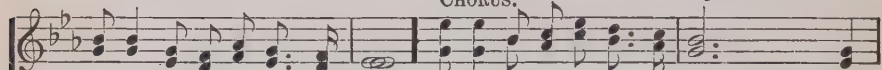
1. Do you wear - y grow on your toil - some road? Car - ry your
2. Does the sky seem dark and the way grow dim? Car - ry your
3. There are hearts that long for the sun - shine bright, Car - ry your
4. Cast your all on Him, on His pow'r de - pend, Car - ry your



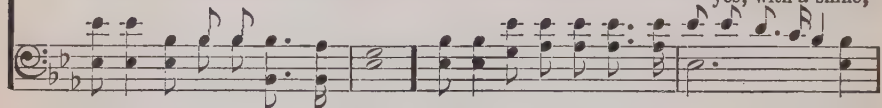
bur - den with a smile; Do you al - most sink 'neath your heav - y load?
 bur - den with a smile; Look to God in faith, put your trust in Him,
 bur - den with a smile; Let the glad song ring thro' the dark - est night,
 bur - den with a smile; For the King of kings is your dear - est Friend,



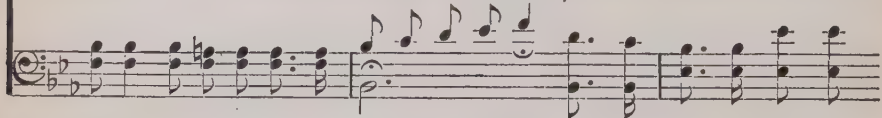
CHORUS.



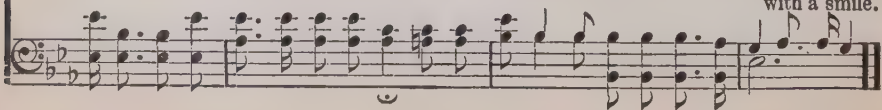
Car - ry your burden with a smile. Car - ry your burden with a smile, For
 yes, with a smile,



sigh - ing was never worth the while; But 'twill help the faint and
 not worth the while;



weary o'er some long and rugged mile, If you'll carry your burden with a smile.
 with a smile.



Pray Yourself Out.

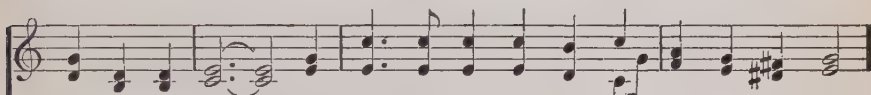
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D. R. Wade.

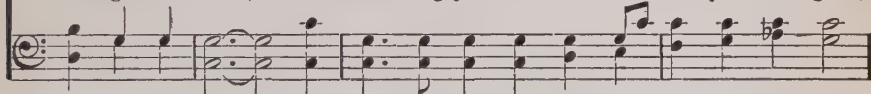
I. E. Reynolds.



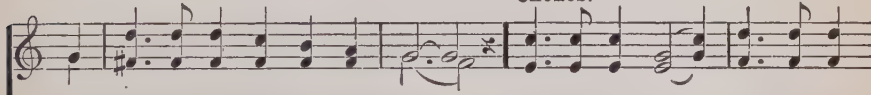
1. Tho' bil - lows of sor - row sweep o - ver your soul, And toss you and
2. When bent by the bur - den of trou - ble or care, If you should be
3. When storms beat up - on you, or foes o - ver - take, And friends do not
4. What - ev - er be - tide you while here you re - main, Don't go from the



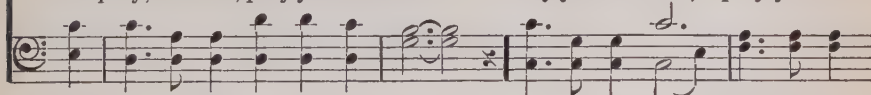
drift you a - bout; Don't yield to temp - ta - tion, let Je - sus con - trol,
 tempt - ed to doubt, Cling clos - er to Je - sus and nev - er de - spair,
 hear when you shout, The Lord will be near you and will not for - sake,
 love - light - ed rout; The bless - ing you need from the Lord you shall gain,



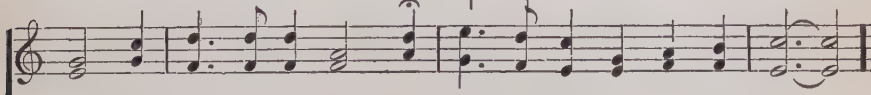
CHORUS.



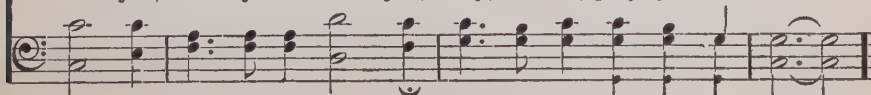
Just pray, brother, pray yourself out. Pray yourself out, pray your-self



out, Je - sus, the Sav - ior of love nev - er doubt; He will be



near you, read - y to hear you, Pray, brother, pray your-self out.



William O. Cushing.

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Ira D. Sankey.

1. There'll be no dark val-ley when Je - sus comes, There'll be no dark
 2. There'll be no more sor-row when Je - sus comes, There'll be no more
 3. There'll be no more weep-ing when Je - sus comes, There'll be no more
 4. There'll be songs of greet-ing when Je - sus comes, There'll be songs of

val - ley when Je - sus comes; There'll be no dark val-ley when Je - sus comes
 sor - row when Je - sus comes; But a glo-rious mor-row when Je - sus comes
 weep-ing when Je - sus comes; But a bless-ed reap-ing when Je - sus comes
 greet-ing when Je - sus comes; And a joy - ful meet-ing when Je - sus comes

REFRAIN.

To gath - er His loved ones home. To gath - er His loved ones

home, (safe home,) To gath - er His loved ones home; (safe home;) There'll be

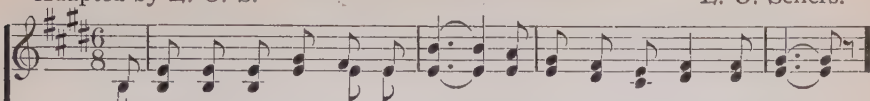
no dark val - ley when Je - sus comes To gath - er His loved ones home. A-MEN.

107 Thy Word Have I Hid In My Heart.

Adapted by E. O. S.

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E. O. Sellers.



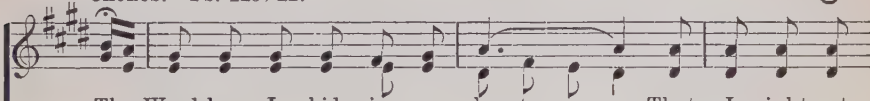
1. Thy word is a lamp to my feet, A light to my path al - way;
2. For - ev - er, oh, Lord, is Thy Word Es-tab-lished and fixed on high;
3. At morn-ing, at noon, and at night I ev - er will give Thee praise;
4. Thro' Him Whom Thy Word hath foretold, The Sav-ior and Morn-ing Star,



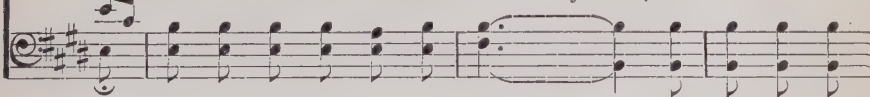
To guide and to save me from sin, And show me the heav'n-ly way.
Thy faith-ful-ness un - to all men A - bid-eth for - ev - er nigh.
For Thou art my por-tion, O Lord, And shall be thro' all my days!
Sal - va - tion and peace have been bro't To those who have strayed a - far.



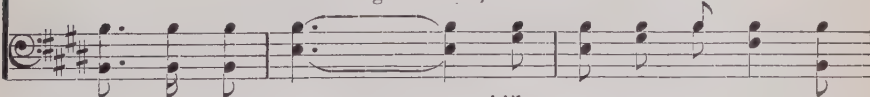
CHORUS.—Ps. 119: 11.



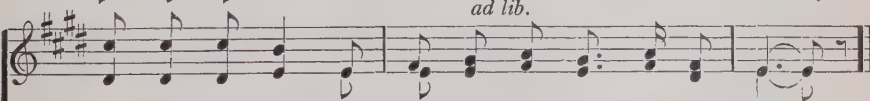
Thy Word have I hid in my heart, That I might not
in my heart,



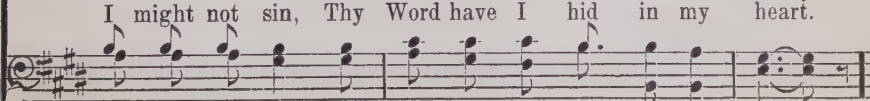
sin a - gainst Thee, That I might not sin, That
a - gainst Thee,



ad lib.



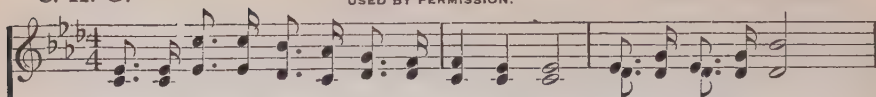
I might not sin, Thy Word have I hid in my heart.



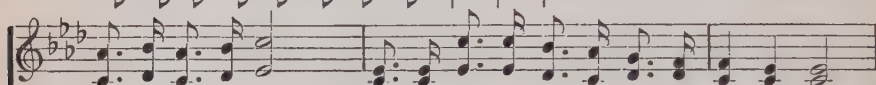
C. H. G.

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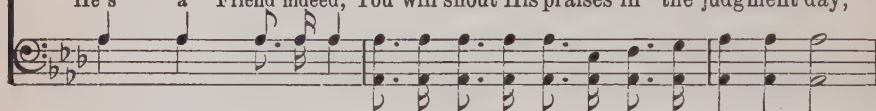
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. Are you heav-y-heart-ed, are you sore dis-tressed?
2. Have you broken vows and prom-is-es un-kept? Christ is all you need,
3. Have you been neg-lect-ed for the cause you love?
4. Let the world de-spise and scorn you as it may, Christ is all you need,



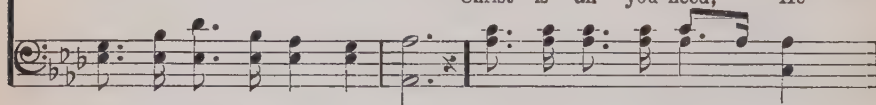
Are you o-ver-burdened and with care dis-tressed?
 He's a Friend in-deed; Once de-sert-ed and a-lone thy Sav-ior wept!
 You shall be re-ward-ed in the home a-bove;
 He's a Friend indeed; You will shout His praises in the judgment day;



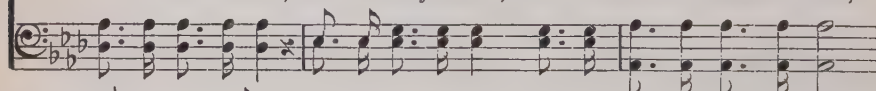
CHORUS.



Christ is all the Friend you need. Christ..... is all you
 Christ is all you need, He



need,..... He's a Friend, He is a Friend in-deed;
 is a Friend in-deed; Christ is all you need, For He is a Friend in-deed;



Christ..... is all you need,..... Christ is all the Friend you need.
 Christ is all you need, He is a Friend in-deed,



I Will follow Thee.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. Sav - ior, I will fol - low Thee; Thou art all the world to me;
 2. Sav - ior, I will fol - low Thee, Though it lead me to the Cross;
 3. Sav - ior, I will fol - low Thee, Though it lead through toil and tears;
 4. Sav - ior, I will fol - low Thee Till the toils of life are o'er;

Though the way I can - not see, Sav - ior, I will fol - low Thee.
 Count - ing all things here but dross, Sav - ior, I will fol - low Thee.
 Through the long and wear - y years, Sav - ior, I will fol - low Thee.
 Till I reach the Gold - en Shore, Sav - ior, I will fol - low Thee.

CHORUS.

Fol - low Thee, I will fol - low Thee, Fol - low Thee,
 Fol - low, I will fol - low Thee, fol - low Thee, Fol - low, I will fol - low

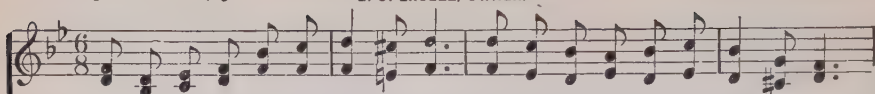
I will fol - low Thee, Fol - low till the day is done,
 Thee, fol - low Thee,

Fol - low till the crown is won, Sav - ior, I will fol - low Thee.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

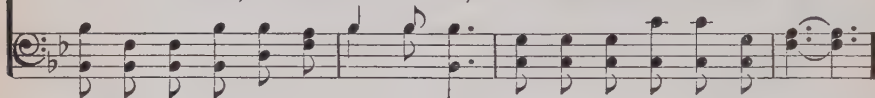
Hamp Sewell.



1. I am so hap-py in Christ to-day, That I go sing-ing a-long my way;
2. Glad-ly I read, "Who-so-ev-er may Come to the fountain of life to-day;"
3. Ever God's Spirit is saying, "Come!" Hear the Bridesaying, "No longer roam;"
4. "Freely come drink," words the soul to thrill! O with what joy they my heart do fill!



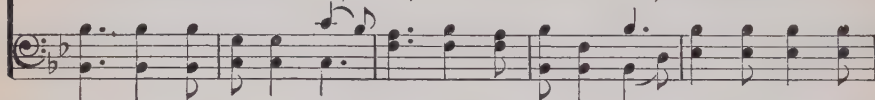
Yes, I'm so hap-py to know and say, "Je-sus in-clud-ed me too."
 But when I read it I al-ways say, "Je-sus in-clud-ed me too."
 But I am sure while they're calling home, Je-sus in-clud-ed me too.
 For when He said, "Who-so-ev-er will," Je-sus in-clud-ed me too.



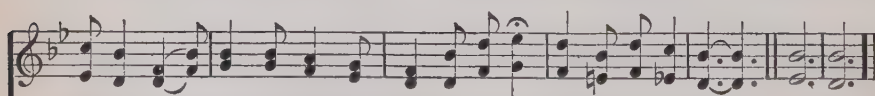
CHORUS.



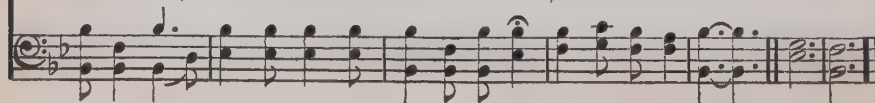
Je-sus in-clud-ed me, Yes, He in-clud-ed me, When the Lord said



"Who-so-ev-er," He in-clud-ed me; Je-sus in-clud-ed me, Yes, He in-



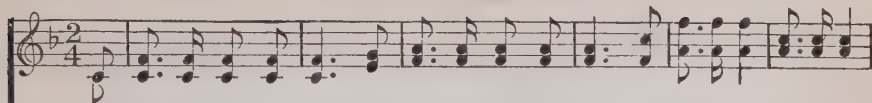
clud-ed me, When the Lord said "Who-so-ev-er," He included me. A-MEN.



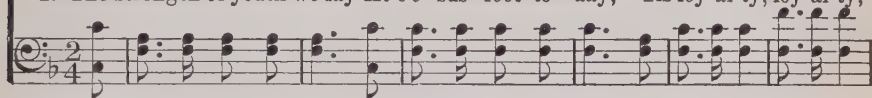
Dr. E. T. Cassel.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

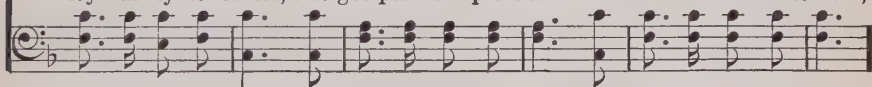
Flora H. Cassel.



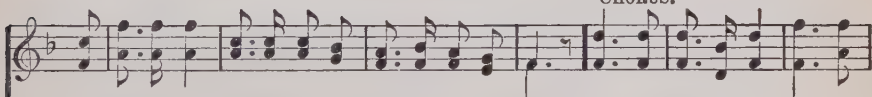
1. From o-ver hill and plain There comes the signal strain, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
2. O hear, ye brave, the sound That moves the earth around, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
3. Come, join our loy-al throng, We'll rout the giant wrong, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
4. The strength of youth we lay At Je-sus' feet to-day, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,



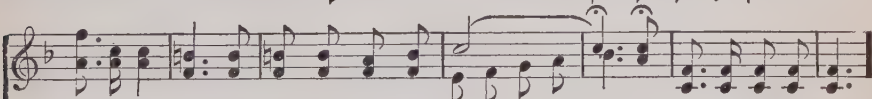
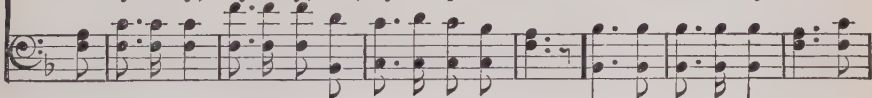
loy-al-ty to Christ; Its mu-sic rolls a-long, The hills take up the song,
loy-al-ty to Christ; A-rise to dare and do, Ring out the watch-word true,
loy-al-ty to Christ; Where Satan's banners float We'll send the bu-gle note,
loy-al-ty to Christ; His gos-pel we'll pro-claim Thro'-out the world's domain,



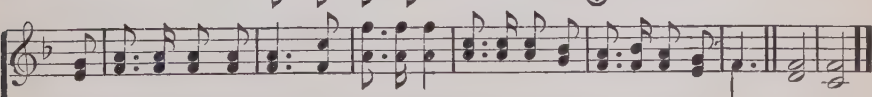
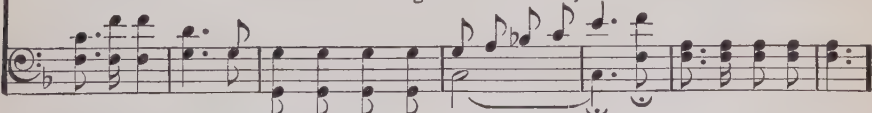
CHORUS.



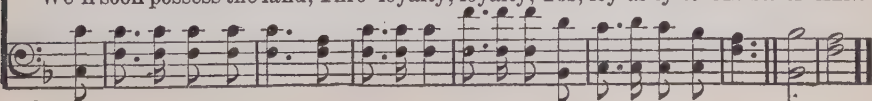
Of loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ. "On to vic-to-ry! On to



vic-to-ry!" Cries our great Commander; "On!" . . . We'll move at His command,
great Commander; "On!"



We'll soon possess the land, Thro' loyalty, loyalty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ. A-MEN.

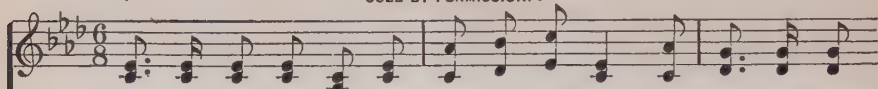


Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

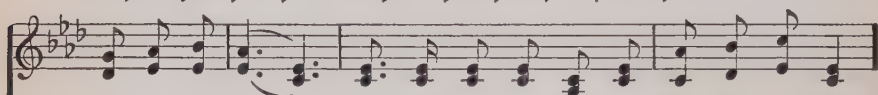
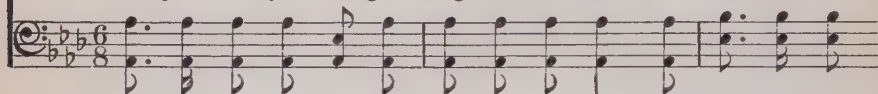
C. H. M.

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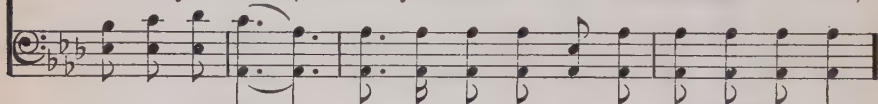
Mrs. C. H. Morris.



1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je - sus come
2. If 'tis for pu - ri - ty now that you sigh, Let Je - sus come
3. If there's a tem-pest your voice can-not still, Let Je - sus come
4. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je - sus come



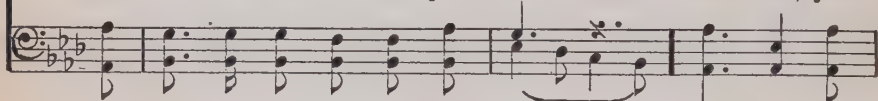
in - to your heart; If you de - sire a new life to be - gin,
 in - to your heart; Foun-tains for cleans-ing are flow-ing near by,
 in - to your heart; If there's a void this world nev - er can fill,
 in - to your heart; If you would en - ter the man-sions of rest,



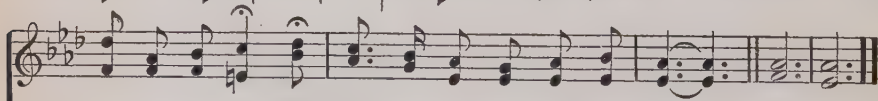
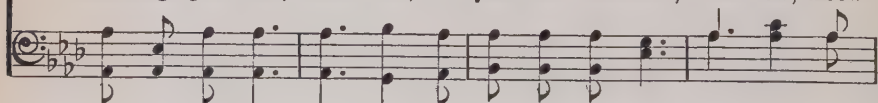
CHORUS.



Let Je - sus come in - to your heart. Just now, your



doubt-ings give o'er; Just now, re - ject Him no more; Just now, throw



o - pen the door; Let Je - sus come in - to your heart. A - MEN.



Rev. Wm. Poole.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Just when I need Him, Je - sus is near, Just when I fal - ter,
 2. Just when I need Him, Je - sus is true, Nev - er for - sak - ing
 3. Just when I need Him, Je - sus is strong, Bear - ing my bur - dens
 4. Just when I need Him, He is my all, An - swer - ing when up -

just when I fear; Read - y to help me, read - y to cheer,
 all the way thro'; Giv - ing for bur - dens pleas - ures a - new,
 all the day long; For all my sor - row giv - ing a song,
 on Him I call; Ten - der - ly watch - ing lest I should fall,

CHORUS.

Just - when I need Him most. Just when I need Him most,

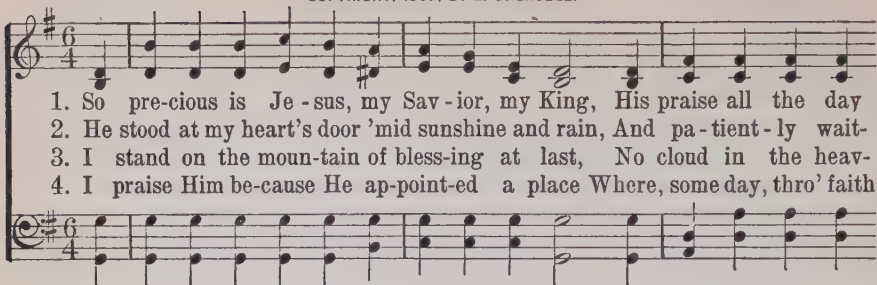
Just when I need Him most; Je - sus is near to

com - fort and cheer, Just when I need Him most. A - MEN.

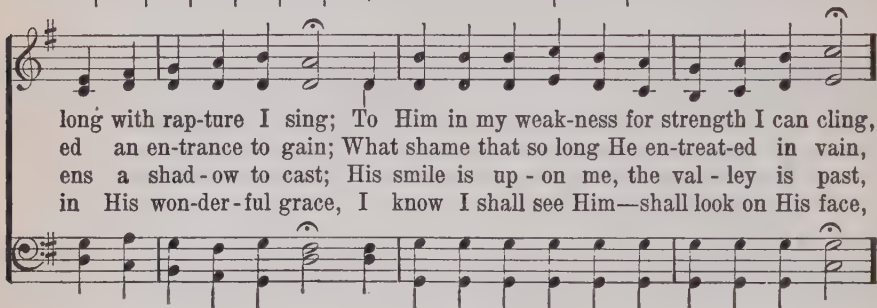
C. H. G.

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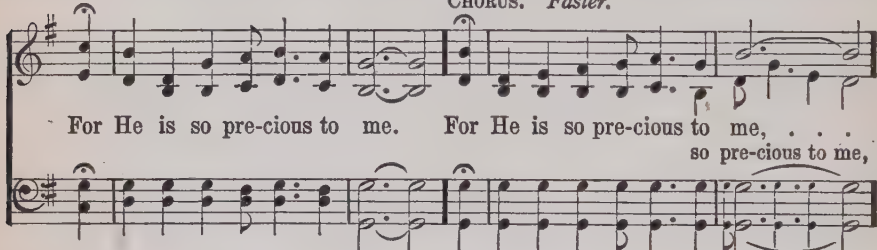
Chas. H. Gabriel.



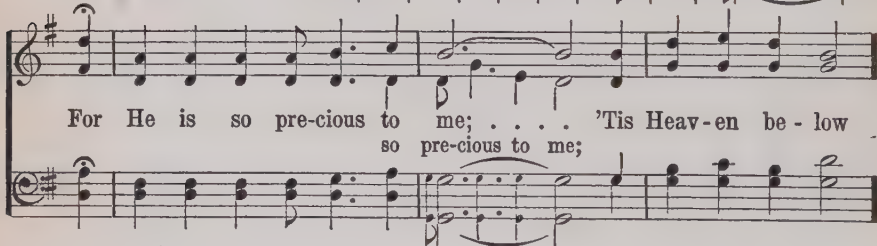
1. So pre-cious is Je-sus, my Sav-ior, my King, His praise all the day
 2. He stood at my heart's door 'mid sunshine and rain, And pa-tient-ly wait-
 3. I stand on the moun-tain of bless-ing at last, No cloud in the heav-
 4. I praise Him be-cause He ap-point-ed a place Where, some day, thro' faith



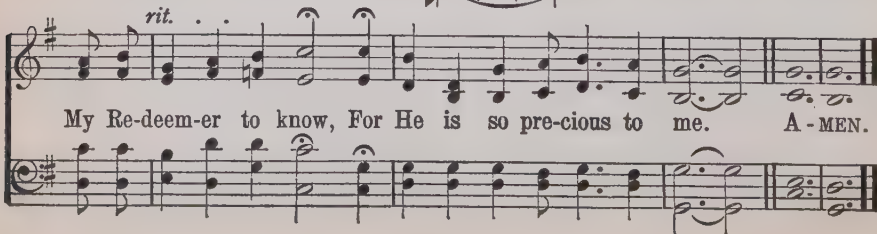
long with rap-ture I sing; To Him in my weak-ness for strength I can cling,
 ed an en-trance to gain; What shame that so long He en-treat-ed in vain,
 ens a shad-ow to cast; His smile is up-on me, the val-ley is past,
 in His won-der-ful grace, I know I shall see Him—shall look on His face,

CHORUS. *Faster.*


For He is so pre-cious to me. For He is so pre-cious to me, . . .
 so pre-cious to me,



For He is so pre-cious to me; . . . 'Tis Heav-en be-low
 so pre-cious to me;



rit.
 My Re-deem-er to know, For He is so pre-cious to me. A-MEN.

Alfred Barratt.

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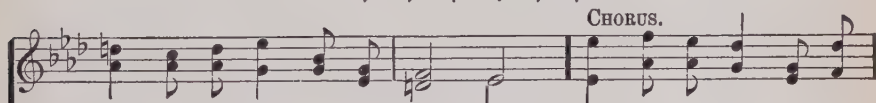
Henry P. Morton.



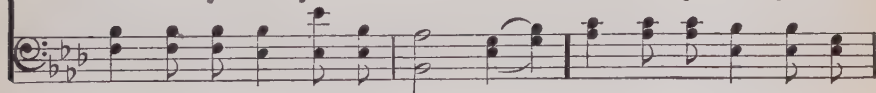
1. When the dark shadows gather on life's rugged way, There is some-one to help
2. When the bur-dens you car-ry are heav-y to bear, And your heart almost breaks
3. He en-treats you to love Him and in Him con-fide, Let Him be your Com-pan-
4. He has promised to keep you, this wonderful Friend, Tho' temptations and dan-



you and cheer you al-way; He will fill you with joy if His word you o - bey:
 with its griefs and despair, Look to Him who is wait-ing your sor-rows to share:
 ion, your Friend and your Guide, For His love can do more than all oth-ers be-side:
 gers your pathway at-tend; Let Him lead all the way till life's journey shall end:



No - bod - y loves you like Je - sus. No - bod - y loves you like



Je - sus, No - bod - y loves you like Him; When you fal - ter and fail,



Still His love doth pre - vail: No - bod - y loves you like Je - sus. A-MEN.



Philip Doddridge.

Happy Day. L. M.

E. F. Rimbault.

1. O hap-py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-ior and my God!
 2. O hap-py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer-its all my love!
 3. 'Tis done; the great transaction's done! I am my Lord's and He is mine;
 4. High Heav'n, that heard the solemn vow, That vow renewed shall dai-ly hear,

Well may this glow-ing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad.
 Let cheer-ful an-thems fill His house, While to that sa-cred shrine I move.
 He drew me, and I fol-lowed on, Charmed to con-fess the voice di-vine.
 Till in life's lat-est hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear.

REFRAIN.

Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus washed my sins a-way;

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-joic-ing ev-'ry day:

Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus washed my sins a-way. A-MEN.

J. Hascall.

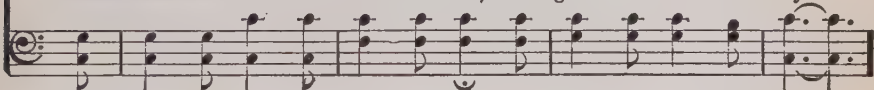
Wm. B. Bradbury.



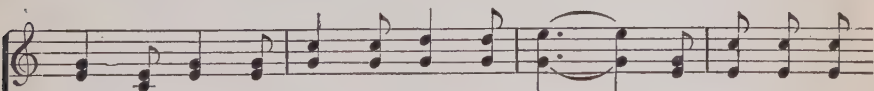
1. My lat - est sun is sink - ing fast, My race is near - ly run;
2. I know I'm nearing the ho - ly ranks Of friends and kin - dred dear,
3. I've al - most gained my heav'nly home, My spir - it loud - ly sings;
4. O, bear my long - ing heart to Him, Who bled and died for me;



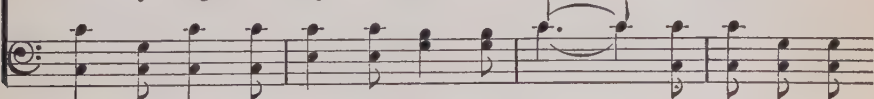
My strong - est tri - als now are past, My tri - umph is be - gun.
 For I brush the dews on Jordan's banks, The cross - ing must be near.
 Thy ho - ly ones, be - hold, they come! I hear the noise of wings.
 Whose blood now cleans - es from all sin, And gives me vic - to - ry.

*f* CHORUS.

O come, an - gel band, come and a - round me stand, O, bear me a - way on your



snow - y wings To my im - mor - tal home; O, bear me a -



way on your snow - y wings To my im - mor - tal home. A - MEN.



Jessie Brown Pounds.

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Henry P. Morton.

1. There are days so dark that I seek in vain For the face of my
 2. There are times, when tired of the toil-some road, That for ways of the
 3. When the way is dim, and I can - not see Thro' the mist of His
 4. In the last sad hour, as I stand a - lone Where the pow - ers of

Friend Di - vine; But tho' dark - ness hide, He is there to guide
 world I pine; But He draws me back to the up - ward track
 wise de - sign, How my glad heart yearns and my faith re - turns
 death com - bine, While the dark waves roll He will guide my soul

CHORUS.
 By the touch of His hand on mine. Oh, the touch of His hand on

mine, Oh, the touch of His hand on mine! There is grace and
 on mine, on mine!

pow'r, in the try - ing hour, In the touch of His hand on mine. A-MEN.

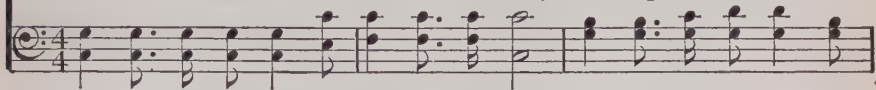
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James M. Gray.

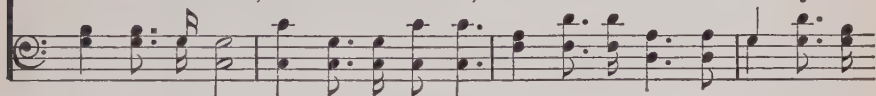
D. B. Towner.



1. Naught have I got-ten but what I re-ceived; Grace hath be-stowed it since
2. Once I was fool-ish, and sin ruled my heart, Caus-ing my footsteps from
3. Tearsun-a-vail-ing, no mer-it had I; Mer-cy had saved me, or
4. Suf-fer a sin-ner whose heart o-ver-flows, Lov-ing his Sav-ior to



I have be-lieved; Boasting ex-clud-ed, pride I a-base; I'm on-ly a
God to de-part; Je-sus hath found me, hap-py my case; I now am a
else I must die; Sin had a-larmed me, fear-ing God's face; But now I'm a
tell what he knows; Once more to tell it, would I embrace—I'm on-ly a



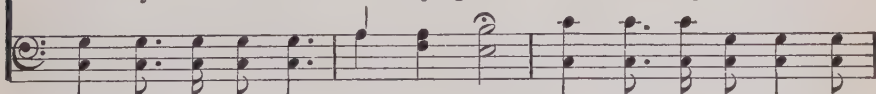
CHORUS.



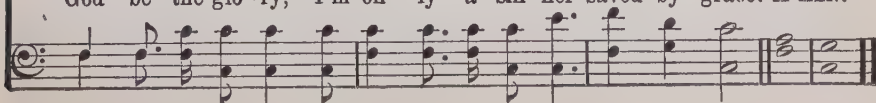
sin-ner saved by grace! On-ly a sin-ner saved by grace!



On-ly a sin-ner saved by grace! This is my sto-ry, to



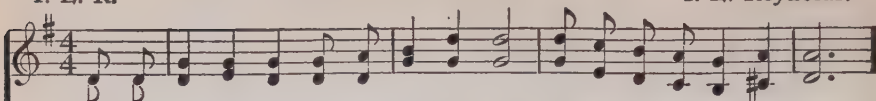
God be the glo-ry,—I'm on-ly a sin-ner saved by grace! A-MEN.



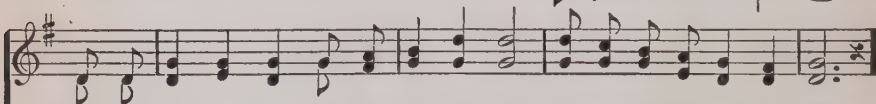
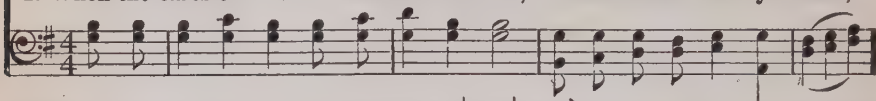
I. E. R.

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I. E. Reynolds.



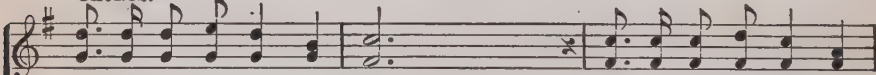
1. When the sun shines bright and your heart is light, Je-sus is the Friend you need;
2. If you're lost in sin, all is dark with-in, Je-sus is the Friend you need;
3. When in that sad hour, when in death's grim pow'r, Je-sus is the Friend you need;
4. When the cares of life all a-round are rife, Je-sus is the Friend you need;



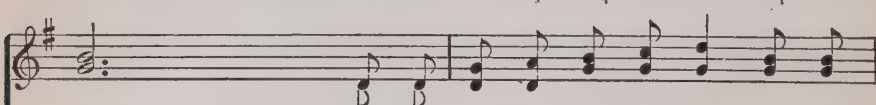
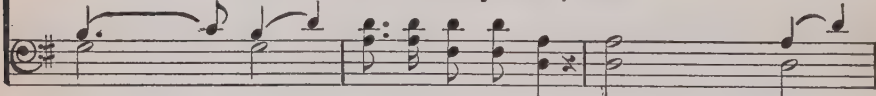
When the clouds hang low in this world of woe, Je-sus is the Friend you need.
 God a-lone can save thro' the Son He gave, Je-sus is the Friend you need.
 If you would prepare 'gainst the tempter's snare, Je-sus is the Friend you need.
 Glo-ry to His name, al-ways He's the same, Je-sus is the Friend you need.



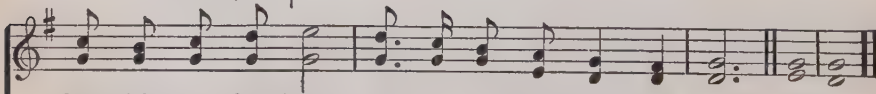
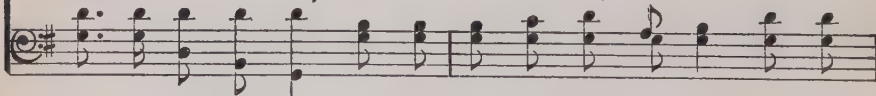
CHORUS.



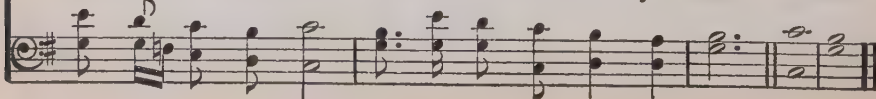
Je-sus is the Friend you need, Such a Friend is He in-
 Je - - sus is the Friend you need, Such a



deed; He who no-teth ev-'ry tear, He will
 Friend is He in-deed;



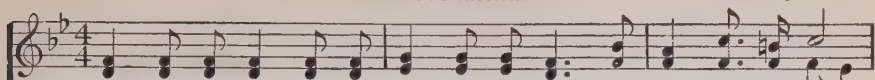
ban-ish ev-'ry fear, Je-sus is the Friend you need. A-MEN.



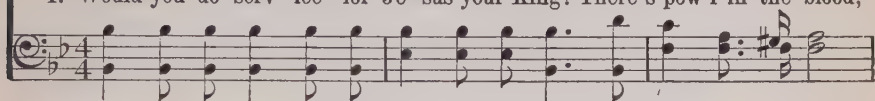
L. E. J.

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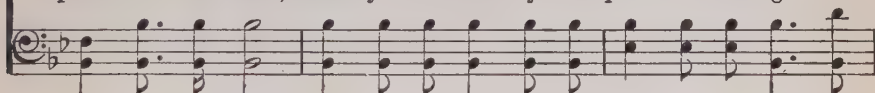
L. E. Jones.



1. Would you be free from the bur - den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood,
2. Would you be free from your pas-sion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood,
3. Would you be whit - er, much whiter than snow? There's pow'r in the blood,
4. Would you do serv - ice for Je - sus your King? There's pow'r in the blood,



pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win? There's
 pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans-ing to Cal - va - ry's tide; There's
 pow'r in the blood; Sin-stains are lost in its life - giv - ing flow; There's
 pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai - ly His prais-es to sing? There's



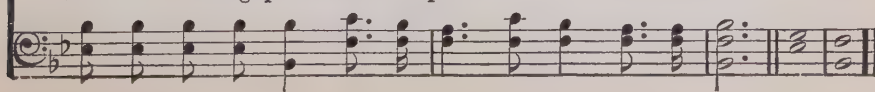
won - der - ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r, Wonder-working pow'r
 there is



In the blood of the Lamb; There is pow'r, pow'r,
 In the blood of the Lamb; there is



Won - der - work - ing pow'r In the pre - cious blood of the Lamb. A - MEN.

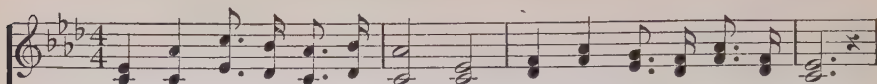


122 Take the Name of Jesus With You.

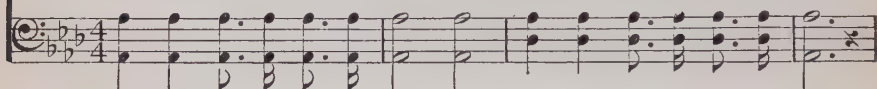
Mrs. Lydia Baxter.

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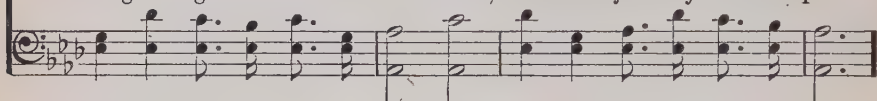
W H. Doane.



1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor - row and of woe;
2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er As a shield from ev-'ry snare;
3. O the pre-cious name of Je - sus! How it thrills our souls with joy,
4. At the name of Je - sus bow - ing, Fall-ing pros-trate at His feet,



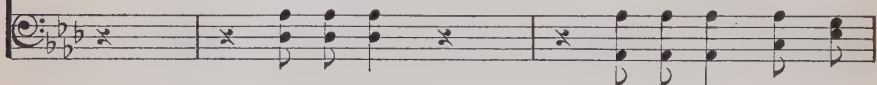
It will joy and com-fort give you, Take it then, wher-e'er you go.
If temp-tations round you gath - er, Breathe that ho - ly name in prayer.
When His lov-ing arms re - ceive us, And His songs our tongues employ!
King of kings in Heav'n we'll crown Him, When our jour-ney is com-plete.



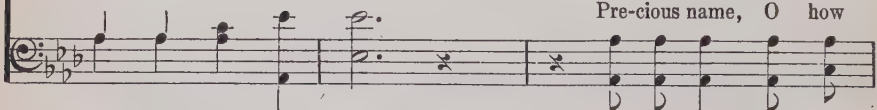
CHORUS.



Pre - cious name, O how sweet! Hope of
Pre-cious name, O how sweet!



earth and joy of Heav'n; Pre - cious name, O how
Pre-cious name, O how



sweet! . . . Hope of earth and joy of Heav'n. A - MEN.
sweet, how sweet!

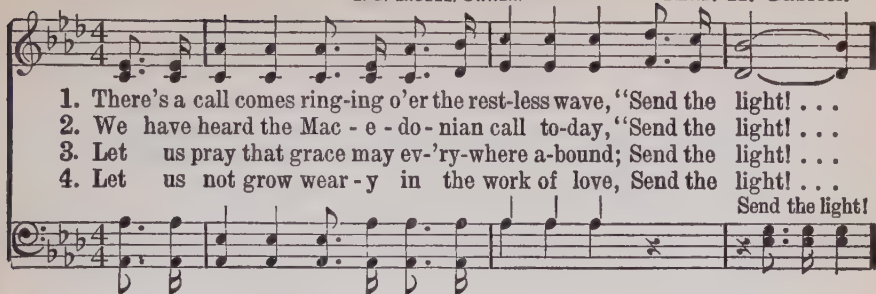


Send the Light.

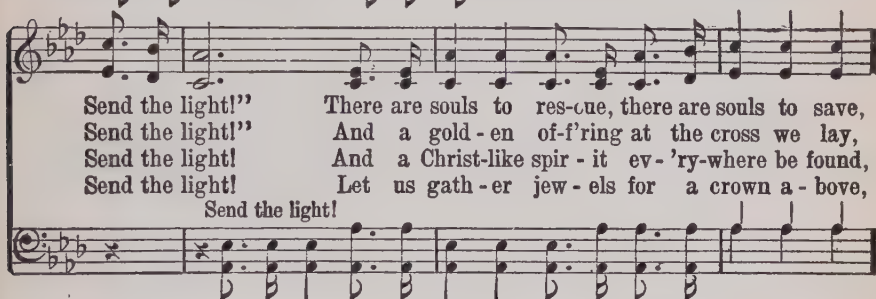
C. H. G.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.



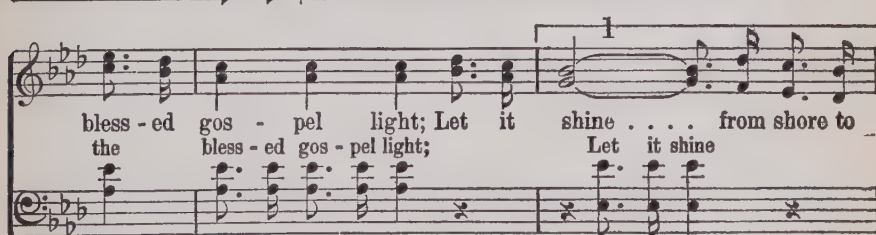
1. There's a call comes ring-ing o'er the rest-less wave, "Send the light! . . .
 2. We have heard the Mac - e - do - nian call to-day, "Send the light! . . .
 3. Let us pray that grace may ev-'ry-where a-bound; Send the light! . . .
 4. Let us not grow wear - y in the work of love, Send the light! . . .
 Send the light!



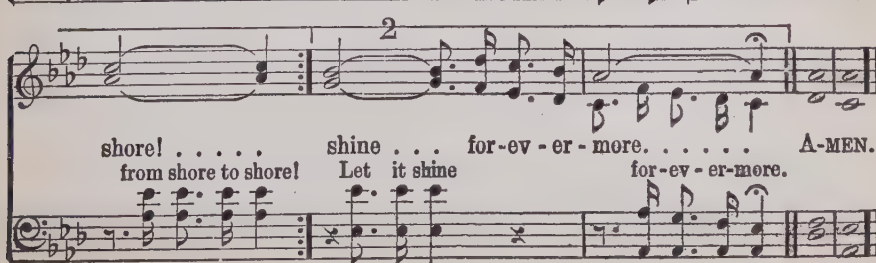
Send the light!" There are souls to res-cue, there are souls to save,
 Send the light!" And a gold-en of-f'ring at the cross we lay,
 Send the light! And a Christ-like spir - it ev-'ry-where be found,
 Send the light! Let us gath-er jew - els for a crown a - bove,
 Send the light!



Send the light! . . . Send the light! . . . Send the light! . . . the
 Send the light! Send the light! Send the light!



1
 bless - ed gos - pel light; Let it shine from shore to
 the bless - ed gos - pel light; Let it shine

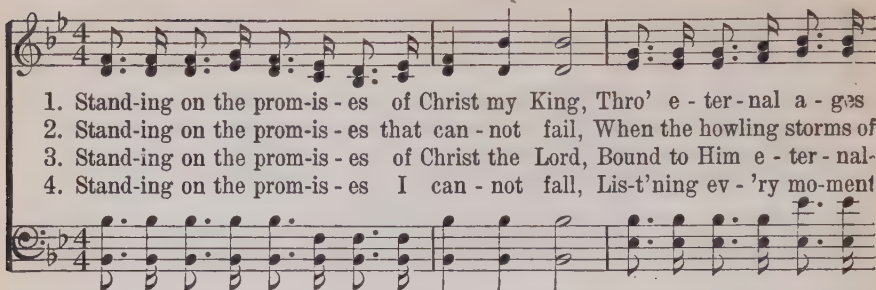


2
 shore! shine . . . for-ev - er - more. A-MEN.
 from shore to shore! Let it shine for-ev - er - more.

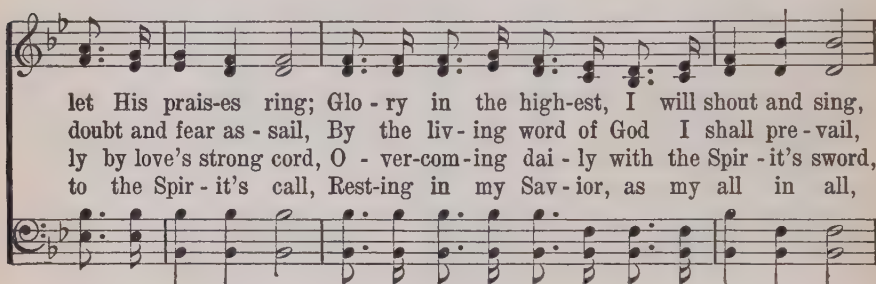
R. K. C.

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R. Kelso Carter.

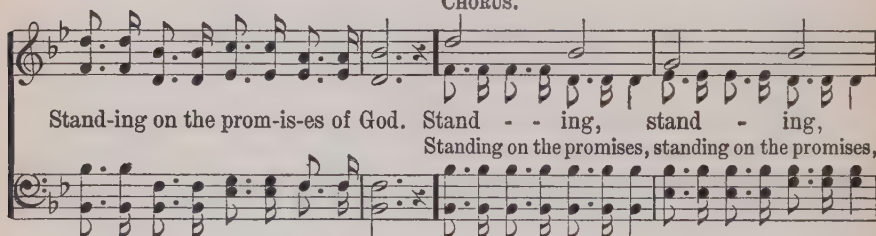


1. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of Christ my King, Thro' e-ter-nal a-ges
 2. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es that can-not fail, When the howling storms of
 3. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e-ter-nal-
 4. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es I can-not fall, Lis-t'ning ev-'ry mo-ment

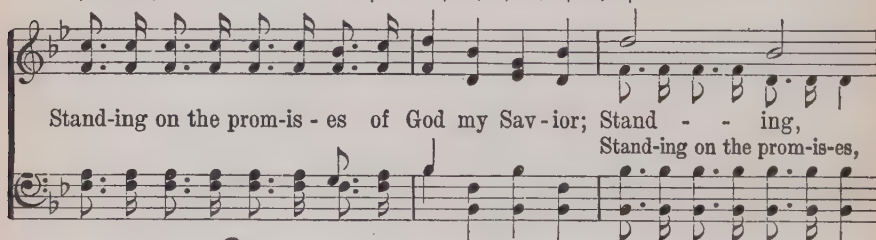


let His prais-es ring; Glo-ry in the high-est, I will shout and sing,
 doubt and fear as-sail, By the liv-ing word of God I shall pre-vail,
 ly by love's strong cord, O-ver-com-ing dai-ly with the Spir-it's sword,
 to the Spir-it's call, Rest-ing in my Sav-ior, as my all in all,

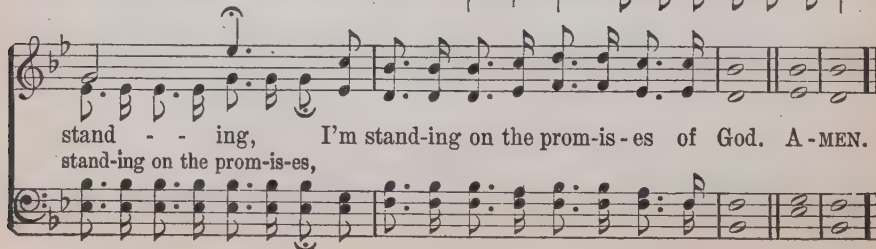
CHORUS.



Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of God. Stand - - ing, stand - - ing,
 Standing on the promises, standing on the promises,



Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of God my Sav-ior; Stand - - ing,
 Stand-ing on the prom-is-es,

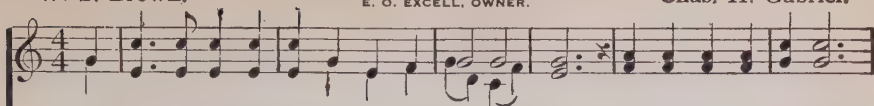


stand - - ing, I'm stand-ing on the prom-is-es of God. A-MEN.
 stand-ing on the prom-is-es,

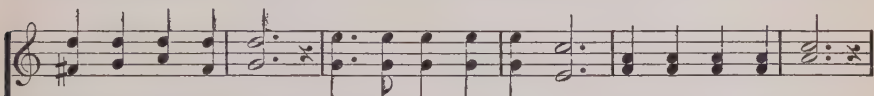
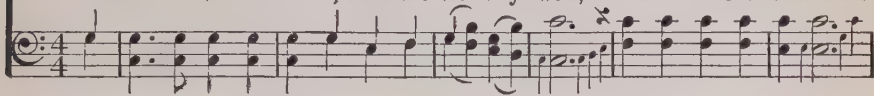
W. S. Brown.

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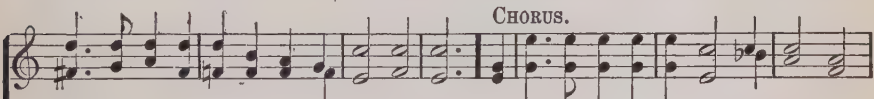
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. A call for loy-al sol-diers Comes to one and all; Sol-diers for the con-flict,
2. Yes, Jesus calls for soldiers Who are filled with pow'r, Soldiers who will serve Him
3. He calls you, for He loves you With a heart most kind, He whose heart was broken,
4. And when the war is o-ver, And the vic-t'ry won, When the true and faith-ful

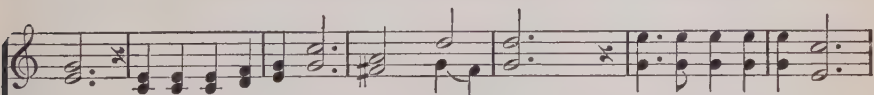
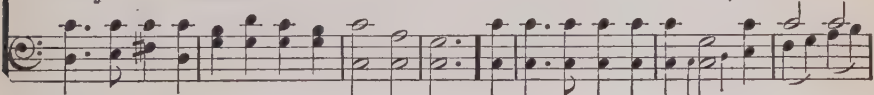


Will you heed the call! Will you an-swer quick-ly, With a read-y cheer,
 Ev-'ry day and hour; He will not for-sake you, He is ev-er near;
 Bro-ken for man-kind; Now, just now He calls you, Calls in ac-cents clear,
 Gath-er one by one, He will crown with glo-ry All who there ap-pear;

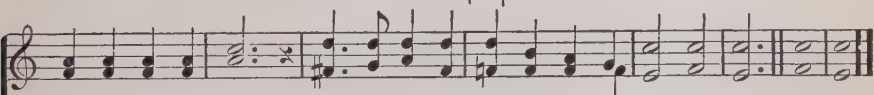


CHORUS.

Will you be en-list-ed As a vol-un-tee? A vol-un-tee for Je-sus, A sol-dier



true! Oth-ers have enlisted, Why not you? Je-sus is the Cap-tain,
 O why not?



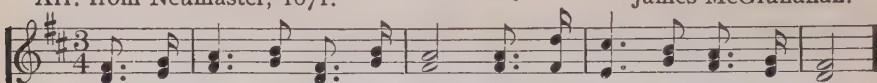
We will nev-er fear; Will you be en-list-ed As a vol-un-tee? A-MEN.



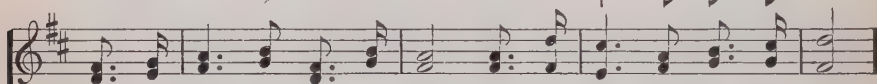
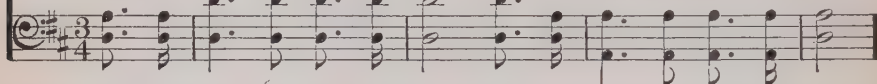
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Arr. from Neumaster, 1671.

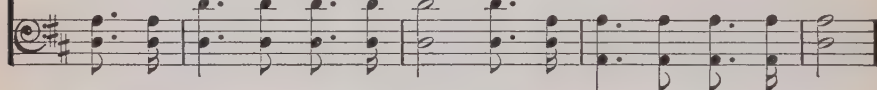
James McGranahan.



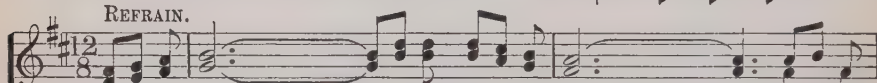
1. Sin - ners Je - sus will re - ceiv - e: Sound this word of grace to all
2. Come, and He will give you rest; Trust Him, for His word is plain;
3. Now my heart condemns me not, Pure be - fore the law I stand;
4. Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men, E - ven me with all my sin;



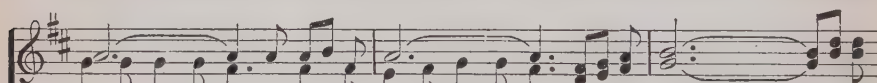
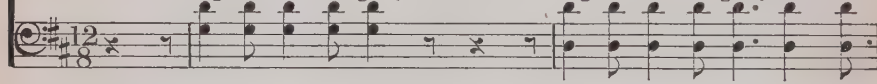
Who the heav'n - ly path - way leave, All who lin - ger, all who fall.
He will take the sin - ful - est; Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
He who cleansed me from all spot, Sat - is - fied its last de - mand.
Purged from ev - 'ry spot and stain, Heav'n with Him I en - ter in.



REFRAIN.



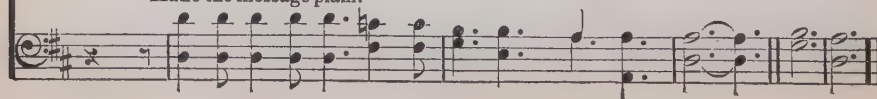
Sing it o'er. and o'er a - gain; Christ re -
Sing it o'er a - gain, Sing it o'er a - gain; Christ re -



ceiv - - - eth sin - ful men; . . . ; . . . Make the mes - - - sage
ceiv - eth sin - ful men, Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men; Make the message plain,



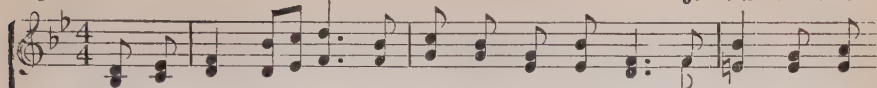
clear and plain: Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men. A - MEN.
Make the message plain:



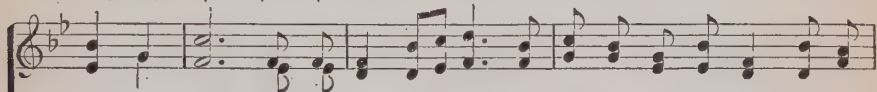
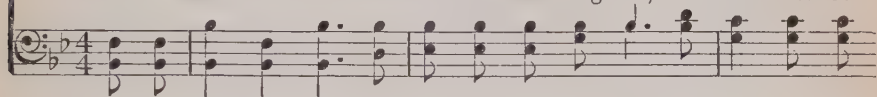
J. P. S.

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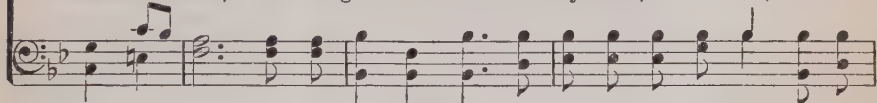
J. P. Scholfield.



1. When my debt to God was rest-ing on my soul, And I trod the
2. My ac-count was great, I knew I could not pay, I bowed 'neath the
3. Grat-i-tude to Him has tuned my heart to praise, I'm grate-ful for
4. When I stand a-lone and face the set-ting sun, And dark-ness ob-



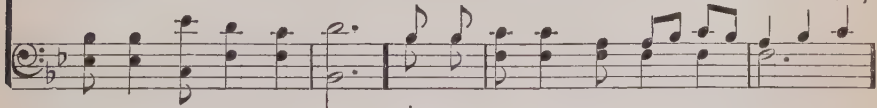
down-ward road, I looked up to Him who died to make men whole, And He
 heav-y load; Je-sus paid my debt, I love Him more each day, For He
 gifts be-stowed; And my song will flow thro' all the com-ing days, For He
 scures the road, He will guide me home and say to me, "Well done," For He



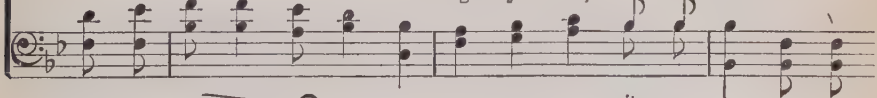
CHORUS.



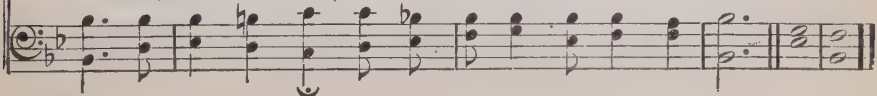
can-celled the debt I owed. Je-sus can-celled the debt I owed,
 I owed,



Je-sus lift-ed the might-y load; . . . Grace di-vine touched my
 might-y load;



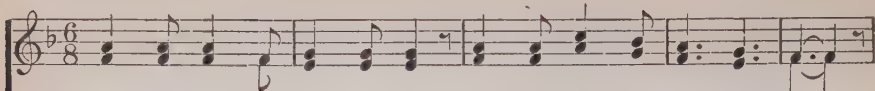
soul and made me whole, When He can-celled the debt I owed. A-MEN.



Charles Wesley.

Martyn. 7s. D.

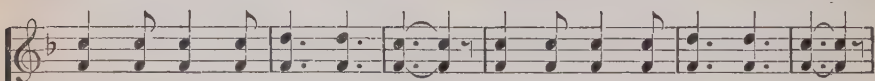
Simeon B. Marsh.



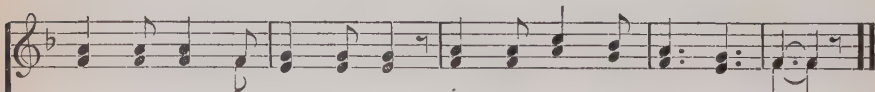
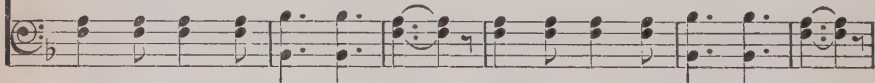
1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find:
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;



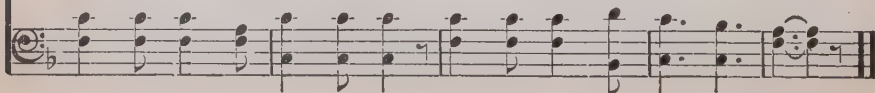
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high!
 Leave, O leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me:
 Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Let the heal - ing streams a - bound; Make me, keep me pure with - in.



Hide me, O. my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
 All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
 Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un - right - eous - ness;
 Thou of life the foun - tain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee;



Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.
 Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
 False, and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
 Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.



Alfred Barratt.

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Henry P. Morton.

1. There's a beau-ti - ful name that is ra-diant with light, It is guid-ing my
 2. There's a beau-ti - ful name that is vi-brant with cheer, And it brightens the
 3. There's a name that is rich - er than sil-ver or gold, And its sto-ry can
 4. 'Tis a name that is pre-cious, yet might-y and strong; It is a - ble to

wan-der-ing foot-steps a - right, Bring-ing won-der-ful joy aft-er
 path that is rug-ged and drear; It dis-pels ev-'ry doubt and it
 nev-er com-plete-ly be told; It will lead us in love to the
 save you from sin and from wrong; 'Tis the theme of the ran-somed and

CHORUS.

sor-rows of night; This won-der-ful name is Je - sus.
 ban-ish-es fear; This won-der-ful name is Je - sus. Beau-ti-ful name,
 heav-en-ly fold; This won-der-ful name is Je - sus.
 glo-ri-fied throng; This won-der-ful name is Je - sus.

won-der-ful name, Beau-ti-ful name of Je - sus; It was giv-en in love,

By the Fa-ther a - bove, This beau-ti-ful name of Je - sus. A - MEN.

Jesus is Calling.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing thee home— Call - ing to - day,
 2. Je - sus is call - ing the wear - y to rest— Call - ing to - day,
 3. Je - sus is wait - ing; O come to Him now— Wait - ing to - day,
 4. Je - sus is plead - ing; O list to His voice: Hear Him to - day,

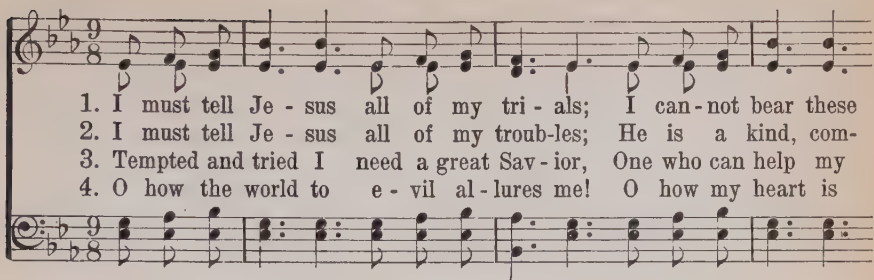
call - ing to - day; Why from the sun - shine of love wilt thou roam
 call - ing to - day; Bring Him thy bur - den and thou shalt be blest:
 wait - ing to - day; Come with thy sins; at His feet low - ly bow;
 hear Him to - day; They who be - lieve on His name shall re - joice;

REFRAIN.

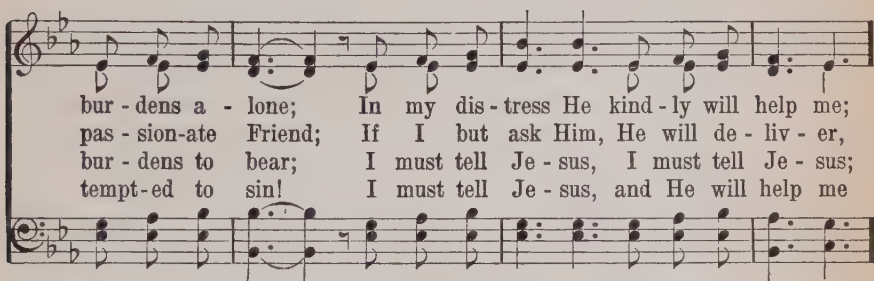
Far - ther and far - ther a - way?
 He will not turn thee a - way. Call - - ing to - day, . . .
 Come, and no lon - ger de - lay.
 Quick - ly a - rise and a - way. Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day,

Call - - - ing to - day, . . . Je - - - sus is
 Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day, Je - sus is ten - der - ly

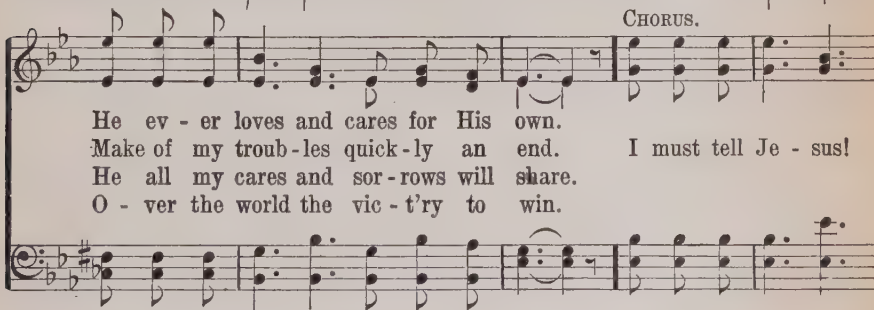
call - - - ing, is ten - der - ly call - ing to - day. A - MEN.



1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can-not bear these
 2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troub-les; He is a kind, com-
 3. Tempted and tried I need a great Sav-ior, One who can help my
 4. O how the world to e - vil al-lures me! O how my heart is

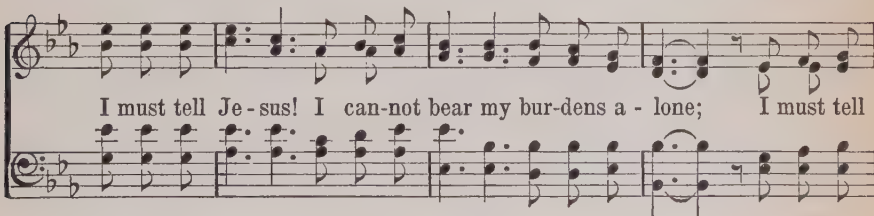


bur - dens a - lone; In my dis - tress He kind - ly will help me;
 pas - sion-ate Friend; If I but ask Him, He will de - liv - er,
 bur - dens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus;
 tempt-ed to sin! I must tell Je - sus, and He will help me

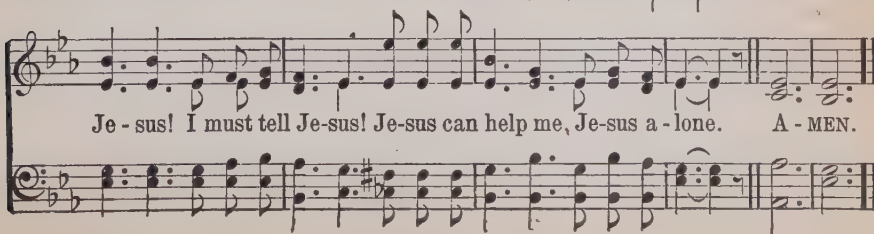


CHORUS.

He ev - er loves and cares for His own.
 Make of my troub-les quick-ly an end. I must tell Je - sus!
 He all my cares and sor-rows will share.
 O - ver the world the vic - t'ry to win.



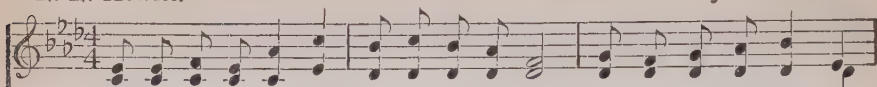
I must tell Je - sus! I can-not bear my bur-dens a - lone; I must tell



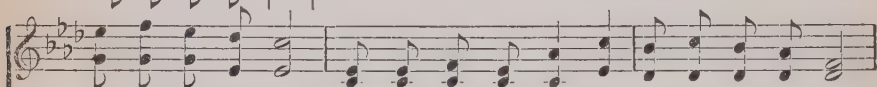
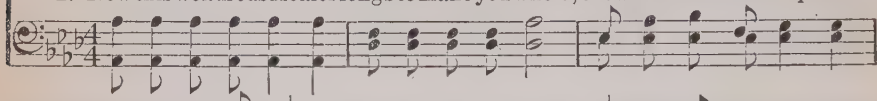
Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus! Je - sus can help me, Je - sus a - lone. A - MEN.

E. E. Hewitt.

Henry P. Morton.



1. Once a wondrous Healer, Christ of Gal - i - lee, Passed thro' crowded cit - ies,
2. Once a ten - der Shep - herd, car - ing for the flock, Led them to the shel - ter
3. Once a ten - der Shep - herd stopped me in the way, "Wherefore are ye i - dle?
4. Now this wondrous Healer longs to make you whole; Now this ten - der Shep - herd



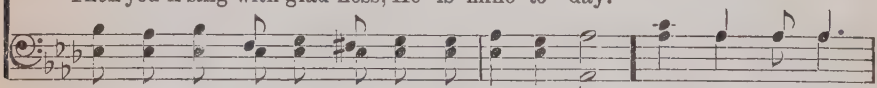
and be - side the sea, Bring - ing health and com - fort to the sick and sad,
 of a riv - en rock; Clasped the wear - y wan - d' rer to His lov - ing breast,
 go and work to - day." Bade me take to oth - ers blessing from a - bove,
 seek - eth for your soul. Come at once to Je - sus, not an hour's de - lay,



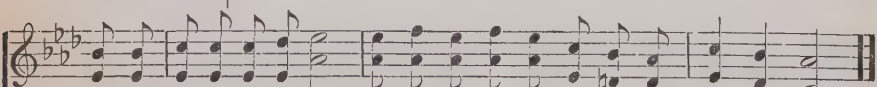
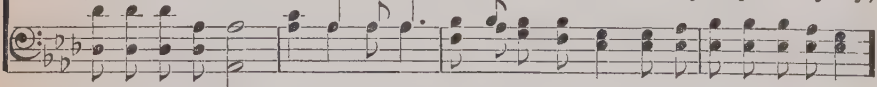
CHORUS.



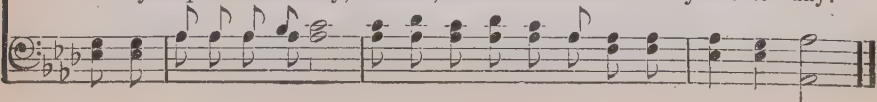
Turn - ing lam - en - ta - tions in - to prais - es glad.
 Led to liv - ing wa - ters in His pas - ture blest. He's my Sav - ior,
 Gave me pow'r for serv - ice, filled me with His love.
 Then you'll sing with glad - ness, He is mine to - day.



glory to His name! He's my Savior, evermore the same; He's my helper ev'ry day,



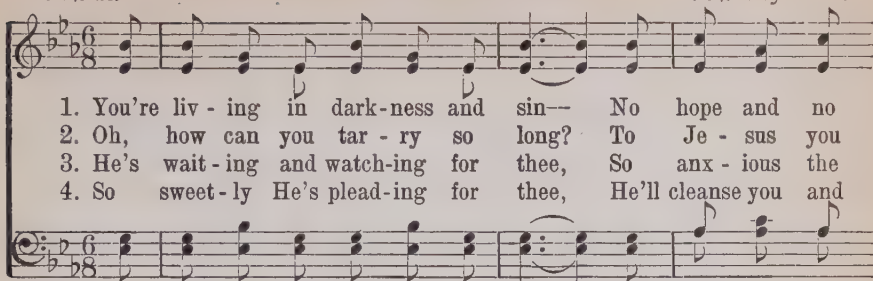
He's my help - er all the way; Blessed, blessed Je - sus! is He yours to - day?



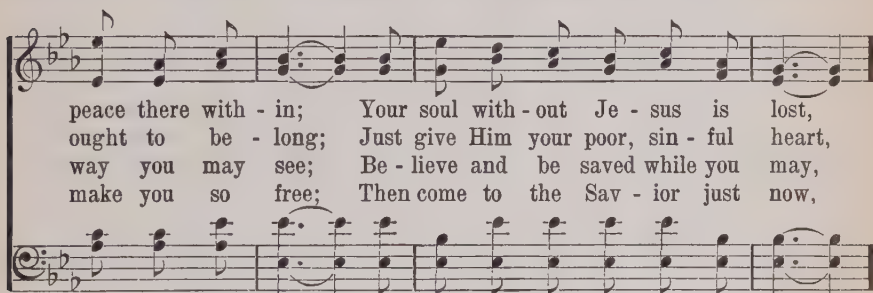
I. E. R.

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I. E. Reynolds.

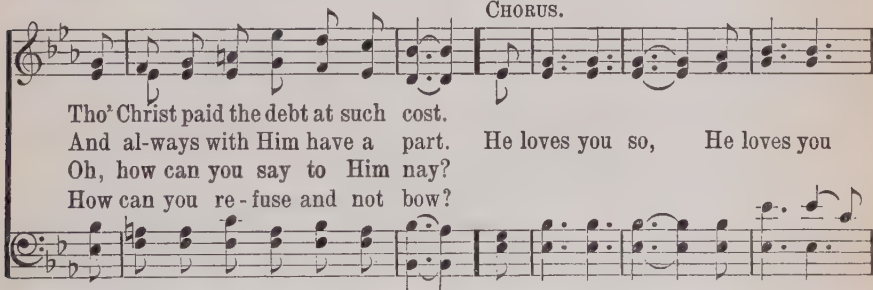


1. You're liv - ing in dark-ness and sin-- No hope and no
 2. Oh, how can you tar - ry so long? To Je - sus you
 3. He's wait - ing and watch - ing for thee, So anx - ious the
 4. So sweet - ly He's plead - ing for thee, He'll cleanse you and

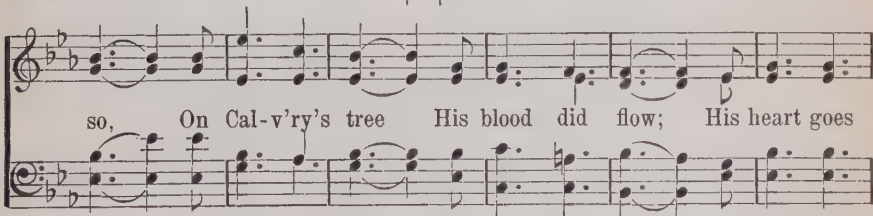


peace there with - in; Your soul with - out Je - sus is lost,
 ought to be - long; Just give Him your poor, sin - ful heart,
 way you may see; Be - lieve and be saved while you may,
 make you so free; Then come to the Sav - ior just now,

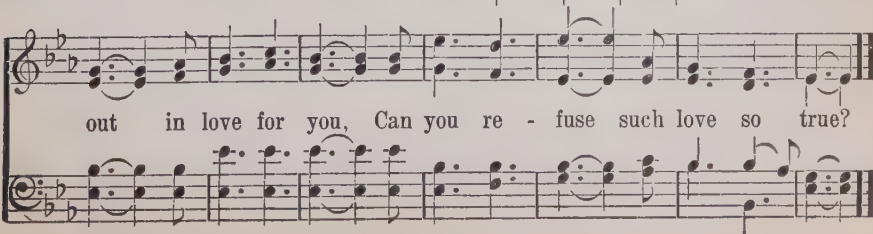
CHORUS.



Tho' Christ paid the debt at such cost.
 And al-ways with Him have a part. He loves you so, He loves you
 Oh, how can you say to Him nay?
 How can you re - fuse and not bow?



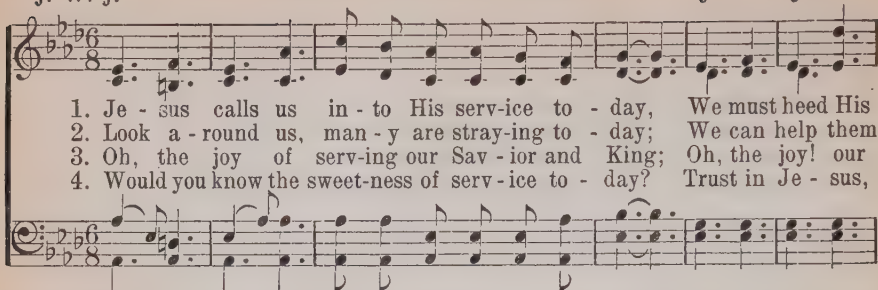
so, On Cal - v'ry's tree His blood did flow; His heart goes



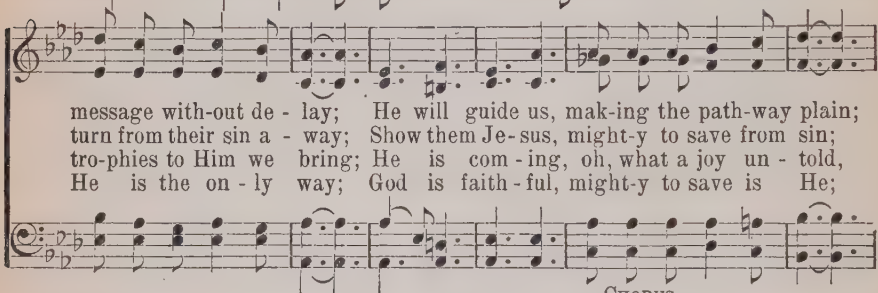
out in love for you, Can you re - fuse such love so true?

J. W. J.

Jas. W. Jelks.

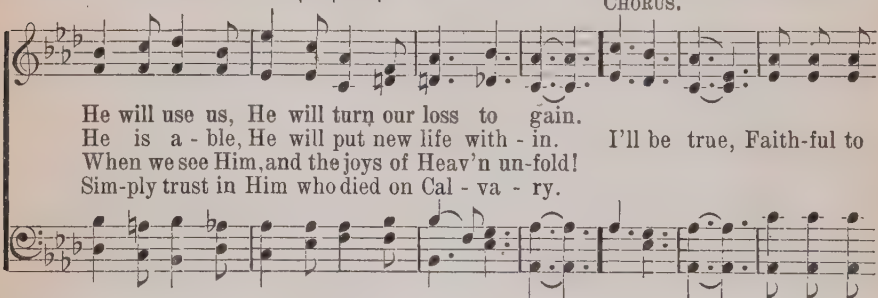


1. Je - sus calls us in - to His serv-ice to - day, We must heed His
 2. Look a - round us, man - y are stray-ing to - day; We can help them
 3. Oh, the joy of serv-ing our Sav - ior and King; Oh, the joy! our
 4. Would you know the sweet-ness of serv-ice to - day? Trust in Je - sus,

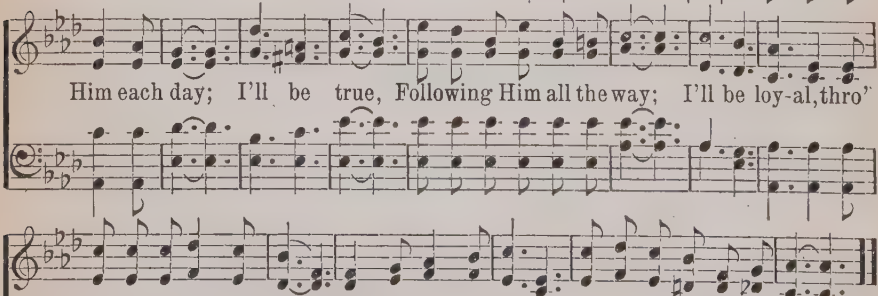


message with-out de - lay; He will guide us, mak-ing the path-way plain;
 turn from their sin a - way; Show them Je-sus, might-y to save from sin;
 tro-phies to Him we bring; He is com-ing, oh, what a joy un - told,
 He is the on - ly way; God is faith-ful, might-y to save is He;

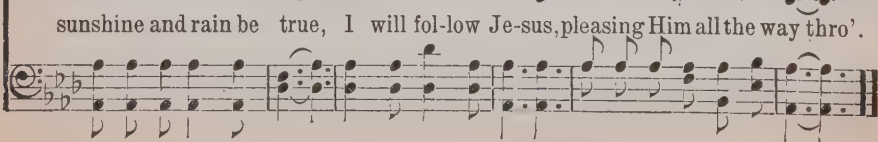
CHORUS.



He will use us, He will turn our loss to gain.
 He is a - ble, He will put new life with - in. I'll be true, Faith-ful to
 When we see Him, and the joys of Heav'n un-fold!
 Sim-ply trust in Him who died on Cal - va - ry.



Him each day; I'll be true, Following Him all the way; I'll be loy-al, thro'



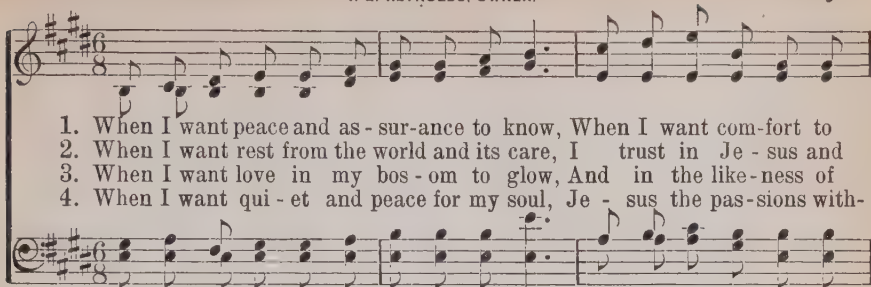
sunshine and rain be true, I will fol-low Je-sus, pleasing Him all the way thro'.

The friend I Need.

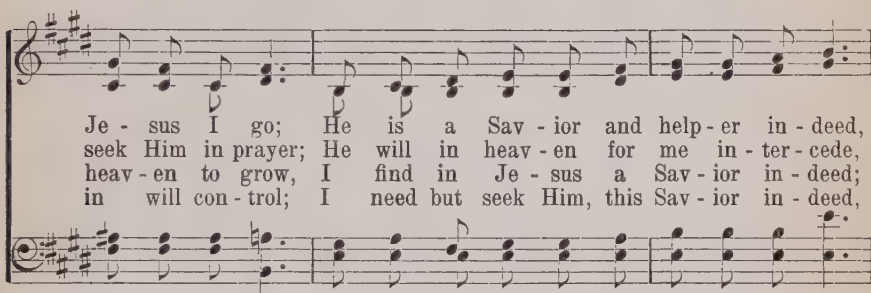
Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

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T. B. Mosley.



1. When I want peace and as-sur-ance to know, When I want com-fort to
 2. When I want rest from the world and its care, I trust in Je-sus and
 3. When I want love in my bos-om to glow, And in the like-ness of
 4. When I want qui-et and peace for my soul, Je-sus the pas-sions with-

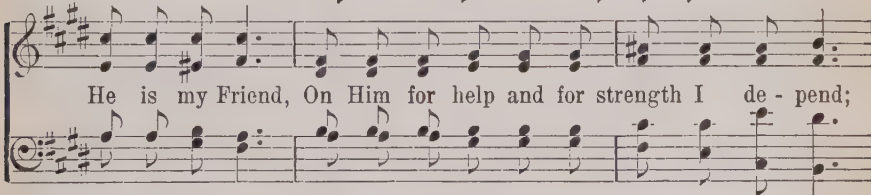


Je-sus I go; He is a Sav-ior and help-er in-deed,
 seek Him in prayer; He will in heav-en for me in-ter-cede,
 heav-en to grow, I find in Je-sus a Sav-ior in-deed;
 in will con-trol; I need but seek Him, this Sav-ior in-deed,

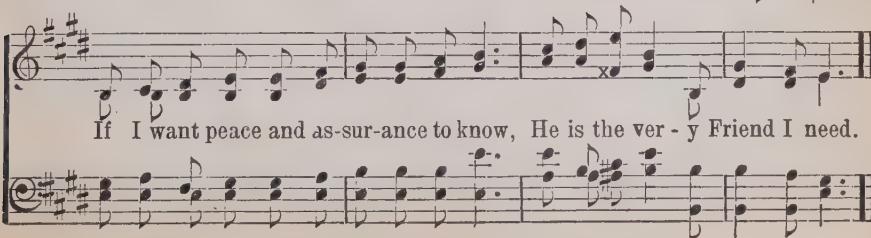


REFRAIN.

He is the ver-y Friend I need.
 And bring the ver-y rest I need. He is my Sav-ior, and
 He is the ver-y Friend I need.
 He is the ver-y help I need.



He is my Friend, On Him for help and for strength I de-pend;



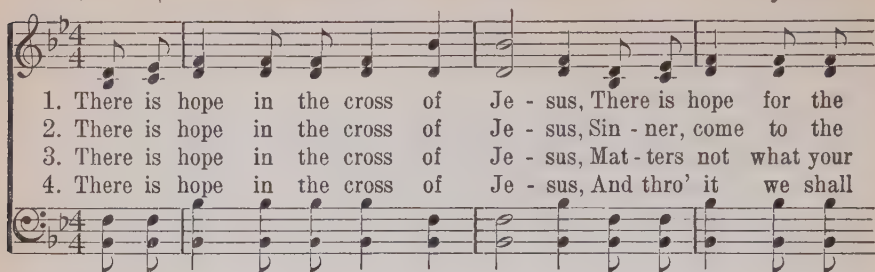
If I want peace and as-sur-ance to know, He is the ver-y Friend I need.

136 There is Hope in the Cross of Jesus.

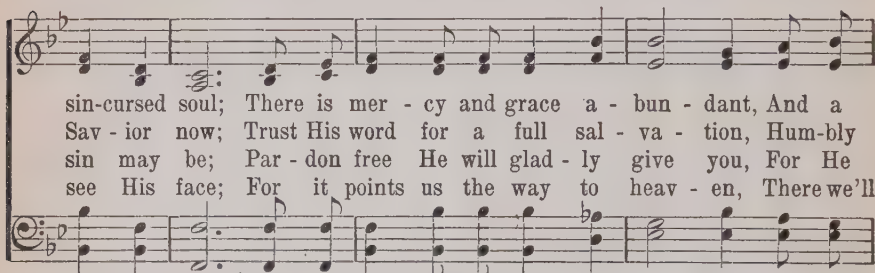
I. E. R.

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I. E. Reynolds.

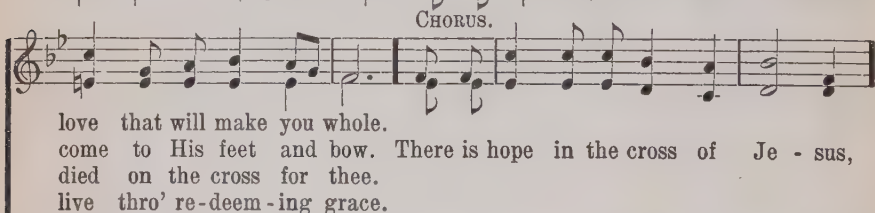


1. There is hope in the cross of Je - sus, There is hope for the
 2. There is hope in the cross of Je - sus, Sin - ner, come to the
 3. There is hope in the cross of Je - sus, Mat - ters not what your
 4. There is hope in the cross of Je - sus, And thro' it we shall

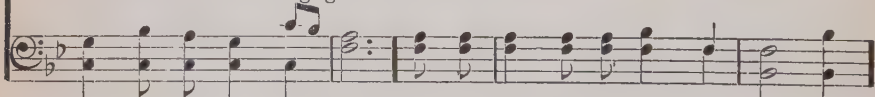
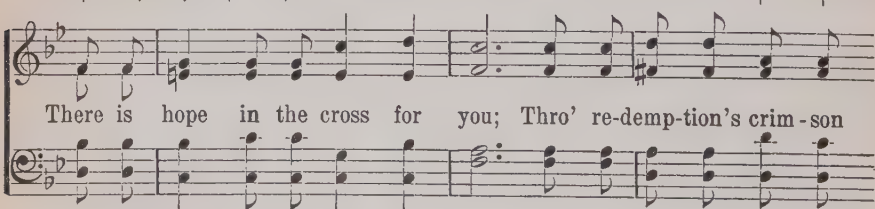


sin-cursed soul; There is mer - cy and grace a - bun - dant, And a
 Sav - ior now; Trust His word for a full sal - va - tion, Hum-bly
 sin may be; Par - don free He will glad - ly give you, For He
 see His face; For it points us the way to heav - en, There we'll

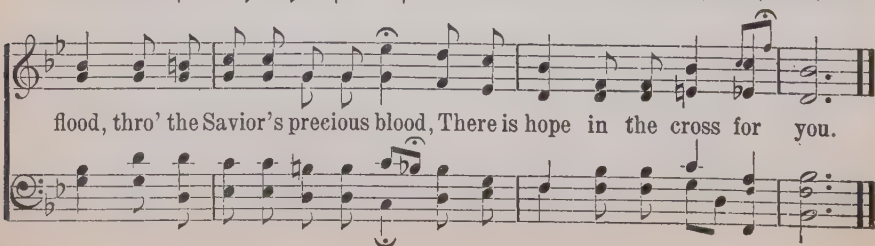
CHORUS.



love that will make you whole.
 come to His feet and bow. There is hope in the cross of Je - sus,
 died on the cross for thee.
 live thro' re-deem-ing grace.

There is hope in the cross for you; Thro' re-demp-tion's crim-son

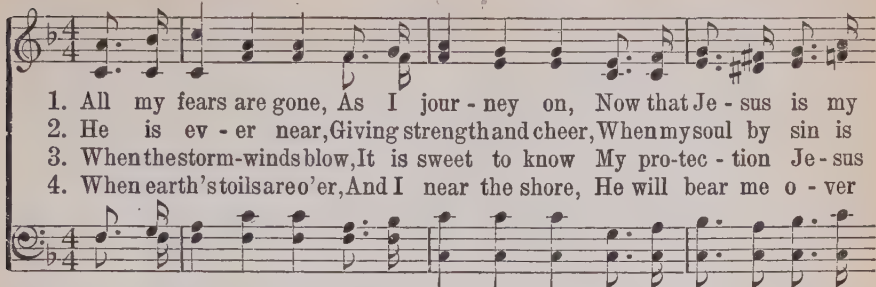


flood, thro' the Savior's precious blood, There is hope in the cross for you.

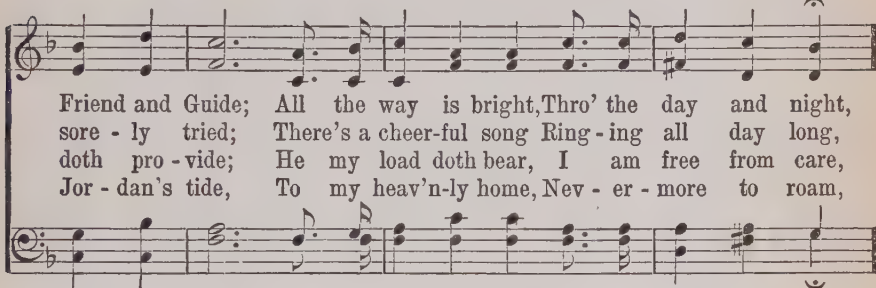
Rev. Alfred Barratt.

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B. B. McKinney.



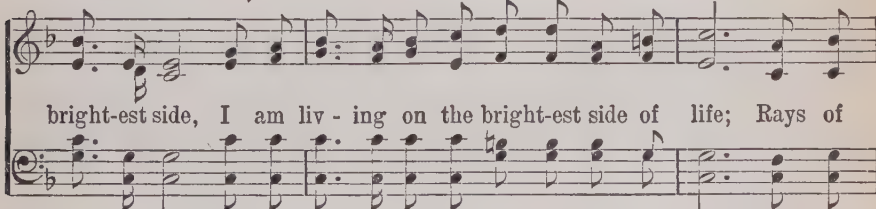
1. All my fears are gone, As I jour - ney on, Now that Je - sus is my
 2. He is ev - er near, Giving strength and cheer, When my soul by sin is
 3. When the storm-winds blow, It is sweet to know My pro - tec - tion Je - sus
 4. When earth's toils are o'er, And I near the shore, He will bear me o - ver



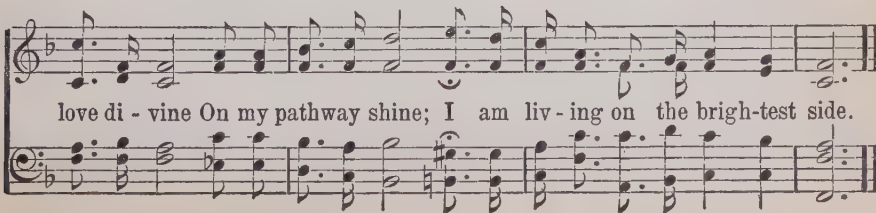
Friend and Guide; All the way is bright, Thro' the day and night,
 sore - ly tried; There's a cheer - ful song Ring - ing all day long,
 doth pro - vide; He my load doth bear, I am free from care,
 Jor - dan's tide, To my heav'n - ly home, Nev - er - more to roam,



CHORUS.
 I am liv - ing on the bright - est side.
 I am liv - ing on the bright - est side. On the bright - est side, On the
 I am liv - ing on the bright - est side.
 There for - ev - er on the bright - est side.



bright - est side, I am liv - ing on the bright - est side of life; Rays of

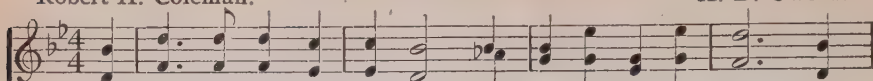


love di - vine On my pathway shine; I am liv - ing on the bright - est side.

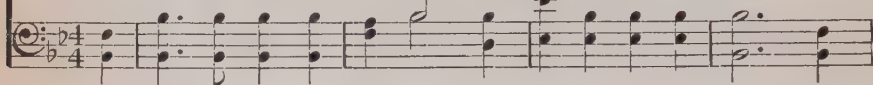
Robert H. Coleman.

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A. D. Owens.



1. 'Twas Je - sus' blood that bought me, When I was bound by sin; 'Twas
2. He prayed there in the gar - den, "Thy will, not mine be done;" Sweat
3. He - bore my sins and sor - rows, On Cal - v'ry's rug - ged hill; And
4. I praise Him for re - demp - tion, My song 'twill ev - er be; Blest



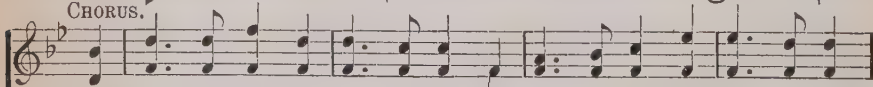
Je - sus' love that sought me, When I was vile with - in. Oh,
 blood-drops for my par - don, In ag - o - ny a - lone. Great
 there 'neath earth's dark shadows, Faced death by His own will. To
 Lord of all cre - a - tion! His blood a - toned for me. Thro'



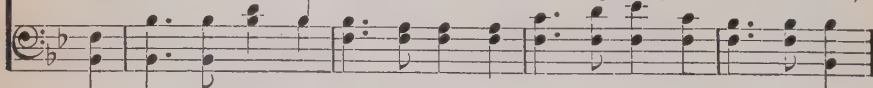
praise Him for a - ton - ing grace, That in His king - dom gave me place.
 joy wells up with - in my soul, Re - deem - ing blood hath made me whole.
 Je - sus Christ my love I give, He gave His life that I might live.
 all His courts my joy shall sound, That I, the lost, by Christ was found.



CHORUS.



'Twas Je - sus' blood a - toned for me, He saved my soul, He set me free;



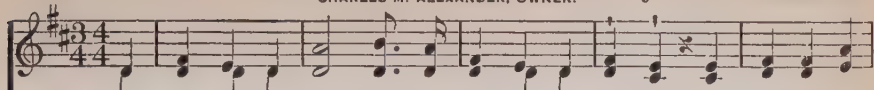
A sin - ner saved pro - claims His grace, And in His serv - ice seeks a place.



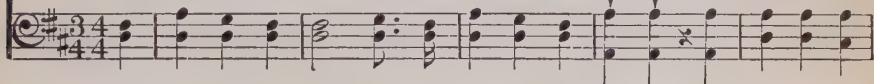
H. L. Turner.

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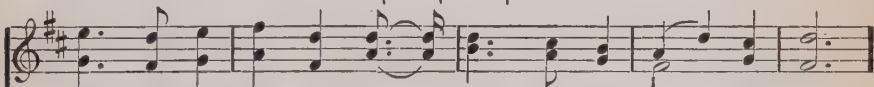
James McGranahan.



1. It may be at morn, when the day is a-wak-ing, When sunlight thro'
2. It may be at mid-day, it may be at twi-light, It may be, per-
3. While its hosts cry Hosanna, from heav-en de-scend-ing, With glo-ri-fied
4. Oh, joy! oh, de-light! should we go with-out dy-ing, No sick-ness, no



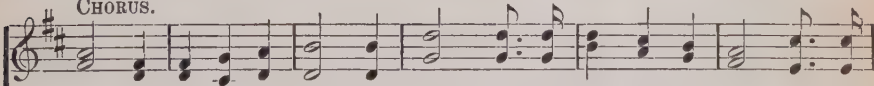
dark-ness and shad-ow is break-ing, That Je-sus will come in the
 chance, that the blackness of mid-night Will burst in-to light in the
 saints and the an-gels at-tend-ing, With grace on His brow, like a
 sad-ness, no dread and no cry-ing, Caught up thro' the clouds with our



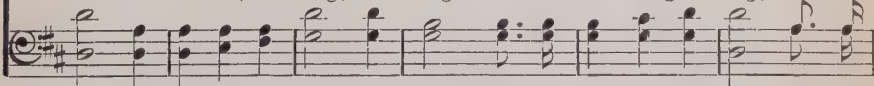
full-ness of glo-ry, To re-ceive from the world "His own."
 blaze of His glo-ry, When Je-sus re-ceives "His own."
 ha-lo of glo-ry, Will Je-sus re-ceive "His own."
 Lord in-to glo-ry, When Je-sus re-ceives "His own."



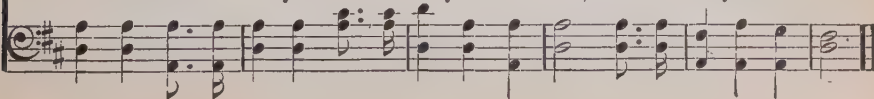
CHORUS.



O Lord Je-sus, how long, how long Ere we shout the glad song, Christ re-



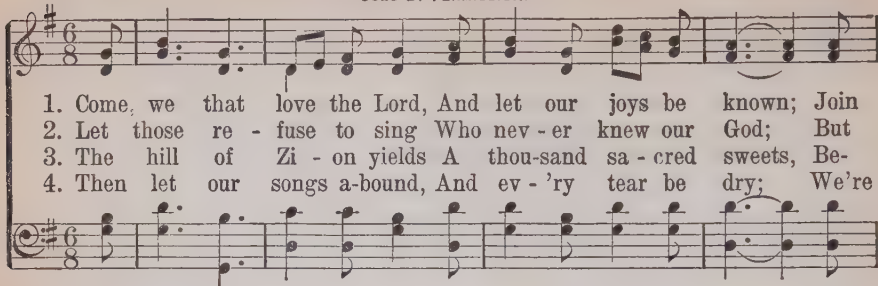
turn-eth! Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! A-men, Hal-le-lu-jah! A-men.



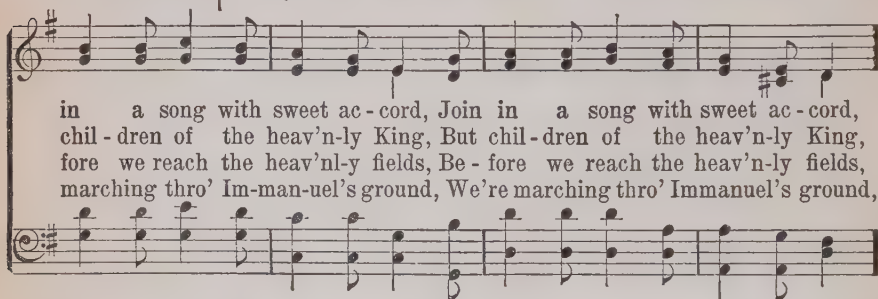
Isaac Watts.

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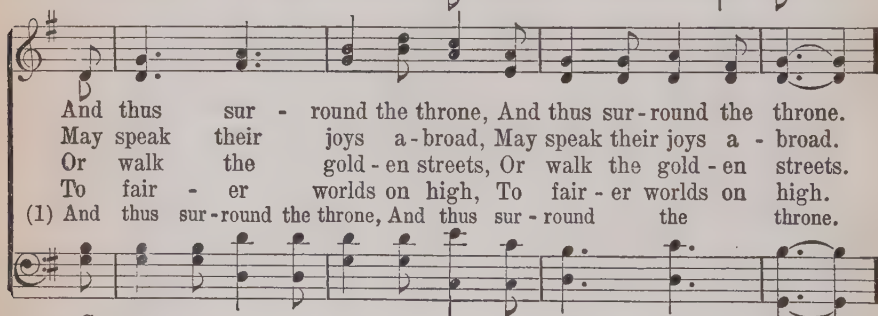
Robert Lowry.



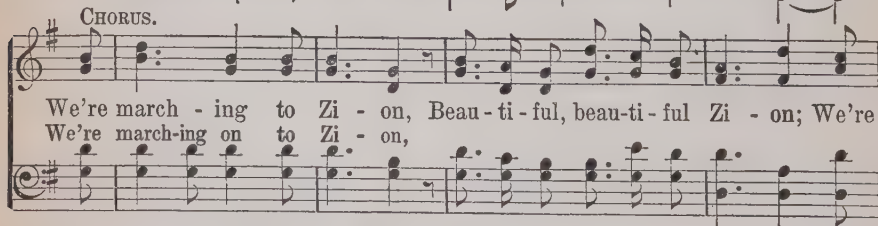
1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join
 2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But
 3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou-sand sa - cred sweets, Be-
 4. Then let our songs a-bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're



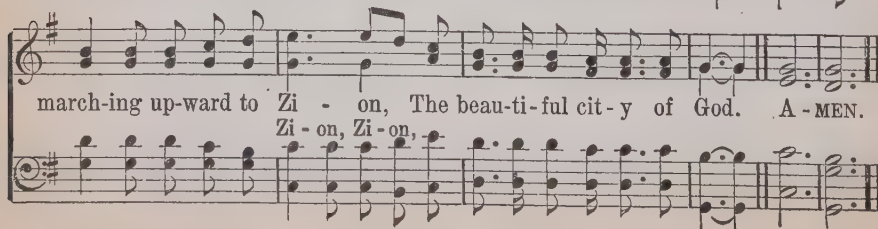
in a song with sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet ac - cord,
 chil - dren of the heav'n-ly King, But chil - dren of the heav'n-ly King,
 fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields,
 marching thro' Im-man-uel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,



And thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.
 May speak their joys a-broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
 Or walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
 To fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.
 (1) And thus sur-round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.



CHORUS.
 We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on; We're
 We're march-ing on to Zi - on,

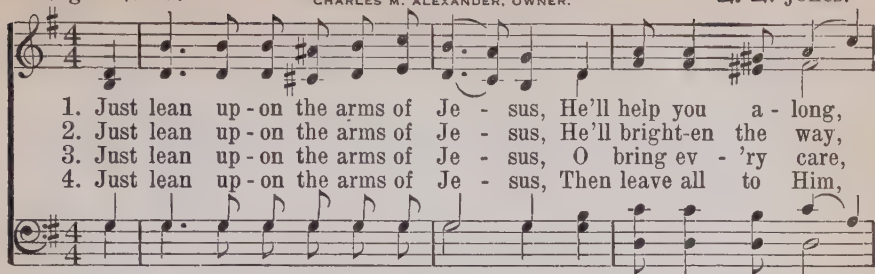


march-ing up-ward to Zi - on, The beau-ti-ful cit-y of God. A - MEN.
 Zi - on, Zi - on,

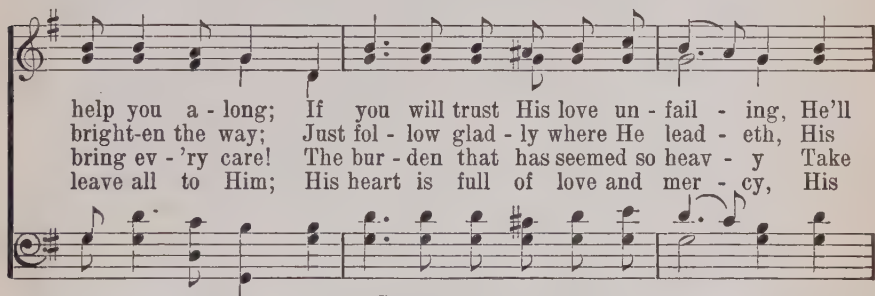
Edgar Lewis.

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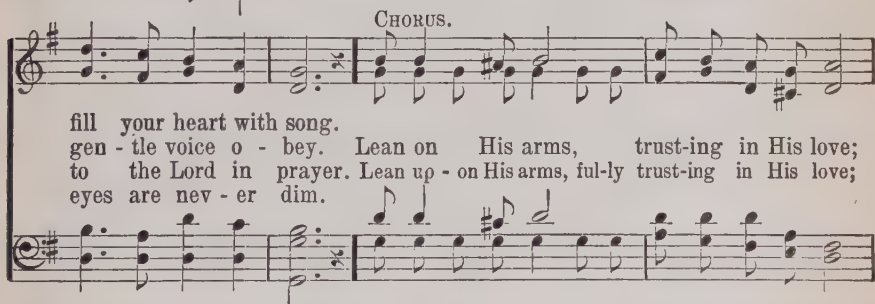
L. E. Jones.



1. Just lean up-on the arms of Je - sus, He'll help you a - long,
 2. Just lean up-on the arms of Je - sus, He'll bright-en the way,
 3. Just lean up-on the arms of Je - sus, O bring ev - 'ry care,
 4. Just lean up-on the arms of Je - sus, Then leave all to Him,



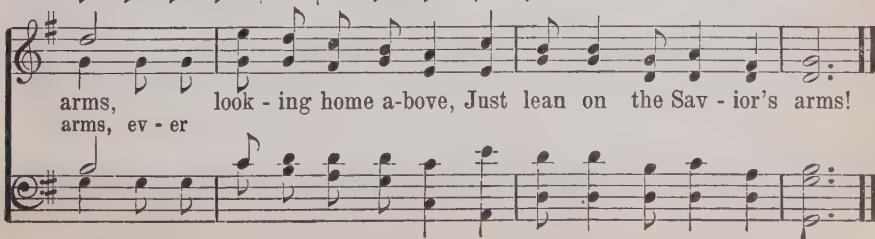
help you a - long; If you will trust His love un - fail - ing, He'll
 bright-en the way; Just fol - low glad - ly where He lead - eth, His
 bring ev - 'ry care! The bur - den that has seemed so heav - y Take
 leave all to Him; His heart is full of love and mer - cy, His



CHORUS.
 fill your heart with song.
 gen - tle voice o - bey. Lean on His arms, trust-ing in His love;
 to the Lord in prayer. Lean up - on His arms, ful-ly trust-ing in His love;
 eyes are nev - er dim.



Lean on His arms, all His mer - cies prove; Lean on His
 Lean up - on His arms and all His mer - cies prove; Lean up - on His

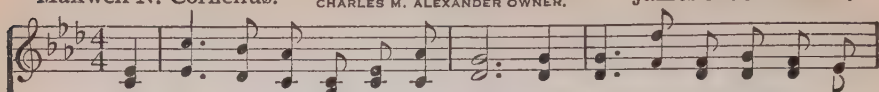


arms, look - ing home a - bove, Just lean on the Sav - ior's arms!
 arms, ev - er

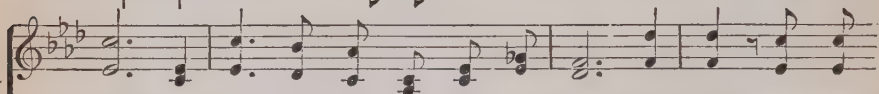
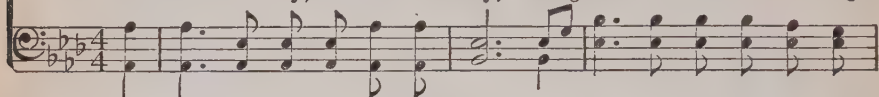
Maxwell N. Cornelius.

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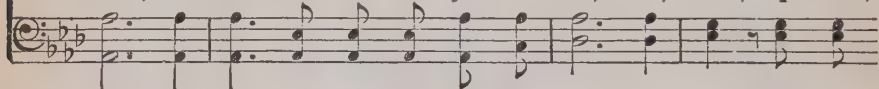
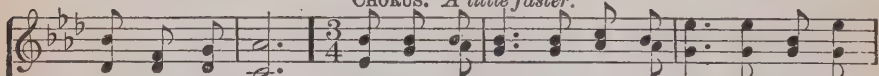
James McGranahan.



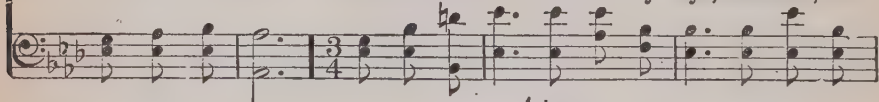
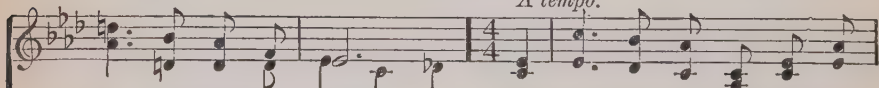
1. Not now, but in the com-ing yea s, It may be in the bet-ter
2. We'll catch the bro-ken thread a - gain, And fin - ish what we here be-
3. We'll know why clouds instead of sun Were o - ver many a cher-ished
4. Why what we long for most of all, E - ludes so oft our ea-ger
5. Gods knows the way, He holds the key, He guides us with un-err-ing



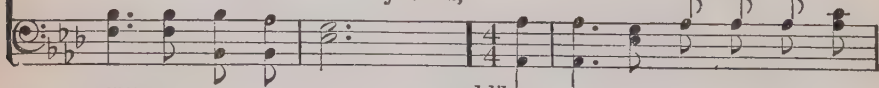
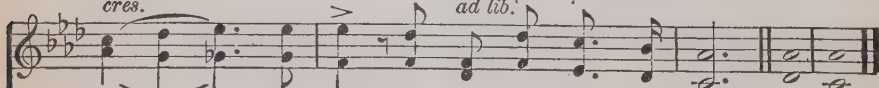
land, We'll read the mean-ing of our tears, And there, some-time,
gan; Heav'n will the mys - ter - ies ex - plain, And then, ah, then,
plan; Why song has ceased when scarce be - gun; 'Tis there, some-time,
hand; Why hopes are crushed and cas - tles fall, Up there, some-time,
hand; Some-time with tear-less eyes we'll see; Yes, there, up there,

CHORUS. *A little faster.*

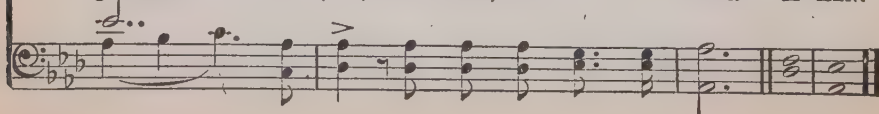
we'll un - der-stand. Then trust in God thro' all thy days; Fear not, for

*A tempo.*

He doth hold thy hand; Tho' dark thy way, still sing and
doth hold thy hand;

*cres.**ad lib.*

praise, . . . Some-time, some-time, we'll un - der-stand. A - MEN.

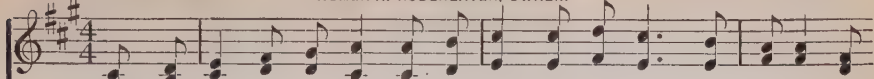


143 Since Jesus Came Into My Heart.

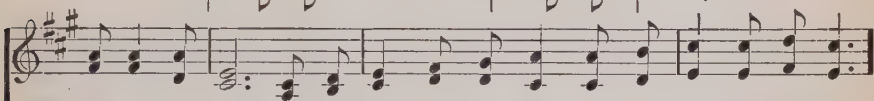
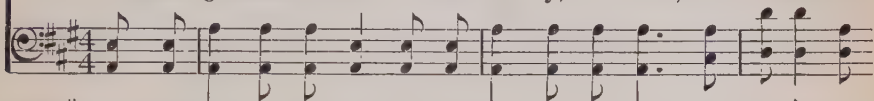
R. H. McDaniel.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.



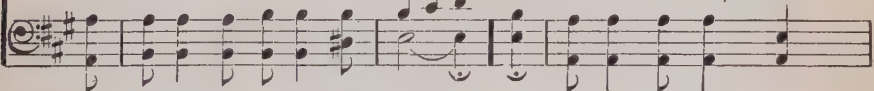
1. What a won - der - ful change in my life has been wrought Since Je - sus came
2. I have ceased from my wand'ring and go - ing a - stray, Since Je - sus came
3. I'm pos - sessed of a hope that is stead - fast and sure, Since Je - sus came
4. There's a light in the val - ley of death now for me, Since Je - sus came
5. I shall go there to dwell in that Cit - y, I know, Since Je - sus came



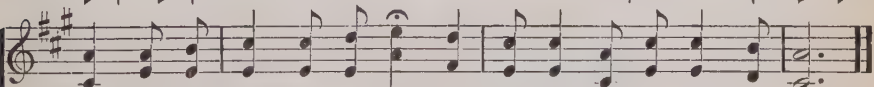
in - to my heart! I have light in my soul for which long I had sought,
in - to my heart! And my sins which were man - y are all washed a - way,
in - to my heart! And no dark clouds of doubt now my path - way ob - scure,
in - to my heart! And the gates of the Cit - y be - yond I can see,
in - to my heart! And I'm hap - py, so hap - py, as on - ward I go,



Since Je-sus came in-to my heart! Since Je-sus came in - to my
Since Je - sus came in, came



heart, Since Je-sus came in-to my heart, Floods of joy o'er my
in - to my heart, Since Je-sus came in, came in - to my heart,



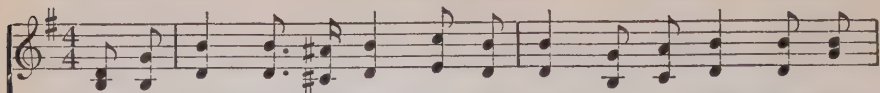
soul like the sea bil-lows roll, Since Je - sus came in - to my heart.



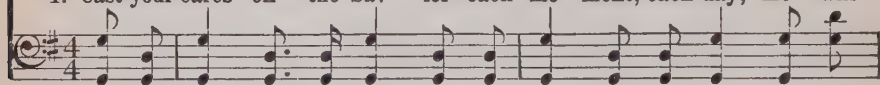
Rev. Alfred Barratt.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

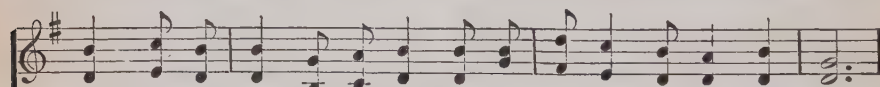
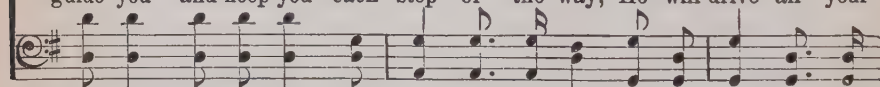
Henry P. Morton.



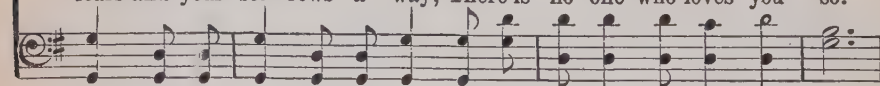
1. Are the bur - dens you car - ry too heav - y to bear? Does the
2. Do you think in your sor - row you suf - fer a - lone? All your
3. He a - lone can re - deem you from dark - ness and woe; He will
4. Cast your cares on the Sav - ior each mo - ment, each day, He will



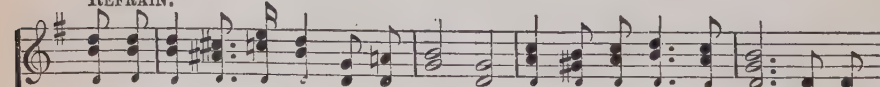
weight of your sin fill your heart with de - spair? Go to Je - sus for
grief and your sad - ness to Him are made known; He hath nev - er for -
wash all your sins till they're white as the snow, And His won - der - ful
guide you and keep you each step of the way, He will drive all your



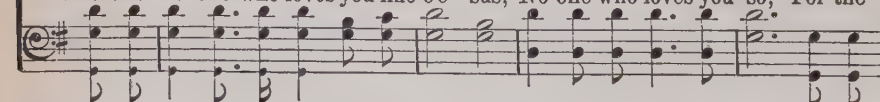
aid, He will an - swer your prayer; There is no one who loves you so.
sak - en, or turned from His own; There is no one who loves you so.
grace you may con - stant - ly know; There is no one who loves you so.
fears and your sor - rows a - way; There is no one who loves you so.



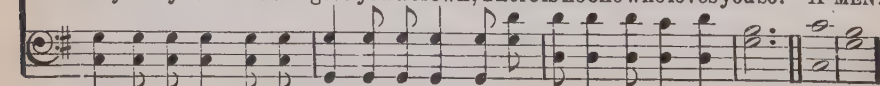
REFRAIN.



There is no one who loves you like Je - sus, No one who loves you so; For the



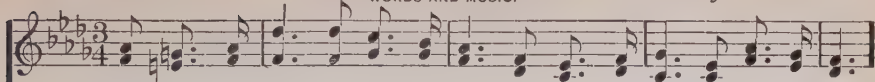
cross you lay down He will give you a crown; There is no one who loves you so. A - MEN.



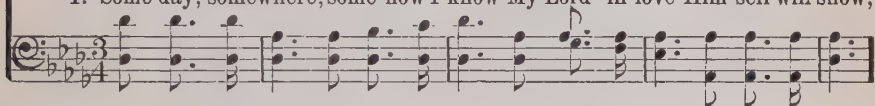
W. C. Poole.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

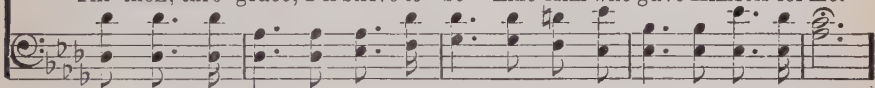
Henry P. Morton.



1. Some day, I know not where or when, I shall a-wake and live a-gain;
2. Some day, I know, where live the true Be-yond the Heav-en's per-fect blue,
3. Some day, I may not un-der-stand The lead-ing of my Sav-ior's hand,
4. Some day, somewhere, some-how I know My Lord in love Him-self will show;



Some day, somewhere, some-how I'll see, And be like Him who died for me.
I shall a-wake in that glad day, And be like Christ, with Him to stay.
But this I know, in Cit-y fair, I'll see and be like Je-sus there.
Till then, thro' grace, I'll strive to be Like Him who gave Himself for me.



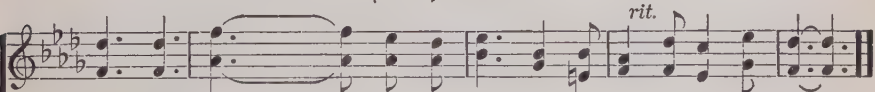
CHORUS.



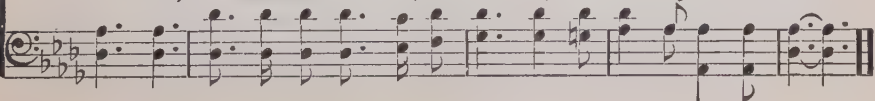
I..... shall be like Him, I..... shall be
I shall be like Him, be like Him, I shall be like Him, be



like Him, Like Him of Cal - va - ry; I..... shall be
like Him, Like Him of Cal - va - ry; I shall be like Him, be



like Him, I..... shall be like Him, Like Him my soul shall be.
like Him, I shall be like Him, be like Him, Like Him my soul shall be.

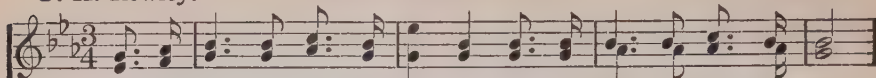


146 I Will Sing the Wondrous Story.

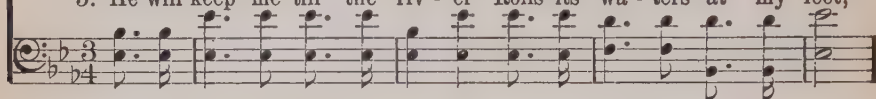
F. H. Rowley.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY IRA D. SANKEY.
RENEWAL, 1914, BY P. P. BILHORN.

Peter P. Bilhorn.



1. I will sing the won-drous sto - ry, Of the Christ who died for me,
2. I was lost, but Je - sus found me, Found the sheep that went a - stray,
3. I was bruised, but Je - sus healed me, Faint was I from many a fall,
4. Days of dark-ness still come o'er me, Sor-row's paths I oft - en tread,
5. He will keep me till the riv - er Rolls its wa - ters at my feet;



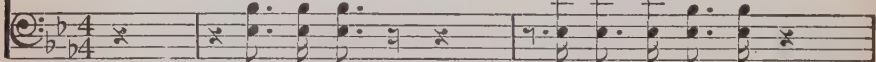
How He left His home in glo - ry, For the cross on Cal - va - ry.
Threw His lov - ing arms a - round me, Drew me back in - to His way.
Sight was gone, and fears pos-sessed me, But He freed me from them all.
But the Sav - ior still is with me, By His hand I'm safe - ly led.
Then He'll bear me safe - ly o - ver, Where the loved ones I shall meet.



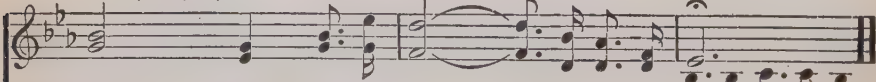
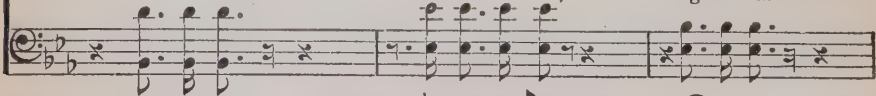
CHORUS.



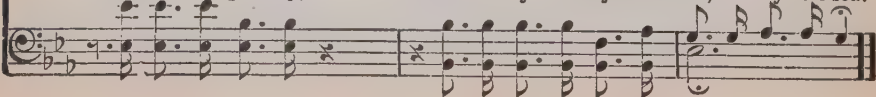
Yes, I'll sing..... the won-drous sto - - - ry Of the
Yes, I'll sing the won-drous sto - ry,



Christ..... who died for me,..... Sing it with... the saints in
Of the Christ who died for me, Sing it with



glo - - - ry, Gath-ered by..... the crys-tal sea.
the saints in glo - ry, Gath-ered by the crys-tal sea, the crys-tal sea.

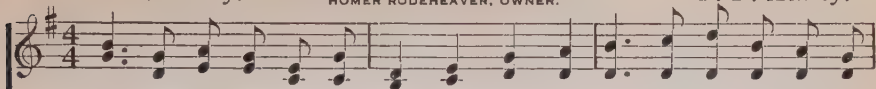


I Am Coming Home.

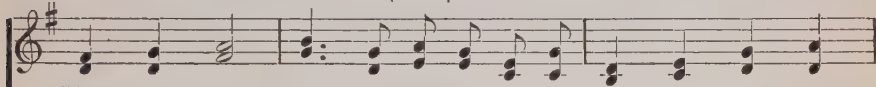
Rev. A. H. Ackley.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO.
HOMER RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

B. D. Ackley.



1. Je - sus, I am com - ing home to - day, For I have found there's joy in
2. Man - y years my heart has strayed from Thee, And now re - pent - ant to Thy
3. Oh, the mis - er - y my sin has caused me, Naught but pain and sor - row
4. Ful - ly trust - ing in Thy pre - cious prom - ise, With no right - eous - ness to
5. Now I seek the cross where Je - sus died! For all my sin His blood will



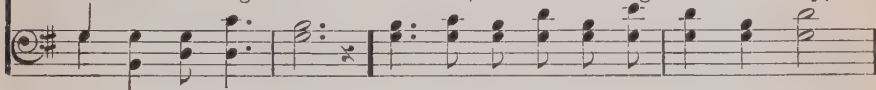
Thee a - lone; From the path of sin I turn a - way, Now
 throne I come; Je - sus o - pened up the way for me, Now
 I have known; Now I seek Thy sav - ing grace and mer - cy
 call my own, Plead - ing noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus,
 still a - tone, Flow - ing o'er till ev - 'ry stain is cov - ered,



CHORUS.



I am com - ing home. Je - sus, I am com - ing home to - day,



Nev - er, nev - er more from Thee to stray; Lord, I



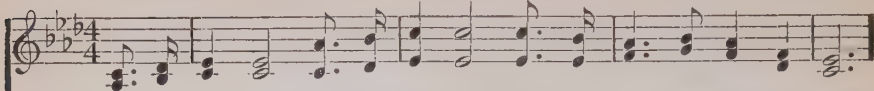
now ac - cept Thy pre - cious prom - ise, I am com - ing home.



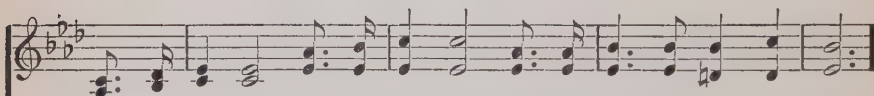
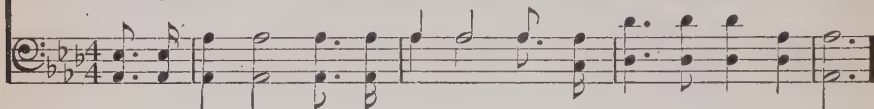
Ada R. Habershon.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY CHARLES M. ALEXANDER.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. There are loved ones in the glo - ry Whose dear forms you oft - en miss;
2. In the joy - ous days of childhood, Oft they told of won-drous love,
3. You re-mem-ber songs of heav-en, Which you sang with child-ish voice;
4. You can pic - ture hap-py gath' rings Round the fire - side long a - go,
5. One by one their seats were emptied, One by one they went a - way,



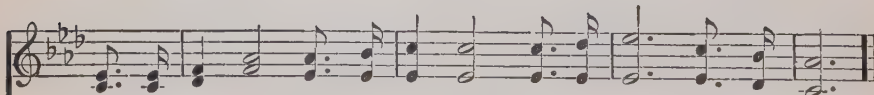
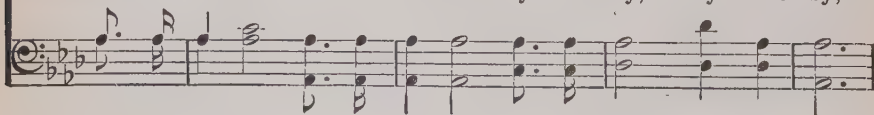
When you close your earth-ly sto - ry Will you join them in their bliss?
 Point - ed to the dy - ing Sav - ior; Now they dwell with Him a - bove.
 Do you love the hymns they taught you, Or are songs of earth your choice?
 And you think of fear - ful part - ings, When they left you here be - low.
 Now the fam - i - ly is part - ed, Will it be com - plete one day?



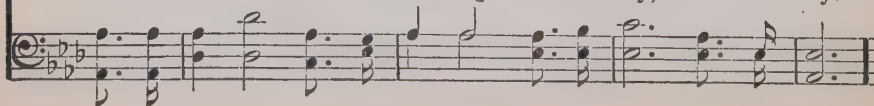
CHORUS.



Will the cir - cle be un - bro - ken By and by, by and by,



In a bet - ter home a - wait - ing In the sky, in the sky?

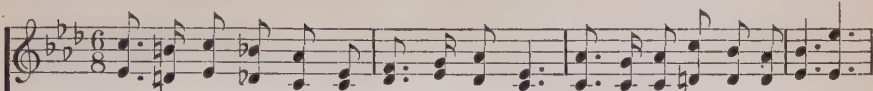


Jesus Is Waiting.

COPYRIGHT, 1919, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

Rev. Alfred Barratt.

Henry P. Morton.



1. Out of your sin and your heart's mis-er - y, Je - sus is waiting to save you;
2. Out of the val-ley of sor-row and night, Je - sus is waiting to save you;
3. Out of the wrong in - to path-ways of right, Je - sus is waiting to save you;
4. Out of temp-ta-tions that lure you a - way, Je - sus is waiting to save you;
5. Will you ac - cept of His mer - cy to - day, While He is waiting to save you?



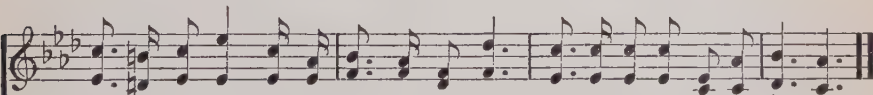
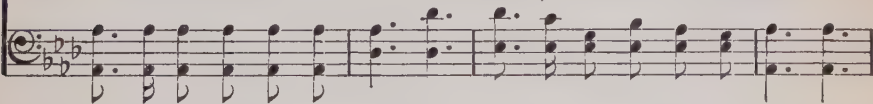
Out of your bond-age to blest lib-er - ty, Je - sus is wait-ing to save you.
 Out of the dark-ness to glo - ri-ous light, Je - sus is wait-ing to save you.
 Out of sin's blind-ness to beau - ti-ful sight, Je - sus is wait-ing to save you.
 Out of your weak-ness to strength as your day, Je - sus is wait-ing to save you.
 He may de-part if you lon - ger de-lay, Come while He's waiting to save you.



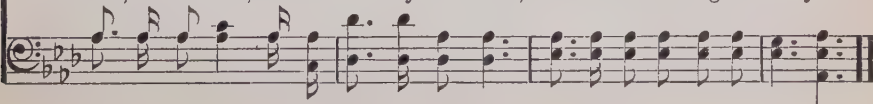
CHORUS.



Je - sus is wait-ing to save you, Je - sus is wait-ing to save you;
 *Je - sus is wait-ing to save you, Read-y this mo-moment to save you;



Out of your sin in - to won - der-ful grace, Je - sus is waiting to save you.
 Come, now believe, and His mer - cy re - ceive, Je - sus is waiting to save you.

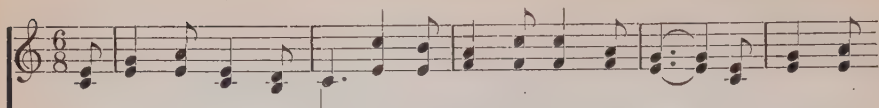


*Second chorus may be used after last verse.

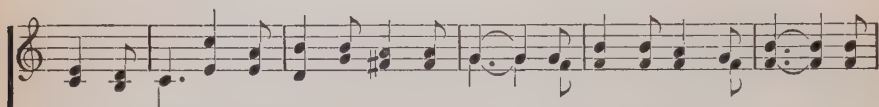
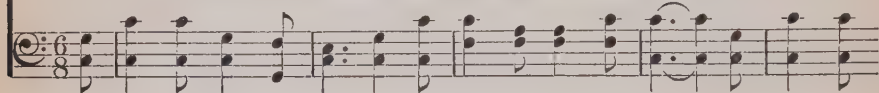
C. A. M.

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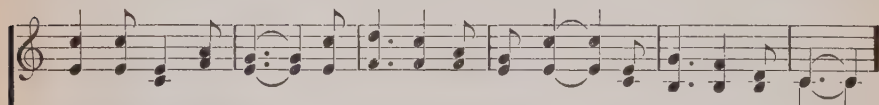
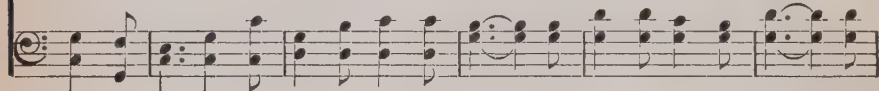
C. Austin Miles.



1. It may be in the val-ley, where count-less dan-gers hide; It may be
2. It may be I must car-ry the bless-ed word of life A-cross the
3. But if it be my por-tion to bear my cross at home, While oth-ers
4. It is not mine to ques-tion the judg-ments of the Lord, It is but



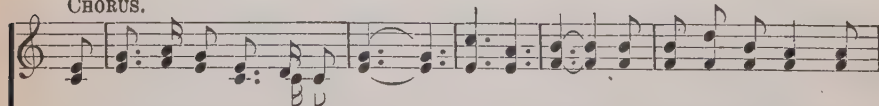
in the sun-shine that I, in peace, a-bide; But this one thing I know—if
burn-ing des-erts to those in sin-ful strife; And tho' it be my lot to
bear their bur-dens a-cross the bil-low's foam, I'll prove my faith in Him—con-
mine to fol-low the lead-ings of His word; But if to go or stay, or



it be dark or fair, If Je-sus is with me, I'll go an-y-where!
bear my col-ors there, If Je-sus goes with me, I'll go an-y-where!
fess my judgments fair, And, if He stays with me, I'll go an-y-where!
whether here or there, I'll be, with my Sav-ior, con-tent an-y-where!



CHORUS.



If Je-sus goes with me, I'll go, . . . An-y-where! 'Tis heaven to me, Where
I'll go,



If Jesus Goes With Me.

e'er I may be, If He is there! I count it a priv-i-lege here.... His
His cross, His
cross to bear;.. If Je-sus goes with me, I'll go An - y - where!
cross, His cross to bear;

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Pass Me Not.

COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF FANNY T. DOANE.

Fanny J. Crosby.

W. H. Doane.

1. { Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav-ior, Hear my humble cry;
2. { While on others Thou art calling, (*Omit*.....) Do not pass me by.
3. { Let me at a throne of mer-cy Find a sweet re-lief;
4. { Kneeling there in deep contrition, (*Omit*.....) Help my un-be-lief.
5. { Trust-ing on-ly in Thy mer-it, Would I seek Thy face;
6. { Heal my wounded, broken spir-it, (*Omit*.....) Save me by Thy grace.
7. { Thou the Spring of all my comfort, More than life to me,
8. { Whom have I on earth beside Thee? (*Omit*.....) Whom in Heav'n but Thee?

D.S. — While on others Thou art call-ing, (*Omit*.....) Do not pass me by.

CHORUS.

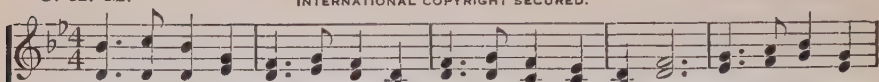
D. C.

Sav - ior, Sav - ior, Hear my hum - ble cry;

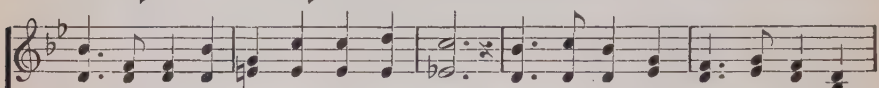
C. A. M.

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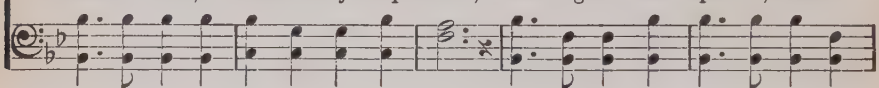
C. Austin Miles.



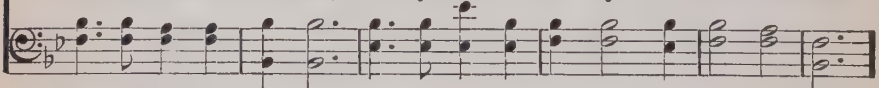
1. Far a-way the noise of strife up - on my ear is fall-ing, Then I know the
2. Far be-low the storm of doubt up - on the world is beat-ing, Sons of men in
3. Let the storm-y breez-es blow, their cry can-not a - harm me, I am safe-ly
4. Viewing here the works of God, I sink in con-tem - pla-tion, Hearing now His



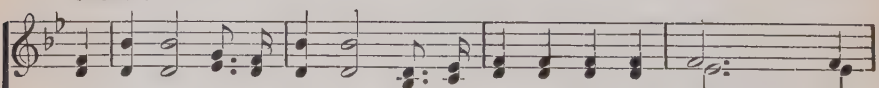
sins of earth be - set on ev - 'ry hand; Doubt and fear and things of earth in
bat - tle long the en - e - my with - stand; Safe am I with - in the cas - tle
sheltered here, pro - tect - ed by God's hand; Here the sun is al - ways shining,
bless - ed voice, I see the way He planned; Dwell - ing in the Spir - it, here I



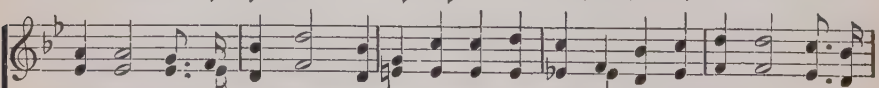
vain to me are call - ing, None of these shall move me from Beu - lah Land.
of God's word re - treat - ing, Nothing there can reach me - 'tis Beu - lah Land.
herethere'snaughtcan harmme, I am safe for - ev - er in Beu - lah Land.
learn of full sal - va - tion, Glad - ly will I tar - ry in Beu - lah Land.



CHORUS.



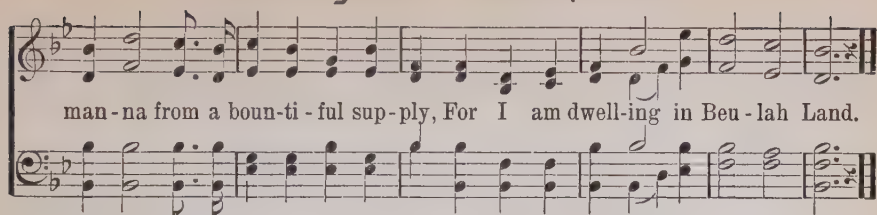
I'm liv - ing on the moun - tain, un - der - neath a cloud - less sky, I'm
Praise God!



drink - ing at the foun - tain that nev - er shall run dry, O yes! I'm feast - ing on the



Dwelling In Beulah Land.



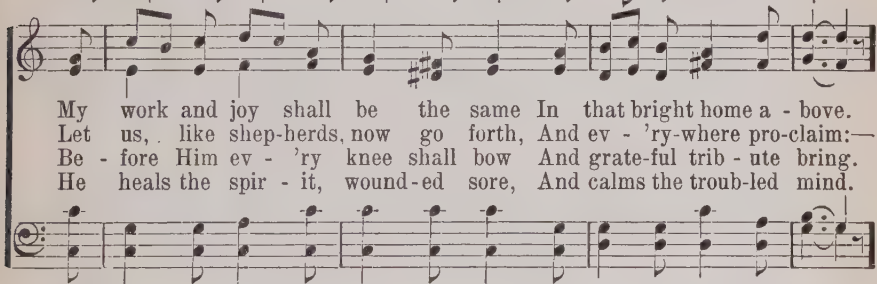
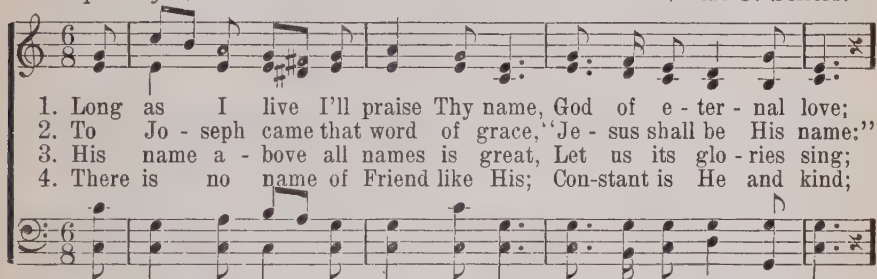
153

Glory to Jesus' Name.

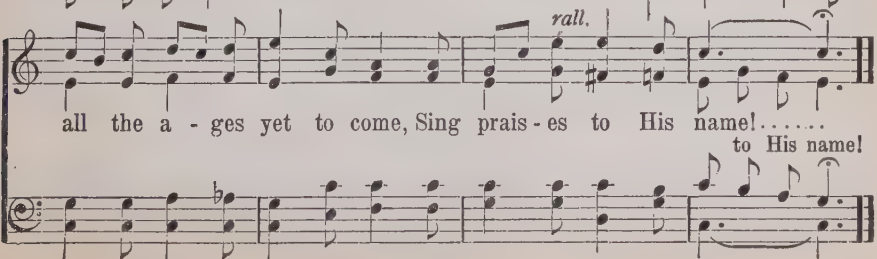
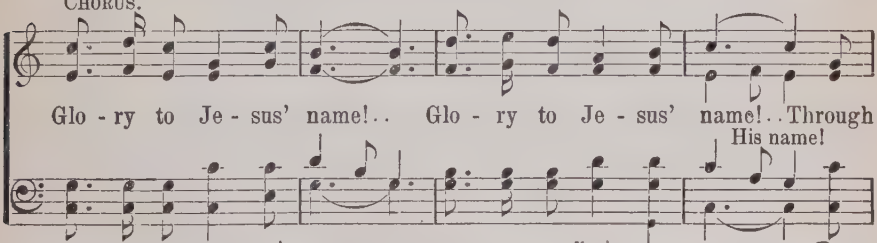
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Adapted by E. O. S.

Ernest O. Sellers.



CHORUS.



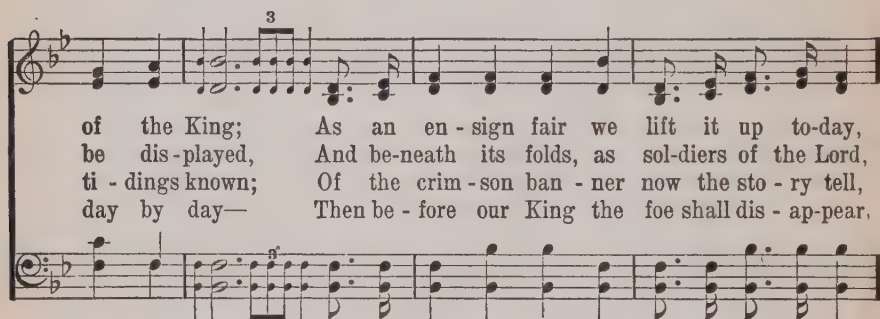
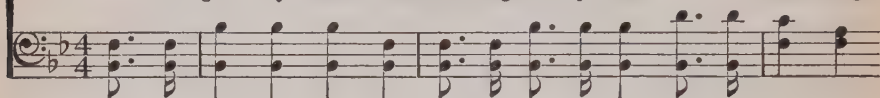
El Nathian.

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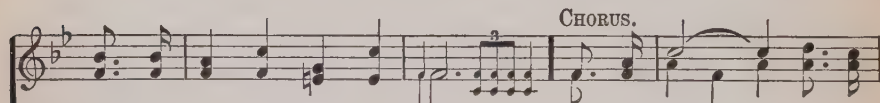
James McGranahan.



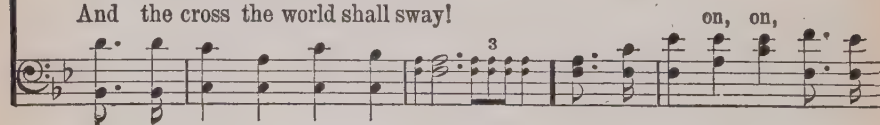
1. There's a roy - al ban - ner giv - en for dis - play To the sol - diers
2. Though the foe may rage and gath - er as the flood, Let the stand - ard
3. O - ver land and sea, wher - ev - er man may dwell, Make the glo - rious
4. When the glo - ry dawns—'tis draw - ing ver - y near—It is hast'ning



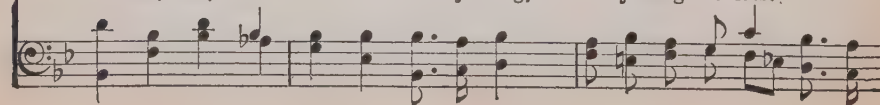
of the King; As an en - sign fair we lift it up to - day,
 be dis - played, And be - neath its folds, as sol - diers of the Lord,
 ti - dings known; Of the crim - son ban - ner now the sto - ry tell,
 day by day— Then be - fore our King the foe shall dis - ap - pear,



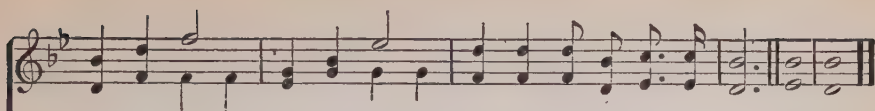
While as ran - somed ones we sing.
 For the truth be not dis - mayed! March - ing on, . . . marching
 While the Lord shall claim His own!
 And the cross the world shall sway!



on, . . . For Christ count ev - 'ry - thing but loss! And to
 on, on, ev - 'ry - thing, ev - 'ry - thing but loss!



The Banner of the Cross.

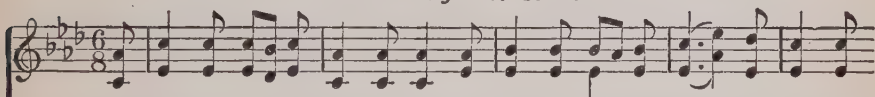


crown Him King, toil and sing 'Neath the ban-ner of the cross! A-MEN.
we'll Be - neath

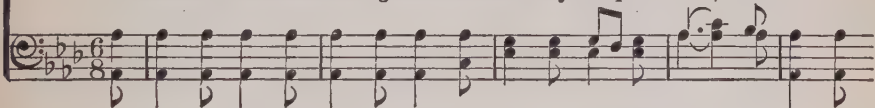


155 There is a Name I Love to Hear.

How I Love Jesus. C. M.



1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth; It sounds like
2. It tells me of a Sav-ior's love, Who died to set me free; It tells me
3. It tells me what my Fa-ther hath In store for ev-'ry day, And tho' I
4. It tells of One whose loving heart Can feel my deep-est woe, Who in each,



CHORUS.



mu-sic in mine ear, The sweet-est name on earth.
of His precious blood, The sin-ner's per-fect plea. Oh, how I love Je - sus,
tread a darksome path, Yields sunshine all the way.
sor-row bears a part, That none can bear be-low.



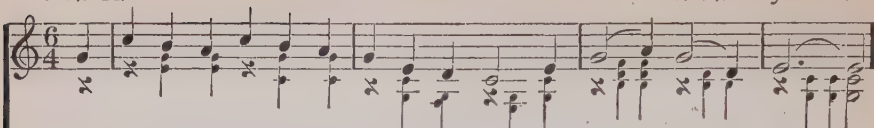
Oh, how I love Je-sus, Oh, how I love Je-sus, Be-cause He first loved me. A-MEN.



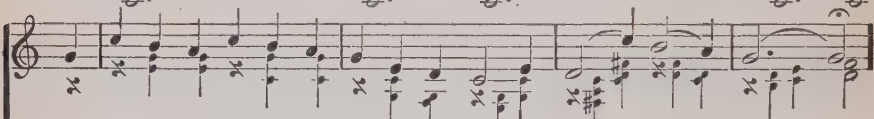
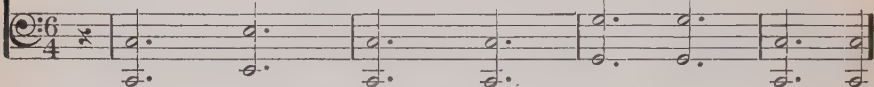
I. E. R.

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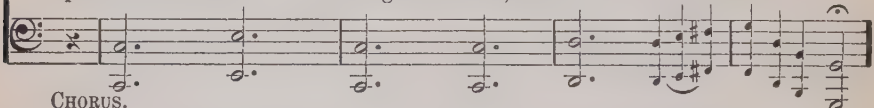
I. E. Reynolds.



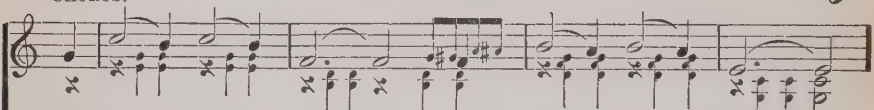
1. I'm glad and re-joic-ing my soul is so free, My Lord saved me;...
2. The Sav-ior is faith-ful to save and to keep, My Lord keeps me;...
3. And now I am tell-ing this sto-ry of love, How He saved me;...
4. Some day I shall meet Him, His face I shall see, For He saved me;...



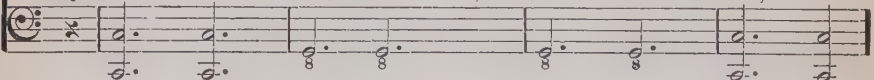
His love and His mercy bought pardon com-plete, Yes, He saved me.....
 Then what should I fear with a Shepherd so near? For He keeps me.....
 That those who are lost may take Je-sus as Lord, For He saved me.....
 I'll praise Him and serve Him while ages shall roll, For He saved me.....



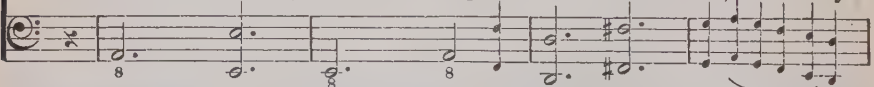
CHORUS.



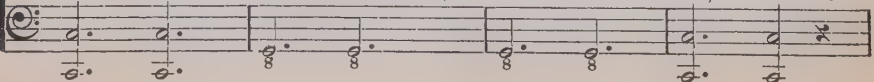
My Lord saved me,.... Yes, He ... saved me;.....



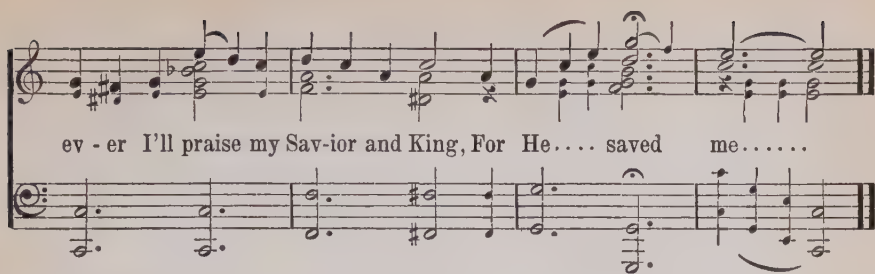
For - ev - er I'll praise my Sav-ior and King, For He saved me;... My



Lord saved me;..... Yes, He... saved me;..... For-



My Lord Saved Me.



ev - er I'll praise my Sav-ior and King, For He.... saved me.....

157

I Surrender All.

J. W. Van De Venter.

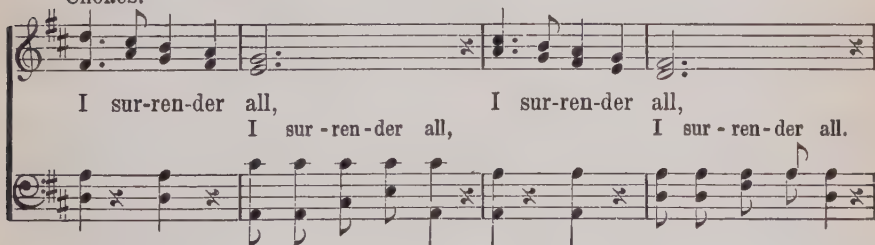
COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY WEEDEN & VAN DEVENTER.
P. P. BILHORN, OWNER.

W. S. Weeden.

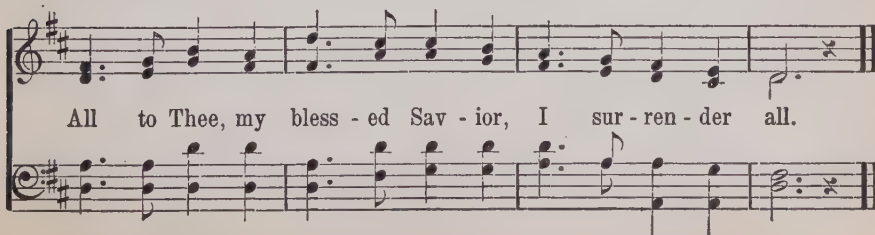


1. { All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, All to Him I free - ly give; }
 { I will ev - er love and trust Him, In His pres - ence dai - ly live. }
 2. { All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, Hum - bly at His feet I bow; }
 { World - ly pleas - ures all for - sak - en, Take me, Je - sus, take me now. }
 3. { All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, Make me, Sav - ior, whol - ly Thine; }
 { Let me feel the Ho - ly Spir - it, Tru - ly know that Thou art mine. }
 4. { All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, Lord, I give my - self to Thee; }
 { Fill me with Thy love and pow - er, Let Thy bless - ing fall on me. }

CHORUS.



I sur-ren-der all, I sur-ren-der all, I sur-ren-der all.
 I sur-ren-der all, I sur-ren-der all, I sur-ren-der all.

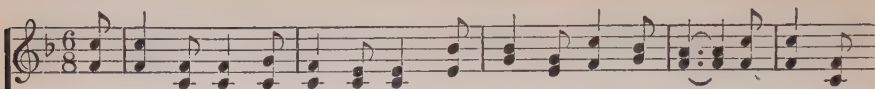


All to Thee, my bless - ed Sav - ior, I sur - ren - der all.

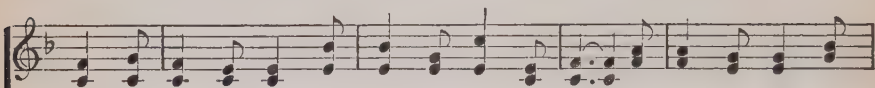
John H. Yates.

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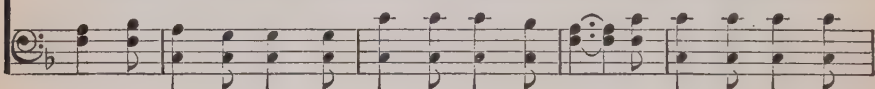
Ira D. Sankey.



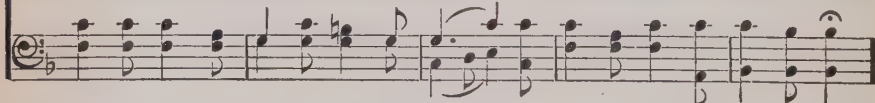
1. En-camped a-long the hills of light, Ye Chris-tian sol-diers, rise, And press the
2. His ban-ner o-ver us is love, Our sword the Word of God; We tread the
3. On ev-'ry hand the foe we find Drawn up in dread ar-ray; Let tents of
4. To him that o-ver-comes the foe, Whiteraimentshall begiv'n; Be-fore the



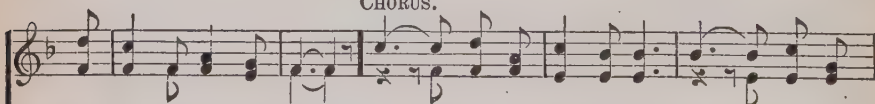
bat-tle ere the night Shall veil the glow-ing skies; A-against the foe in
road the saints a-bove With shouts of tri-umph trod; By faith, they like a
ease be left be-hind, And—on-ward to the fray; Sal-va-tion's hel-met
an-gels he shall know His name con-fessed in heav'n; Then onward from the



vales be-low Let all our strength be hurled; Faith is the vic-to-ry, we know,
whirlwind's breath, Swept on o'er ev-'ry field; The faith by which they conquered Death
on each head, With truth all girt a-bout, The earth shall tremble 'neath our tread,
hills of light, Our hearts with love aflame; We'll van-quish all the hosts of night,



CHORUS.



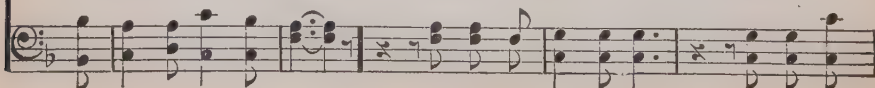
That o-ver-comes the world.

Is still our shin-ing shield. Faith is the vic-to-ry! Faith is the
And ech-o with our shout.

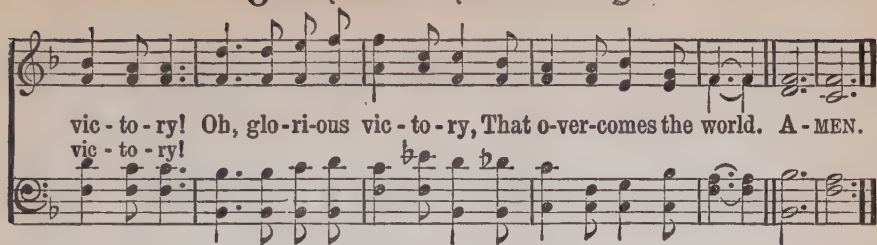
In Je-sus' conqu'ring name.

Faith is the vic-to-ry!

Faith is the



Faith Is the Victory.

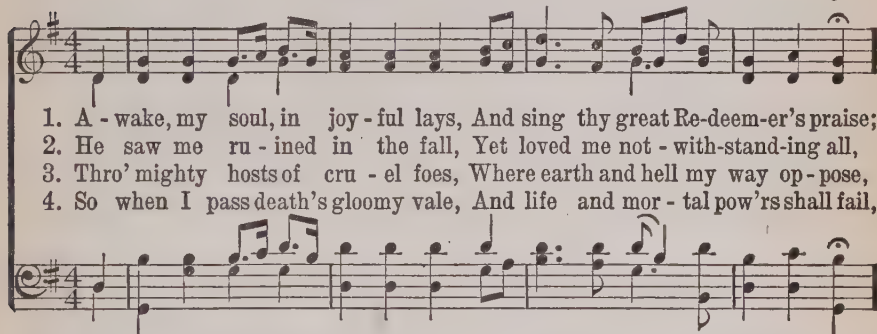


vic - to - ry! Oh, glo - ri - ous vic - to - ry, That o - ver - comes the world. A - MEN.
vic - to - ry!

159 Awake, My Soul, in Joyful Says.

Loving-Kindness. L. M.

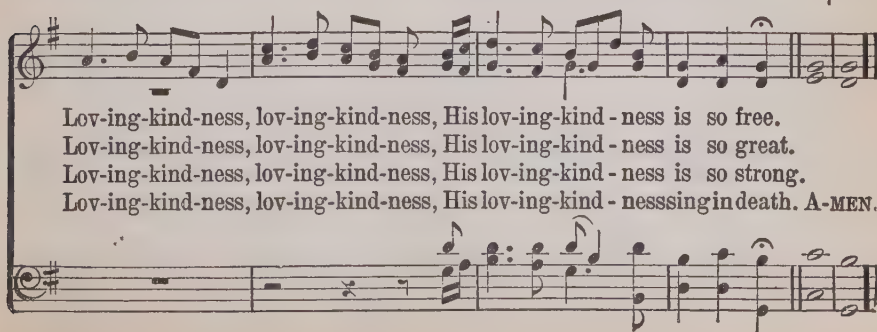
American Melody.



1. A - wake, my soul, in joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Re - deem - er's praise;
2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me not - with - stand - ing all,
3. Thro' mighty hosts of cru - el foes, Where earth and hell my way op - pose,
4. So when I pass death's gloomy vale, And life and mor - tal pow'rs shall fail,



He just - ly claims a song from me, His lov - ing kind - ness is so free:
And saved me from my lost es - tate, His lov - ing - kind - ness is so great:
He safe - ly leads my soul a - long, His lov - ing - kind - ness is so strong:
O may my last ex - pir - ing breath His lov - ing - kind - ness sing in death:



Lov - ing - kind - ness, lov - ing - kind - ness, His lov - ing - kind - ness is so free.
Lov - ing - kind - ness, lov - ing - kind - ness, His lov - ing - kind - ness is so great.
Lov - ing - kind - ness, lov - ing - kind - ness, His lov - ing - kind - ness is so strong.
Lov - ing - kind - ness, lov - ing - kind - ness, His lov - ing - kind - ness sing in death. A - MEN.

Knocking, Knocking.

J. O. Barnhart.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.
DALLAS, TEXAS.

I. E. Reynolds.

1. Knocking,knocking,who is there? Do you hear Him, do you care? Is your
2. Knocking,knocking,waiting still, O how can you treat Him ill, Him who
3. Stand-ing,standing,sad and lone, Pleading in such ten-der tone, O - pen
4. Knocking,knocking,still to - day, If you turn the Lord a - way, You will

heart so full of sin That you can-not let Him in? "Will you let Him stand and
gave His life for you, Par-don free and blessing too?" "Do not let Him stand and
wide to Me the door, I will leave you nev-er-more:" "Can you let Him stand and
stand all un-for-giv'n, Some day at the gate of heav'n;" "Find it barred for-ev-er-

The first system of the musical score for 'The Rose Tree' is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, starting on a middle C and moving upwards. The lyrics 'The Rose Tree' are written below the staff, aligned with the notes.

wait, Knocking,knocking at the gate? Will you let Him stand and wait,
wait, Knocking,knocking at the gate; Do not let Him stand and wait,
wait, Knocking,knocking at the gate? Can you let Him stand and wait,
more, If to Christ you shut the door; Find it barred for - ev - er - more,

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

- 1-3. Knocking, knocking at the gate?" O let Him in, O let Him
4. If to Christ you shut the door." O let Him in,

to Christ, you shut the door.

in, He came to cleanse your heart from sin; Re-fuse no
O let Him in.

Knocking, Knocking.

more, Ope wide the door, And let the lov-ing Sav-ior in.
Refuse no more, Ope wide the door,

161 Wheresoever I May Go.

Lucia B. Cook.

COPYRIGHT, 1921, BY I. E. REYNOLDS.

I. E. Reynolds.

1. I have grace when I am tempt-ed, I have com-fort in my woe,
2. I am trust-ing for the mor-row, E-ven death's a conquered foe,
3. There's a deep and si-lent riv-er, But its waves will not o'er-flow,
4. Oh, how sweet to see my Sav-ior, And His smile of welcome know,

When I know His arms are 'neath me, Where-so-ev-er I may go.
Ev-er-last-ing arms be-neath me, Where-so-ev-er I may go.
His pro-ect-ing arms be-neath me, Where-so-ev-er I may go.
Sweet to be with Him in heav-en, Where-so-ev-er I may go.

CHORUS.

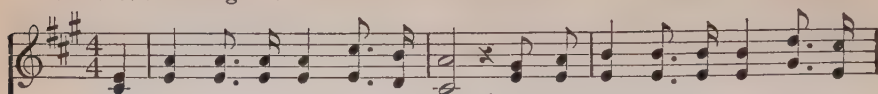
Where-so-ev-er, where-so-ev-er, Where-so-ev-er I may go,
Where-so-ev-er, where-so-ev-er, Where-so-ev-er I may go,

There is One who lin-gers near me, Just to help and com-fort me.

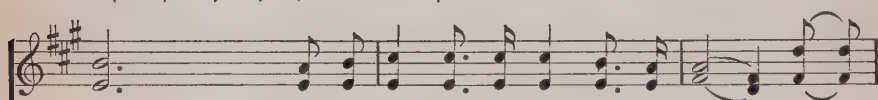
D. W. C. Huntington.

T. C. O'KANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

Tullius C. O'Kane.

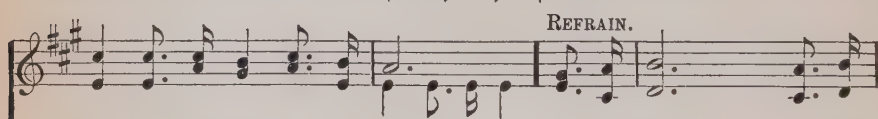


1. O think of the home o - ver there, By the side of the riv - er of
2. O think of the friends o - ver there, Who be - fore us the jour - ney have
3. My Sav - ior is now o - ver there, There my kin - dred and friends are at
4. I'll soon be at home o - ver there, For the end of my jour - ney I



light, Where the saints, all im - mor - tal and fair, Are
 trod, Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their
 rest; Then a - way from my sor - row and care, Let me
 see; Man - y dear to my heart, o - ver there, Are

o - ver there,

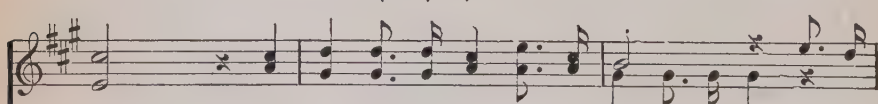
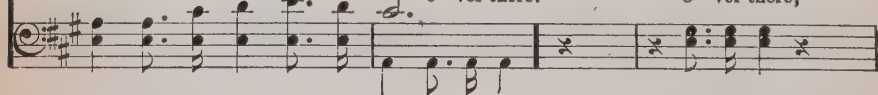


REFRAIN.

robed in their garments of white, O - ver there, o - ver
 home in the pal - ace of God. O - ver there, o - ver
 fly to the land of the blest. O - ver there, o - ver
 watch - ing and wait - ing for me. O - ver there, o - ver

o - ver there.

O - ver there,



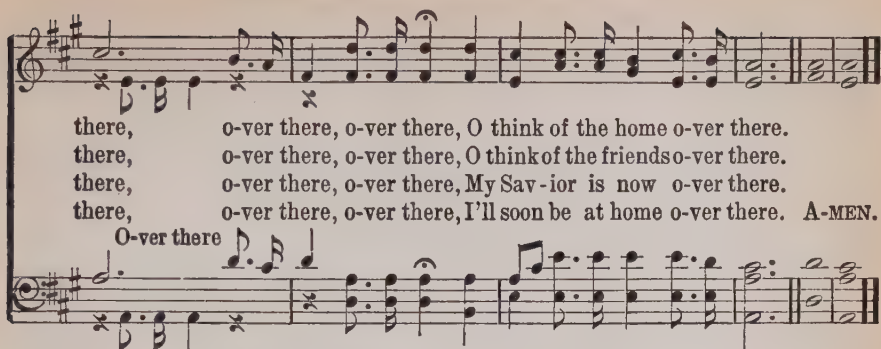
there, O think of the home o - ver there, O - ver
 there, O think of the friends o - ver there, O - ver
 there, My Sav - ior is now o - ver there, O - ver
 there, I'll soon be at home o - ver there, O - ver

o - ver there,

o - ver there,



The Home Over There.



there, o-ver there, o-ver there, O think of the home o-ver there.
 there, o-ver there, o-ver there, O think of the friends o-ver there.
 there, o-ver there, o-ver there, My Sav-ior is now o-ver there.
 there, o-ver there, o-ver there, I'll soon be at home o-ver there. A-MEN.

O-ver there

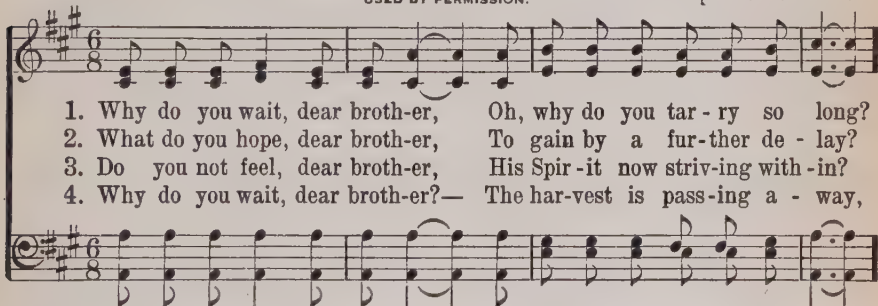
163

Why Do You Wait?

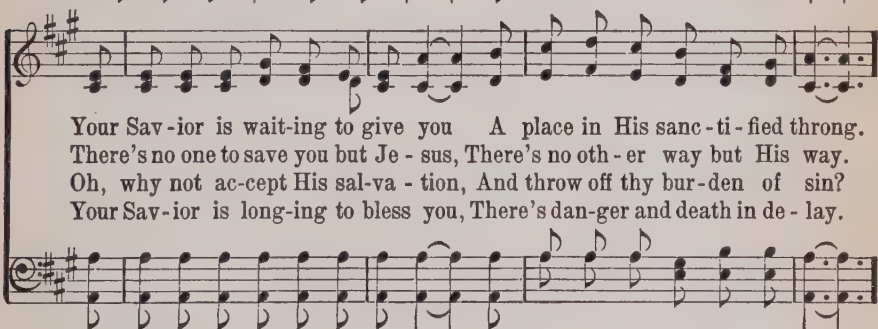
G. F. R.

COPYRIGHT, 1878, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
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[Geo. F. Root.

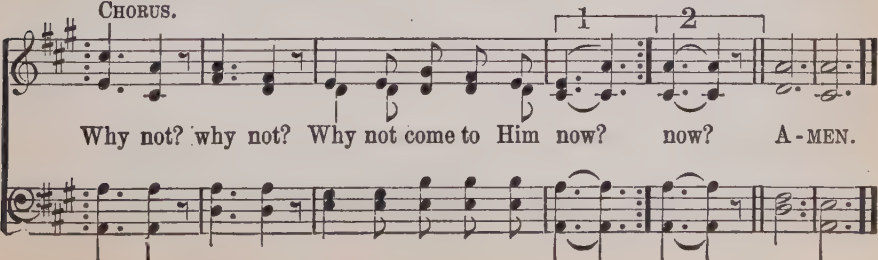


1. Why do you wait, dear broth-er, Oh, why do you tar-ry so long?
2. What do you hope, dear broth-er, To gain by a fur-ther de-lay?
3. Do you not feel, dear broth-er, His Spir-it now striv-ing with-in?
4. Why do you wait, dear broth-er?— The har-vest is pass-ing a-way,



Your Sav-ior is wait-ing to give you A place in His sanc-ti-fied throng.
 There's no one to save you but Je-sus, There's no oth-er way but His way.
 Oh, why not ac-cept His sal-va-tion, And throw off thy bur-den of sin?
 Your Sav-ior is long-ing to bless you, There's dan-ger and death in de-lay.

CHORUS.



Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now? now? A-MEN.

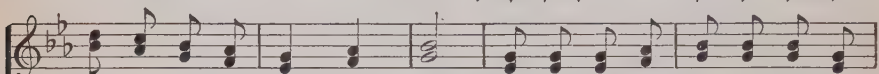
Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

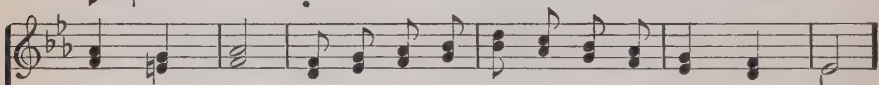
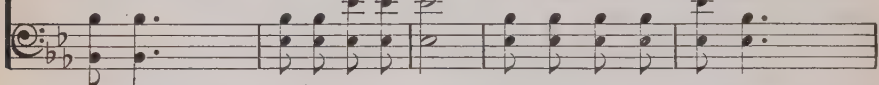
E. O. Excell.



1. When up - on life's bil-lows you are tem - pest - tossed, When you are dis-
2. Are you ev - er bur-dened with a load of care? Does the cross seem
3. When you look at oth - ers with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has
4. So, a - mid the con-flict, whether great or small, Do not be dis-



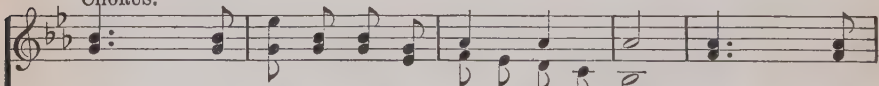
cour-aged, think-ing all is lost, Count your man-y bless-ings, name them
 heav - y you are called to bear? Count your man-y bless-ings, ev - 'ry
 prom-ised you His wealth un - told; Count your man-y bless-ings, mon-ey
 cour-aged, God is o - ver all; Count your man-y bless-ings, an - gels



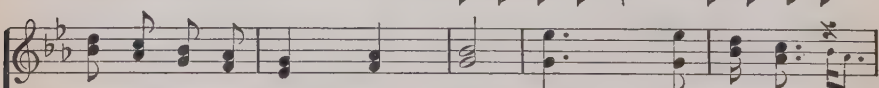
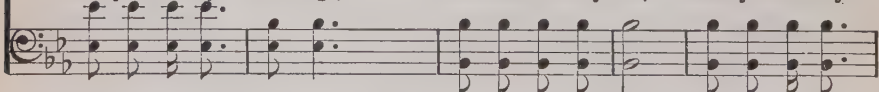
one by one, And it will sur-prise you what the Lord hath done.
 doubt will fly, And you will be sing-ing as the days go by.
 can - not buy Your re-ward in Heav-en, nor your home on high.
 will at - tend, Help and com-fort give you to your jour-ney's end.



CHORUS.



Count your bless-ings, Name them one by one; Count your
 Count your man-y bless-ings, Name them one by one; Count your man-y



bless-ings, See what God hath done; Count your bless-ings,
 bless-ings, See what God hath done; Count your man-y bless-ings;



Count Your Blessings.

rit. *a tempo.*

Name them one by one; Count your many blessings, See what God hath done. A-MEN.

165

Beautiful Isle.

Jessie B. Pounds.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. S. Fearis.

1. Some-where the sun is shin - ing, Some-where the song - birds dwell;
2. Some-where the day is lon - ger, Some-where the task is done;
3. Some-where the load is lift - ed, Close by an o - pen gate;

Hush, then, thy sad re - pin - ing, God lives, and all is well.
Some-where the heart is stron - ger, Some-where the guer - don won.
Some-where the clouds are rift - ed, Some-where the an - gels wait.

CHORUS.

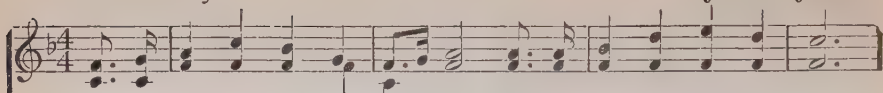
Some - where, Some - where, Beau - ti - ful Isle of Some-where!
Some-where, beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Isle,

Land of the true, where we live a-new, — Beau - ti - ful Isle of Some-where! A-MEN.

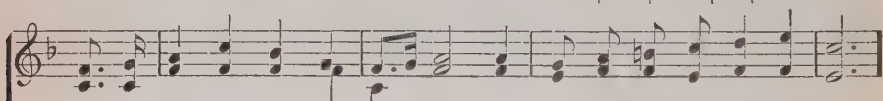
B. B. McKinney.

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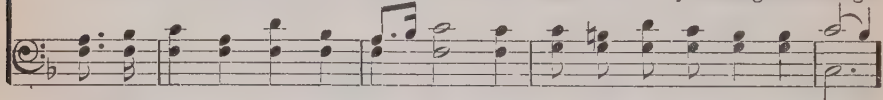
Jas. W. Jelks.



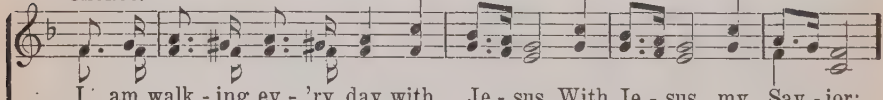
1. I am walk-ing with my Sav - ior And I feel His ten - der care,
2. It is sweet to walk with Je - sus, Just to let Him lead the way;
3. Sin-ner, will you walk with Je - sus In the straight and nar-row road?
4. Let us al - ways toil for Je - sus, Let us crown Him the great King,



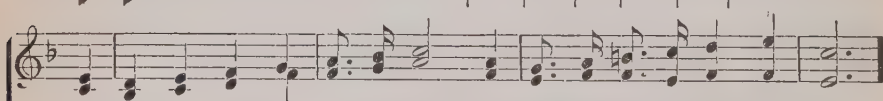
For I know He'll ev - er guide me, My ev - 'ry bur - den He will share.
 Tho' the pathway may be rug - ged, He cheers me thro' the dark - est day.
 Let Him lift sin's heav - y bur - den, He'll sure - ly car - ry all your load.
 And when all our work is end - ed The hal - le - lu - jah song we'll sing.



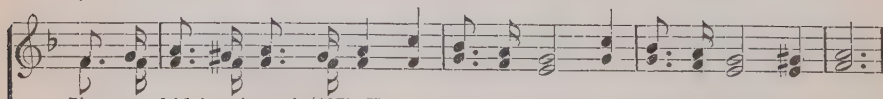
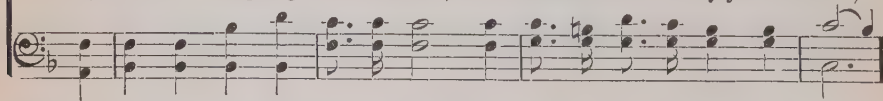
CHORUS.



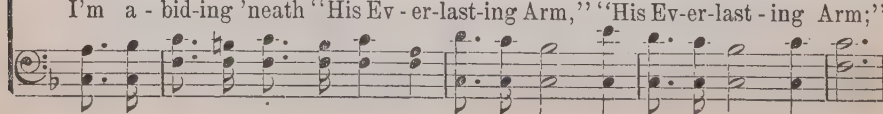
I'm am walk - ing ev - 'ry day with Je - sus, With Je - sus, my Sav - ior;



My heart is sing - ing all the time, His wondrous love and joy di - vine;



I'm a - bid - ing 'neath "His Ev - er - last - ing Arm," "His Ev - er - last - ing Arm;"



Walking With Jesus.

His love will keep thro' ev - 'ry storm, I'm walking ev - 'ry day with Him.

167

Whatsoever He Saith.

W. W. Hamilton, Th.D.

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Jas. W. Jelks.

1. Man - y strange voices are call - ing, Ask - ing thy love and thy life,
 2. Man - y great questions confront thee, Problems which each one must meet,
 3. How canst thou know when to lis - ten? How canst thou know what is true?

Seek-ing to lead thee from Je - sus, Seek-ing to fill thee with strife.
 Paths which are broad and al - lur - ing, Read - y with snares for thy feet.
 Where is the safe way to fol - low? How canst thou know what to do?

CHORUS.

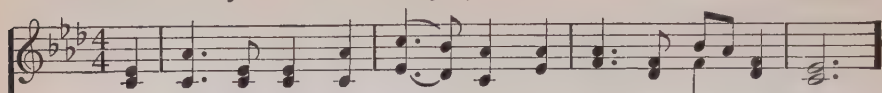
Wait for the voice of the Mas - ter, Lis - ten and make Him your choice;

Do what-so - ev - er He saith, Learn how to know His dear voice.

Katherine Hankey.

Hankey, 7s. D.

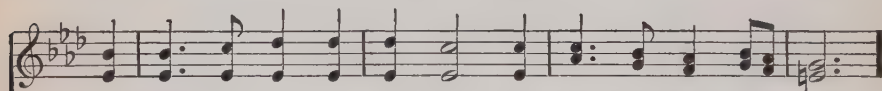
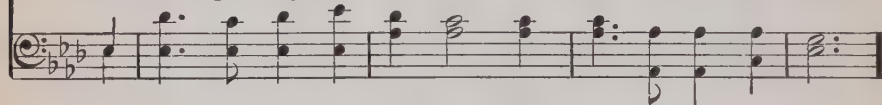
William G. Fischer.



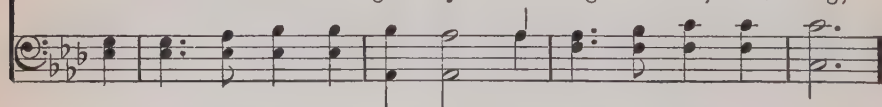
1. I love to tell the sto - ry, Of un - seen things a - bove,
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won - der - ful it seems
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best



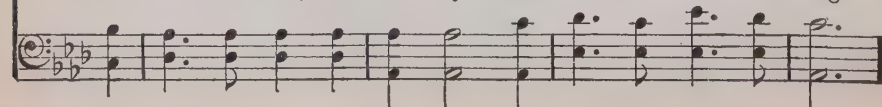
Of Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love.
 Than all the gold - en fan - cies Of all our gold - en dreams.
 What seems, each time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet.
 Seem hun - ger - ing and thirst - ing To hear it, like the rest.



I love to tell the sto - ry Be - cause I know 'tis true;
 I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me;
 I love to tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard
 And when in scenes of glo - ry I sing the new, new song,

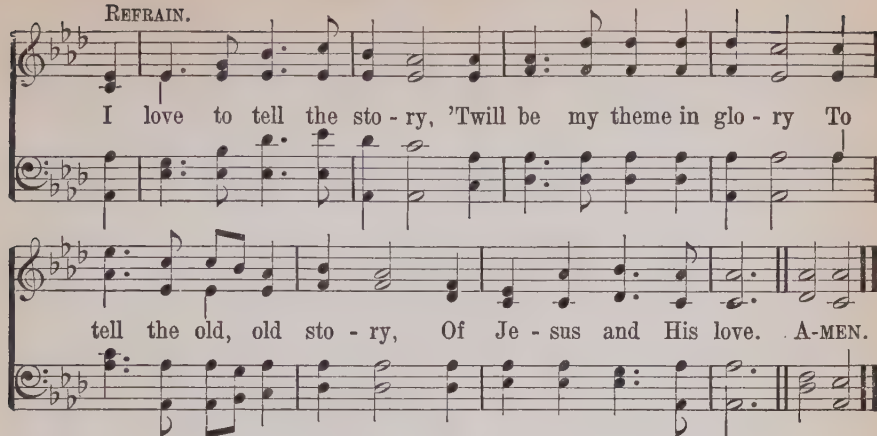


It sat - is - fies my long - ings As noth - ing else can do.
 And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee.
 The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From God's own Ho - ly Word.
 'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That I have loved so long.



I Love to Tell the Story.

REFRAIN.



I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry To
tell the old, old sto - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. A-MEN.

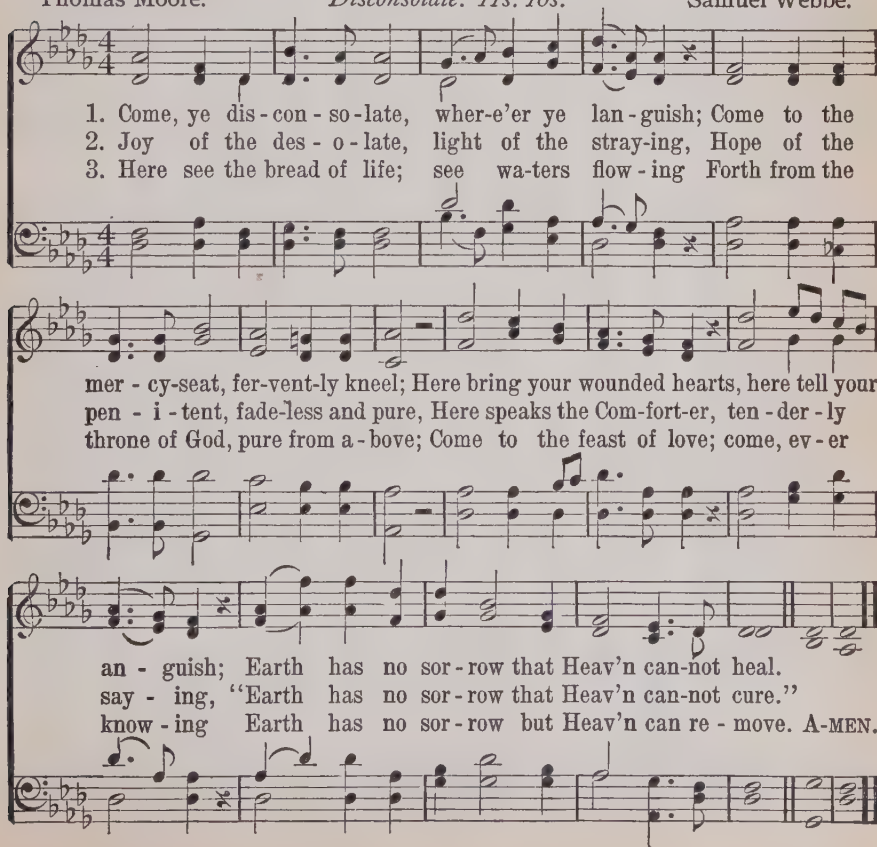
169

Come, Ye Disconsolate.

Thomas Moore.

Disconsolate. 11s. 10s.

Samuel Webbe.



1. Come, ye dis-con-so-late, wher-e'er ye lan-guish; Come to the
2. Joy of the des-o-late, light of the stray-ing, Hope of the
3. Here see the bread of life; see wa-ters flow-ing Forth from the
mer-cy-seat, fer-vent-ly kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your
pen-i-tent, fade-less and pure, Here speaks the Com-fort-er, ten-der-ly
throne of God, pure from a-bove; Come to the feast of love; come, ev-er
an-guish; Earth has no sor-row that Heav'n can-not heal.
say-ing, "Earth has no sor-row that Heav'n can-not cure."
know-ing Earth has no sor-row but Heav'n can re-move. A-MEN.

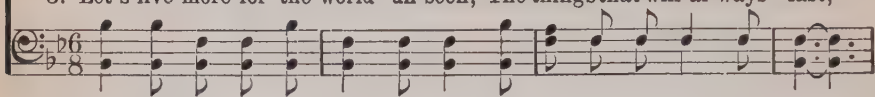
Lucia B. Cook.

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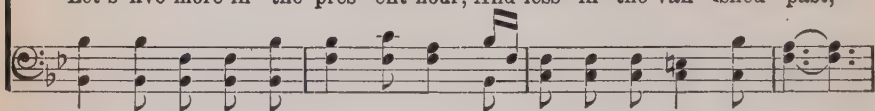
I. E. Reynolds.



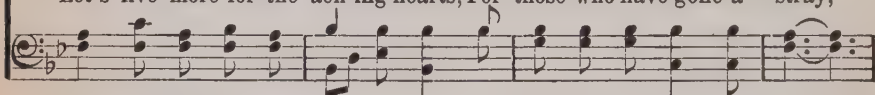
1. Let's live more for the song of life, And walk in the ways of cheer;
2. Let's live more for the cause of Christ, The Kingdom He came to bring;
3. Let's live more for the world un-seen, The things that will al-ways last;



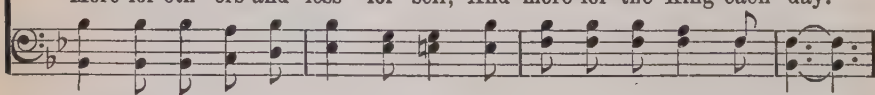
Let's live more for the joy of life, And less for the fret and care;
 More for serv-ice from day to day, And praise to our Lord and King;
 Let's live more in the pres-ent hour, And less in the van-ished past;



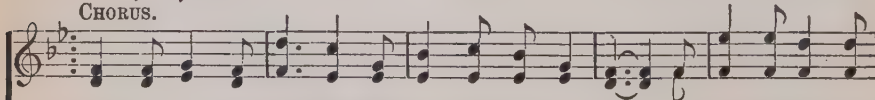
Let's have more of the sim-ple life, With leis-ure-ly peace-ful ways,
 Let's live more for the cross of Christ, The glo-ry that comes thro' pain;
 Let's live more for the ach-ing hearts, For those who have gone a-stray,



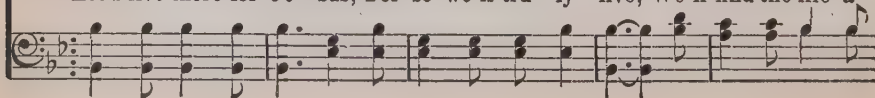
Less of fash-ion and more of love, And hap-pi-ness, joy and praise.
 Let's live more for the heav'n-ly gold, And less for the earth-ly gain.
 More for oth-ers and less for self, And more for the King each day.



CHORUS.



Let's live more for Je-sus, For so we'll tru-ly live; We'll find the life a-



Let's Live More.

bun-dant That Je-sus came to give; That Je-sus came to give.

171 Trusting Jesus, That is All.

E. P. Stites.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY IRA D. SANKEY. RENEWAL.

Ira D. Sankey.

1. Sim - ply trust - ing ev - 'ry day, Trust-ing thro' a storm - y way;
2. Bright-ly doth His Spir - it shine In - to this poor heart of mine;
3. Sing - ing, if my way is clear; Pray-ing, if the path is drear;
4. Trust-ing Him while life shall last, Trust-ing Him till earth is past;
E - ven when my faith is small, Trust-ing Je - sus, that is all.
While He leads I can - not fall, Trust-ing Je - sus, that is all.
If in dan - ger, for Him call; Trust-ing Je - sus, that is all.
Till with - in the jas - per wall, Trust-ing Je - sus, that is all.

CHORUS.

Trust - ing as the mo - ments fly, Trust-ing as the days go by;
Trust-ing Him what - e'er be - fall, Trust-ing Je - sus, that is all.

James Rowe.

I. E. Reynolds.

1. I am deep in the love of my heav - en - ly King, And shall
 2. I am tell - ing the sto - ry of mer - cy and love Un - to
 3. I am hap - py in Him and I work all the while, For I

praise Him wher - ev - er I go, . . . For 'tis joy to be near Him His
 those who are friendless and sad, . . . And am point - ing the lost to this
 want to be one of the blest. . . Who will sweet - ly re - joice in the

prais - es to sing; He's a Sav - ior worth trust - ing, I know.
 Sav - ior a - bove, That their souls might be par - doned and glad.
 light of His smile, By and by at the por - tals of rest.

CHORUS.

He's a Sav - ior worth trusting, I know. . . . I can nev - er re -
 I know,

pay Him be - low, But for - ev - er a - bove I shall
 be - low,

A Savior Worth Trusting.

sing of His love; He's a Sav - ior worth trust - ing, I know. (I know.)

173 In the Hour of Trial.

James Montgomery.

Spencer Lane.

1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, plead for me, Lest by base de - ni - al,
2. With for-bid-den pleasures Would this vain word charm; Or its sordid treas-ures
3. Should Thy mercy send me Sor-row, toil and woe; Or should pain at-tend me
4. When my last hour cometh, Fraught with strife and pain, When my dust returneth

I de-part from Thee. When Thou see'st me wav - er, With a look re-Spread to work me harm; Bring to my re - mem-brance Sad Geth-sem-a-On my path be - low; Grant that I may nev - er Fail Thy hand to To the dust a - gain; On Thy truth re - ly - ing, Thro' that mor-tal

rall.
call,.... Nor for fear or fa - vor Suf - fer me to fall.
ne,.... Or, in dark-er sem-blance, Cross-crowned Calvary.
see,.... Grant that I may ev - er Cast my care on Thee.
strife,... Je - sus, take me, dy - ing, To e - ter - nal life. A - MEN.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. More like the Mas-ter I would ev-er be, More of His meek-ness,
 2. More like the Mas-ter is my dai-ly prayer; More strength to car-ry
 3. More like the Mas-ter I would live and grow; More of His love to

more hu-mil-i-ty; More zeal to la-bor, more cour-age to be true,
 cross-es I must bear; More ear-nest ef-fort to bring His kingdom in;
 oth-ers I would show; More self-de-ni-al, like His in Gal-i-lee,

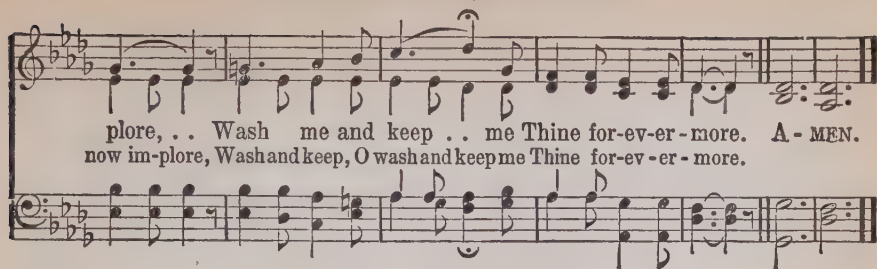
rit. CHORUS.

More con-se-cra-tion for work He bids me do. Take Thou my
 More of His Spir-it, the wan-der-er to win.
 More like the Mas-ter I long to ev-er be. Take my heart, O

heart, . . I would be Thine a-lone; . . Take Thou my heart . . and
 take my heart, I would be Thine a-lone; Take my heart, O take my heart and

make it all Thine own; . . Purge me from sin, . . . O Lord, I now im-
 make it all Thine own; Purge Thou me from ev'ry sin, O Lord, I

More Like the Master.



plore, . . Wash me and keep . . me Thine for-ev-er-more. A - MEN.
 now im-plore, Wash and keep, O wash and keep me Thine for-ev-er-more.

175 Have Thine Own Way, Lord.

A. A. P.

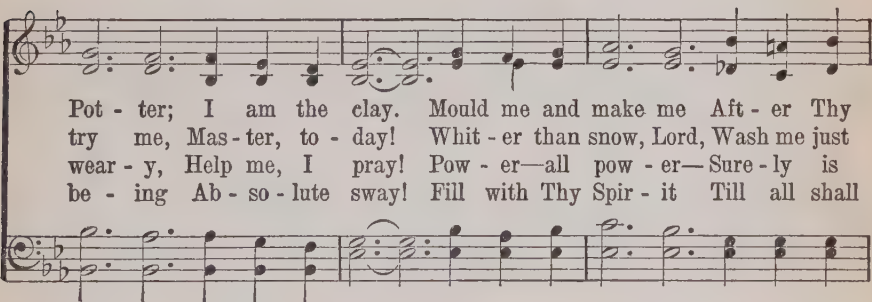
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RENEWAL.

Geo. C. Stebbins.

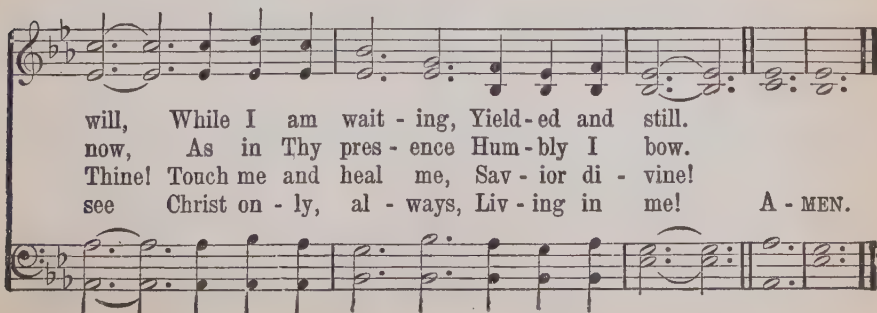
Slowly.



1. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Thou art the
 2. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Search me and
 3. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Wound-ed and
 4. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Hold o'er my



Pot - ter; I am the clay. Mould me and make me Aft - er Thy
 try me, Mas - ter, to - day! Whit - er than snow, Lord, Wash me just
 wear - y, Help me, I pray! Pow - er—all pow - er—Sure - ly is
 be - ing Ab - so - lute sway! Fill with Thy Spir - it Till all shall

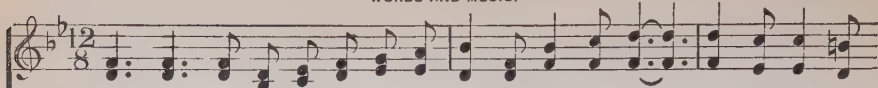


will, While I am wait - ing, Yield-ed and still.
 now, As in Thy pres - ence Hum - bly I bow.
 Thine! Touch me and heal me, Sav - ior di - vine!
 see Christ on - ly, al - ways, Liv - ing in me! A - MEN.

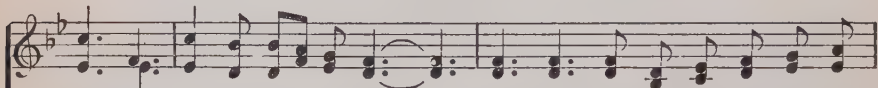
C. H. G.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

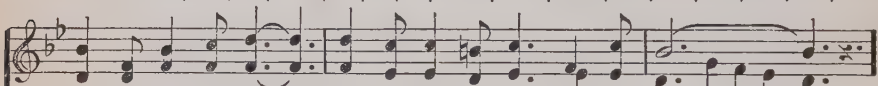
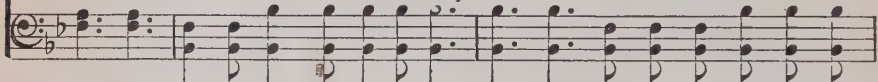
Chas. H. Gabriel.



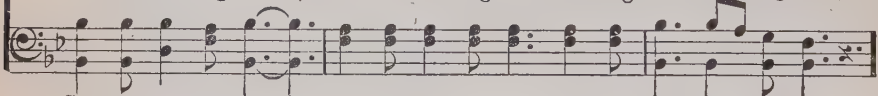
1. God is call-ing the prod-i-gal, come without de-lay, Hear, O hear Him
2. Pa-tient, lov-ing and ten-der-ly still the Fa-ther pleads, Hear, O hear Him
3. Come, there's bread in the house of thy Father, and to spare, Hear, O hear Him



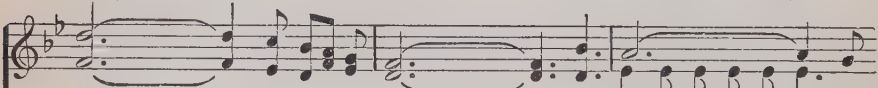
call-ing, call-ing now for thee; Tho' you've wandered so far from His
 call-ing, call-ing now for thee; Oh! re-turn while the Spir-it in
 call-ing, call-ing now for thee; Lo! the ta-ble is spread and the
 for thee;



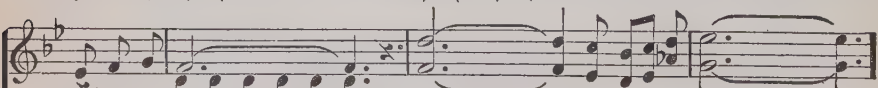
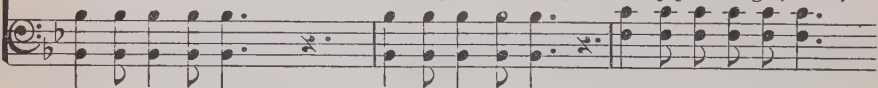
pres-ence, come to-day, Hear His lov-ing voice call-ing still.
 mer-cy in-ter-cedes, Hear His lov-ing voice call-ing still.
 feast is wait-ing there, Hear His lov-ing voice call-ing still. (call-ing still.)



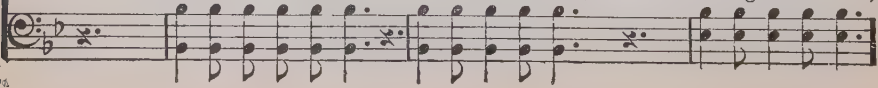
CHORUS.



Call - - - ing now for thee, O wear - - - y
 Call-ing now for thee, Call-ing now for thee, Wear-y prod-i-gal, come,



prod-i-gal, come; Call - - - ing now for thee,
 wear-y prod-i-gal, come; Call-ing now for thee, Call-ing now for thee,



Calling the Prodigal.

O wear - - - y prod-i-gal, come. . . . A - MEN.
Wear-y prod-i-gal, come, wear-y prod-i-gal, come.

177

Nearer, Still Nearer.

C. H. M.

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Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Near-er, still near-er, close to Thy heart, Draw me, my Savior, so precious Thou
2. Near-er, still near-er, noth-ing I bring, Naught as an off'ring to Je-sus my
3. Near-er, still near-er, Lord, to be Thine, Sin, with its fol-lies, I glad-ly re-
4. Near-er, still near-er, while life shall last, Till safe in glo-ry my an-chor is

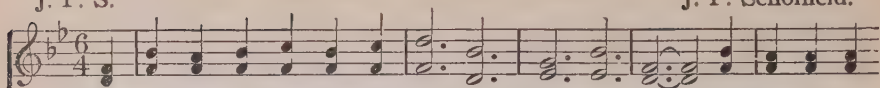
art; Fold me, O fold me close to Thy breast, Shel-ter me safe in that
King; On-ly my sin-ful, now con-trite heart, Grant me the cleansing Thy
sign; All of its pleasures, pomp and its pride, Give me but Je-sus, my
cast; Thro'end-less a-ges, ev-er to be, Near-er, my Sav-ior, still

"Ha-ven of Rest," Shel-ter me safe in that "Ha-ven of Rest."
blood doth im-part, Grant me the cleansing Thy blood doth impart.
Lord cru-ci-fied, Give me but Je-sus, my Lord cru-ci-fied.
near-er to Thee, Near-er, my Sav-ior, still near-er to Thee. A-MEN.

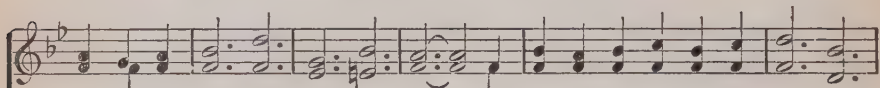
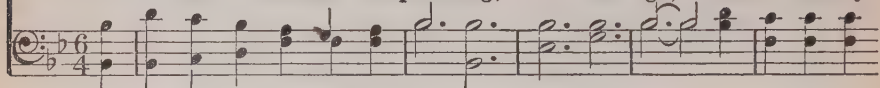
J. P. S.

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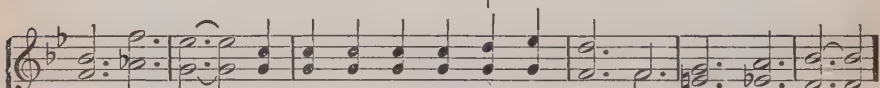
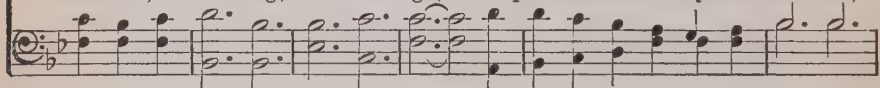
J. P. Scholfield.



1. The call comes for true, loy-al sol-diers, Who will go? To car-ry the
2. The har-vest is ripe to the fall-ing, Who will go? The Mas-ter is
3. Since Je-sus for work-ers is plead-ing,— I will go; Since Je-sus my



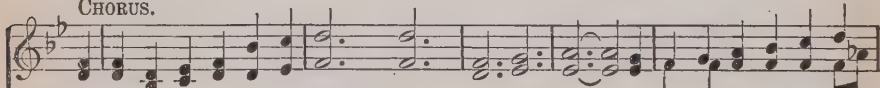
mes-sage to oth-ers, Who will go? That oth-ers may hear the glad sto-ry,
 ten-der-ly call-ing, Who will go? The moments and days are swift fly-ing,
 Mas-ter, is lead-ing, I will go; He's prom-ised to al-ways be near me,



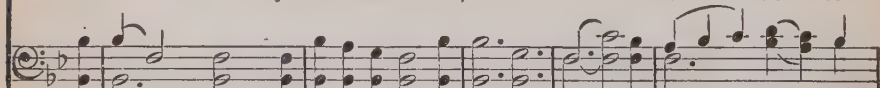
Who will go? That Je-sus may have all the glo-ry, Who will go?
 Who will go? For Christ and the gos-pel they're sigh-ing, Who will go?
 I will go! I know He will com-fort and cheer me, I will go!



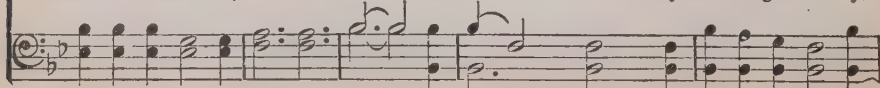
CHORUS.



Wher-ev-er my Sav-ior shall call me, I will go; No e-vil or harm can be-
 Wher-ev - - er my Sav-ior shall call me, No e - - vil or



fall me, I will go! That oth-ers may hear the glad sto-ry,
 harm can be-fall me, That oth - - ers may hear the glad sto-ry.



I Will Go.

I will go; That Je-sus may have all the glory, I will go! A-MEN.
I will sure-ly go; I will sure-ly go!

179

What Did He Do?

Dr. J. M. Gray.

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HOPE PUBLISHING CO., OWNER.

W. Owen.

1. O lis - ten to our won-drous sto - ry, Count-ed once a - mong the lost;
2. No an-gel could His place have ta-ken, High-est of the high tho' He;
3. Will you sur-ren-der to this Sav-ior? To His scep-ter hum-bly bow?

Yes, One came down from Heaven's glo-ry, Sav-ing us at aw - ful cost!
The loved One on the cross for - sa - ken Was one of the God-head three!
You, too, shall come to know His fa - vor, He will save you, save you now.

CHORUS.

Who saved us from e-ter - nal loss? What did He do?
Who but God's Son up - on the cross? He

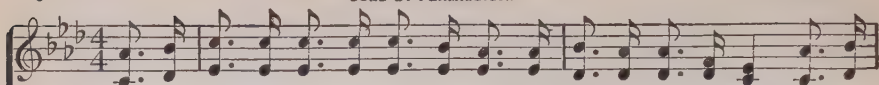
Where is He now? In Heav-en in-ter-ced - ing! A-MEN.
died for you! Be-lieve it thou, In Heav-en in-ter-ced - ing!

180 When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.

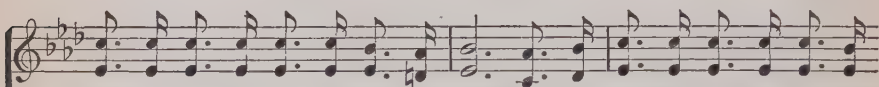
J. M. B.

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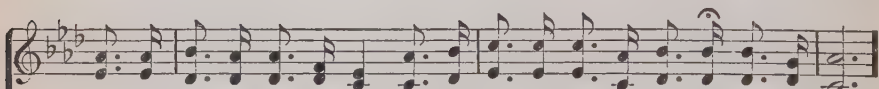
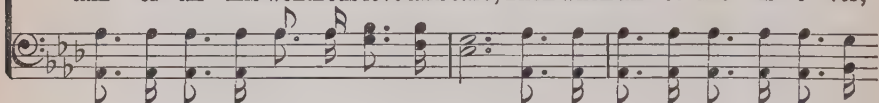
J. M. Black.



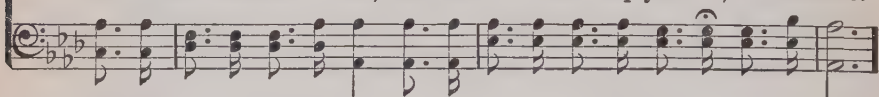
1. When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more, And the
2. On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise, And the
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set - ting sun, Let us



morning breaks, e - ter - nal, bright and fair; When the saved of earth shall gather
glo - ry of His res - ur - rec - tion share; When His cho - sen ones shall gather
talk of all His wondrous love and care; Then when all of life is o - ver,



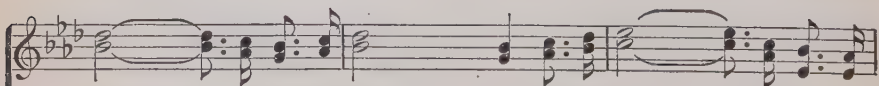
o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.
to their home beyond the skies, And the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.
and our work on earth is done, And the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.



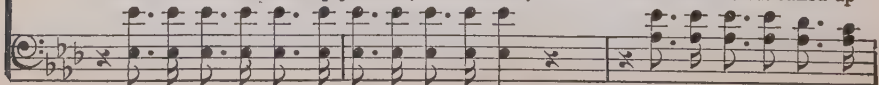
CHORUS.



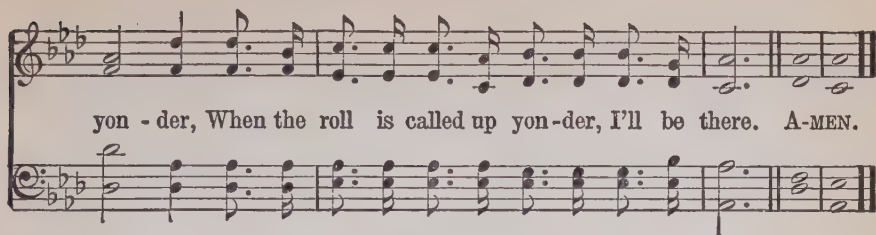
When the roll is called up yon - - - - der, When the
When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there,



roll is called up yon - - - - der, When the roll is called up
When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up



When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.



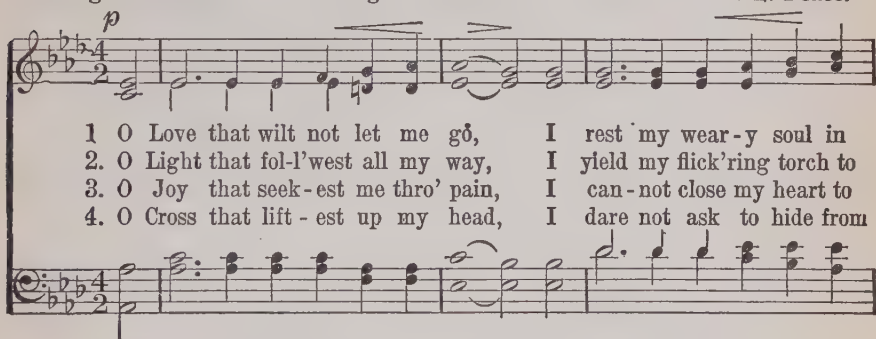
yon - der, When the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there. A-MEN.

181 O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.

George Matheson.

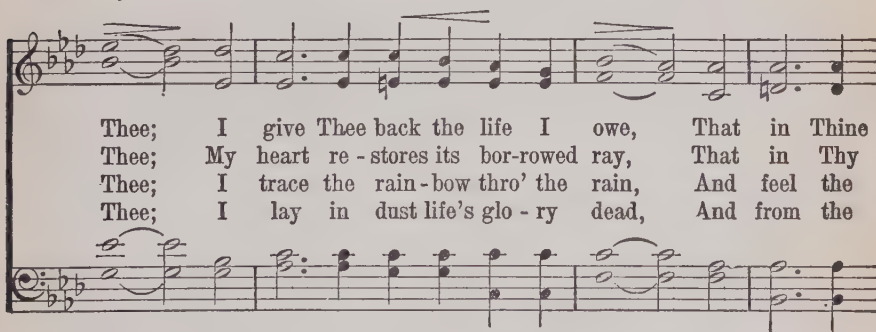
Margaret. 8. 8. 8. 8. 6.

A. L. Peace.

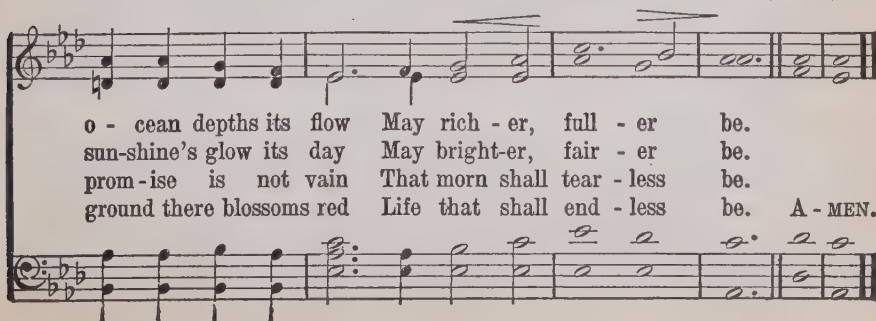


p

1 O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my wear-y soul in
 2 O Light that fol-l'west all my way, I yield my flick'ring torch to
 3 O Joy that seek-est me thro' pain, I can-not close my heart to
 4 O Cross that lift-est up my head, I dare not ask to hide from



Thee; I give Thee back the life I owe, That in Thine
 Thee; My heart re-stores its bor-rowed ray, That in Thy
 Thee; I trace the rain-bow thro' the rain, And feel the
 Thee; I lay in dust life's glo-ry dead, And from the



o - cean depths its flow May rich - er, full - er be.
 sun-shine's glow its day May bright-er, fair - er be.
 prom-ise is not vain That morn shall tear - less be.
 ground there blossoms red Life that shall end - less be. A - MEN.

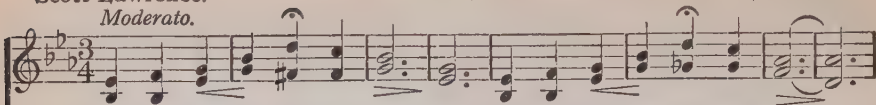
182 What Would Life Be Without Jesus?

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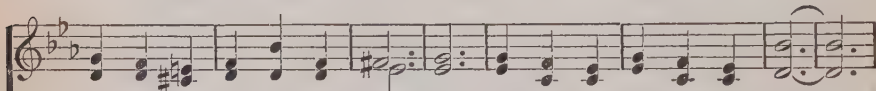
Scott Lawrence.

Mrs. Scott Lawrence.

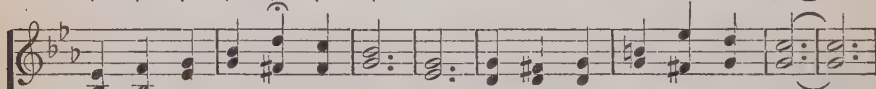
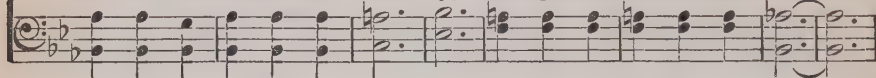
Moderato.



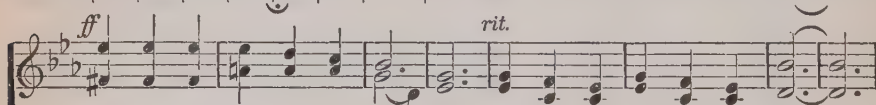
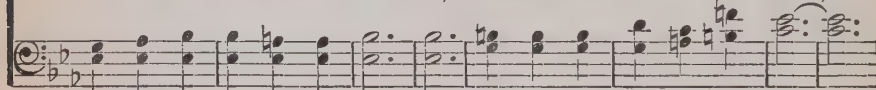
1. What would life be with-out Je - sus? How could I bat - tle each day?
2. What would life be with-out Je - sus? How could I vic - to - ry win?
3. What would life be with-out Je - sus? Aft - er life's bat - tle is fought,



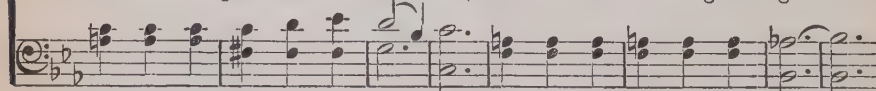
No one to mas - ter the tempt - er, No strength to drive him a - way;
Fighting the good fight with-out Him, Strength would be weakened by sin;
Rich - es and fame are but earth - ly, Self-righteousness counts for naught;



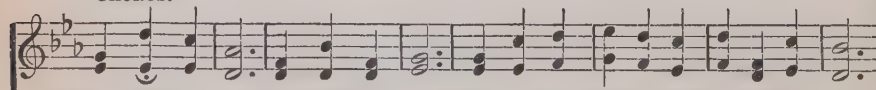
No one to bright-en my path-way, Speak words of com-fort and cheer;
Grop-ing a - long in the dark-ness, No guid-ing hand at my call,
With-out the bless-ed Re-deem - er, Life then would all be in vain,



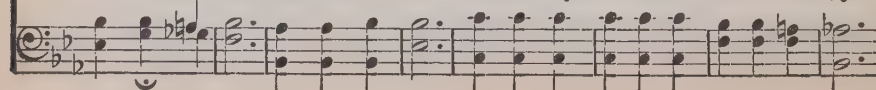
Ev - er His pres-ence is near me, Driv-ing a - way ev-'ry fear.
On - ly with Je - sus I con-quer, No dan-ger then can be - fall.
Je - sus has prom-ised His faith - ful, To earth He's com-ing a - gain.



CHORUS.



What would life be, what would life be With-out my Sav-ior thro' e - ter - ni - ty?



What Would Life Be Without Jesus?

No one to care my burdens to share, What would life be without Je - sus? *rit.*

183 'Tis So Sweet to Trust In Jesus.

Louisa M. R. Stead. COPYRIGHT, 1892 AND 1910, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.
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1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take Him at His Word;
 2. O how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust His cleans-ing blood;
 3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
 4. I'm so glad I learned to trust Thee, Pre-cious Je - sus, Sav - ior, Friend;

Just to rest up - on His prom-ise; Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."
 Just in sim - ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the heal - ing, cleans-ing flood!
 Just from Je - sus sim - ply tak - ing Life and rest, and joy and peace.
 And I know that Thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.

CHORUS.

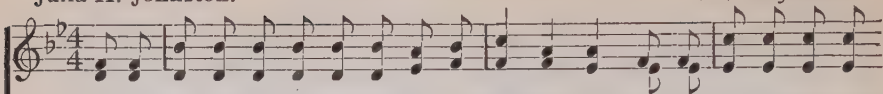
Je - sus, Je - sus, how I trust Him! How I've proved Him o'er and o'er!

Je - sus, Je - sus, pre - cious Je - sus! O for grace to trust Him more!

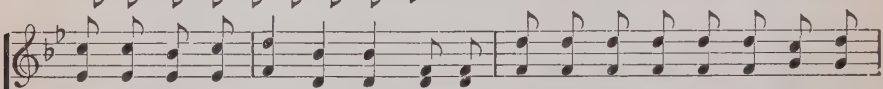
Julia H. Johnston.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY I. E. REYNOLDS.

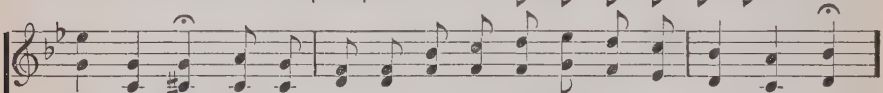
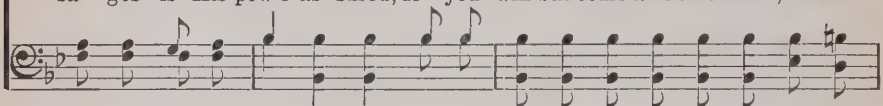
I. E. Reynolds.



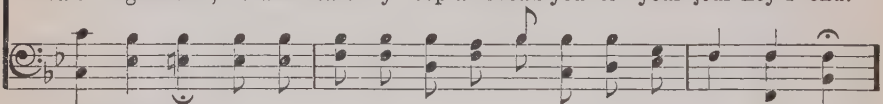
1. Will you take the heav'nly pathway where the light shines clear? Will you go with us as
2. Will you leave the highways where deceitful joys al-lure? Will you fol-low Him who
3. Thro' the long un-count-ed a-ges has His love endured! By the prophets, priests and



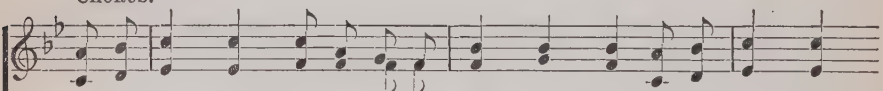
pil-grims and as stran-gers here? Je-sus Christ our glo-rious Lead-er has a
will e-ter-nal peace se-cure? Come, O come be-fore the shad-ows and the
sa-ges is His pow'r as-sured; If you will but come and trust Him, this un-



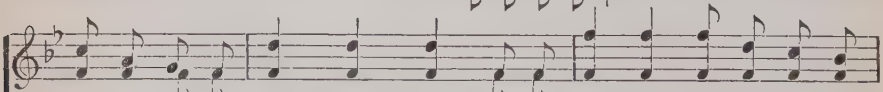
place for you, And a-long the pil-grim path-way there is work to do.
night dews fall; In this day of vis-i-ta-tion hear the Sav-ior call.
-fail-ing Friend, He will safe-ly keep and lead you to your jour-ney's end.



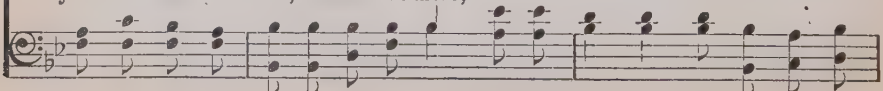
CHORUS.



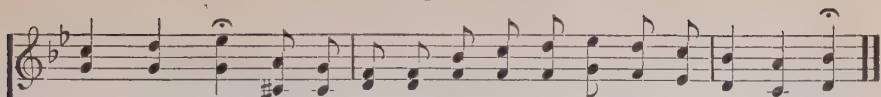
Will you jour-ney with us to the gold-en shore? Sin and sor-row
Jour-ney with us, jour-ney with us to the gold-en shore, Sin and sor-row



yon-der shall be known no more; Hear the old, old sto-ry of a
yon-der shall be known, be known no more;



Will You Go?



Sav - ior's love, Come, O come and jour - ney with us to His home a - bove.
bless-ed Savior's love,



185

Your Lord Wants All.

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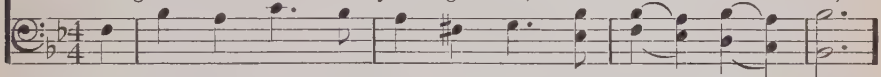
I. E. R.

I. E. Reynolds.

Full Harmony.



1. Have you sur - ren - dered all to Him? Your Lord wants all;
2. He wants the tal - ents you pos - sess, Your Lord wants all;
3. He gave Him - self that you might live, Your Lord wants all;



Full Harmony.



He wants your life, your serv - ice too, Your Lord wants all.
He wants your wealth, your land and gold, Your Lord wants all.
A man - sion waits for you a - bove, Your Lord wants all.



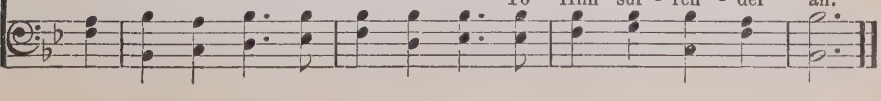
CHORUS.



Your Lord wants all, Your Lord wants all;
To Him sur - ren - der all, To Him sur - ren - der all;



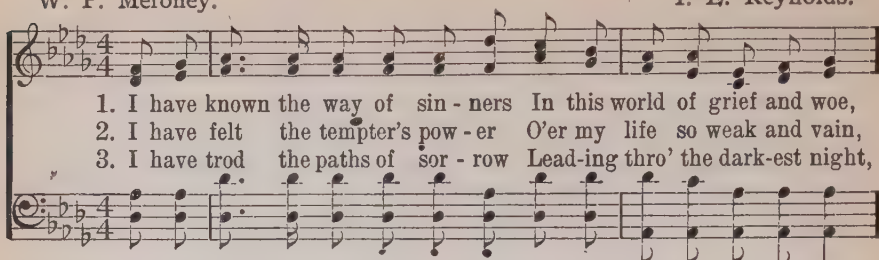
Sub - mit your life, your all to Him, Your Lord wants all.
To Him sur - ren - der all.



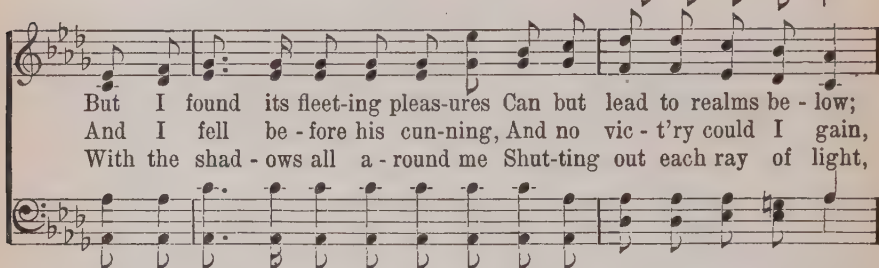
W. P. Meroney.

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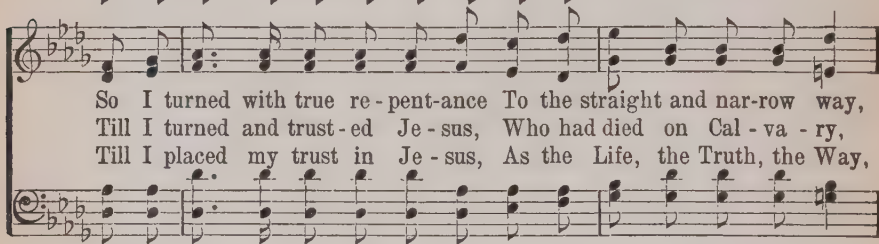
I. E. Reynolds.



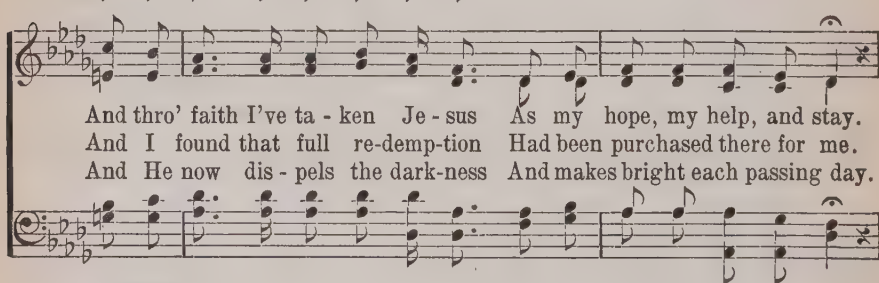
1. I have known the way of sin - ners In this world of grief and woe,
 2. I have felt the tempter's pow - er O'er my life so weak and vain,
 3. I have trod the paths of sor - row Lead-ing thro' the dark-est night,



But I found its fleet-ing pleas-ures Can but lead to realms be - low;
 And I fell be - fore his cun-ning, And no vic - t'ry could I gain,
 With the shad - ows all a - round me Shut-ting out each ray of light,

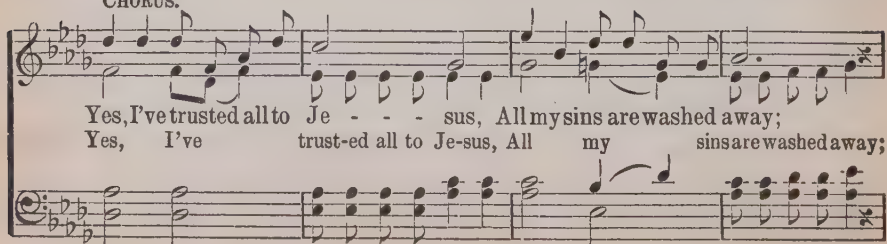


So I turned with true re - pent-ance To the straight and nar-row way,
 Till I turned and trust-ed Je - sus, Who had died on Cal - va - ry,
 Till I placed my trust in Je - sus, As the Life, the Truth, the Way,



And thro' faith I've ta - ken Je - sus As my hope, my help, and stay.
 And I found that full re-demp-tion Had been purchased there for me.
 And He now dis - pels the dark-ness And makes bright each passing day.

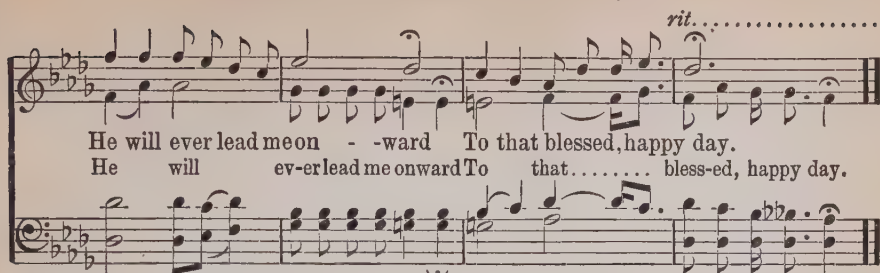
CHORUS.



Yes, I've trusted all to Je - - - sus, All my sins are washed away;
 Yes, I've trust-ed all to Je-sus, All my sins are washed away;

I Have Trusted All to Jesus.

rit......



He will ever lead me on - ward To that blessed, happy day.
He will ev-er lead me onward To that..... bless-ed, happy day.

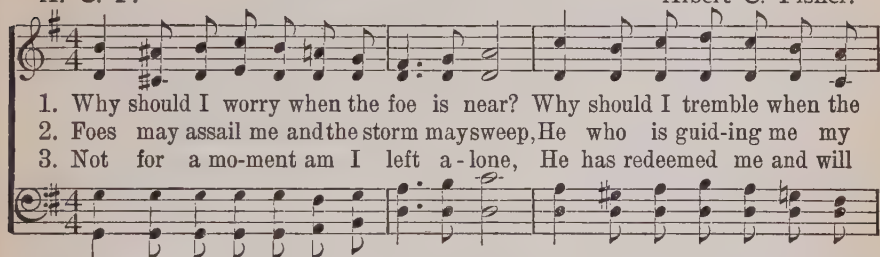
187

Jesus Is My friend.

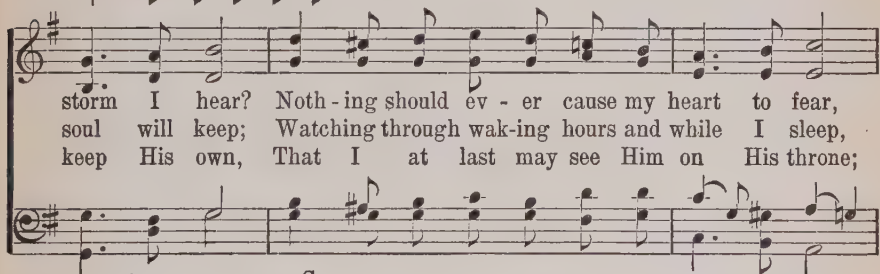
A. C. F.

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Albert C. Fisher.



1. Why should I worry when the foe is near? Why should I tremble when the
2. Foes may assail me and the storm may sweep, He who is guid-ing me my
3. Not for a mo-ment am I left a-lone, He has redeemed me and will

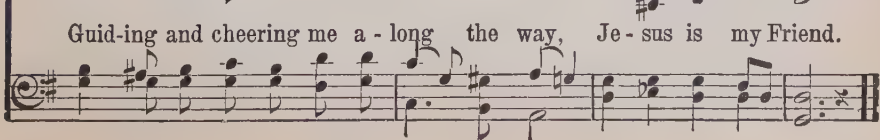


storm I hear? Noth-ing should ev - er cause my heart to fear,
soul will keep; Watching through wak-ing hours and while I sleep,
keep His own, That I at last may see Him on His throne;

CHORUS.



Je-sus is my Friend. Precious Friend, faithful Friend! I can on Him depend;

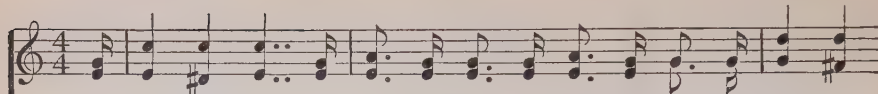


Guid-ing and cheering me a-long the way, Je-sus is my Friend.

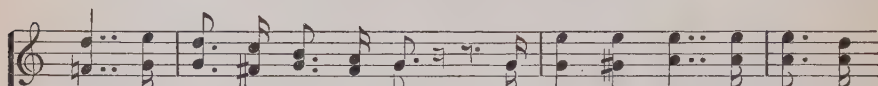
C. H. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

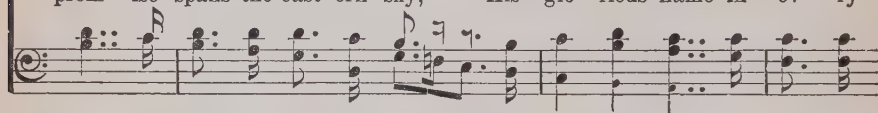
Mrs. C. H. Morris.



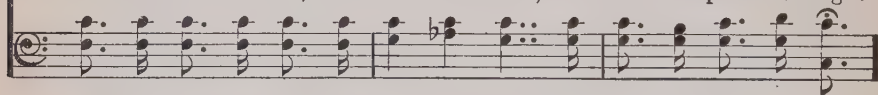
1. The fight is on, the trump-et sound is ring-ing out, The cry "To
 2. The fight is on, a - rouse, ye sol-diers brave and true! Je - ho - vah
 3. The Lord is lead-ing on to cer-tain vic - to - ry; The bow of



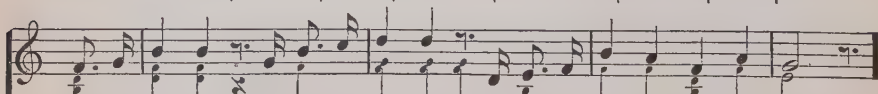
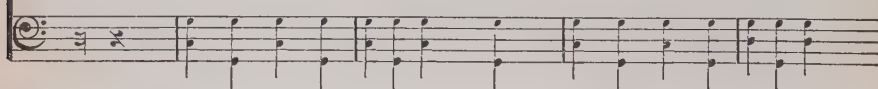
arms!" is heard a - far and near; The Lord of hosts is march-ing
 leads, and vic-t'ry will as-sure; Go, buck-le on the ar-mor
 prom - ise spans the east-ern sky; His glo - rious name in ev - 'ry



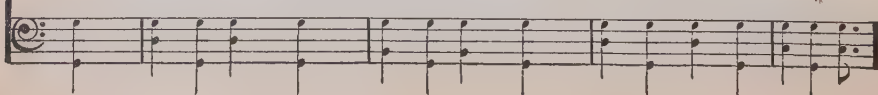
on to vic - to - ry, The tri-umph of the Christ will soon ap-pear.
 God has giv - en you, And in His strength un - to the end en-dure.
 land shall hon-ored be; The morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

The fight is on, O Chris-tian sol-dier, And face to face in stern ar - ray, With



ar-mor gleaming, and colors streaming, The right and wrong engage to-day!



The fight is On.

Harmony.

The fight is on, but be not wear-y; Be strong, and in His might hold fast; If God be
for us, His ban-ner o'er us, We'll sing the victor's song at last! A - MEN.
Vic - t'ry, Vic - t'ry,

189

More Love to Thee.

Elizabeth Prentiss.

USED BY PERMISSION.

W. H. Doane.

1. More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee! Hear Thou the
2. Once earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a-
3. Then shall my lat - est breath Whis - per Thy praise; This be the
prayer I make On bend - ed knee; This is my ear - nest plea:
lone I seek, Give what is best; This all my prayer shall be;
part - ing cry My heart shall raise; This still its prayer shall be;
More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, More love to Thee! A - MEN.

Margaret Mackay.

Rest. L. M.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. A-sleep in Je - sus! blessed sleep, From which none ev-er wakes to weep!
 2. A-sleep in Je - sus! O how sweet To be for such a slum-ber meet!
 3. A-sleep in Je - sus! peace-ful rest, Whose waking is su-preme-ly blest!
 4. A-sleep in Je - sus! O for me May such a bliss-ful ref-uge be!

A calm and un-dis-turbed repose, Un-bro-ken by the last of foes.
 With ho-ly con-fi-dence to sing, That death hath lost his venom'd sting.
 No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour That manifests the Savior's pow'r.
 Se - cure-ly shall my ash-es lie, Wait-ing the summons from on high. A - MEN.

John H. Newman.

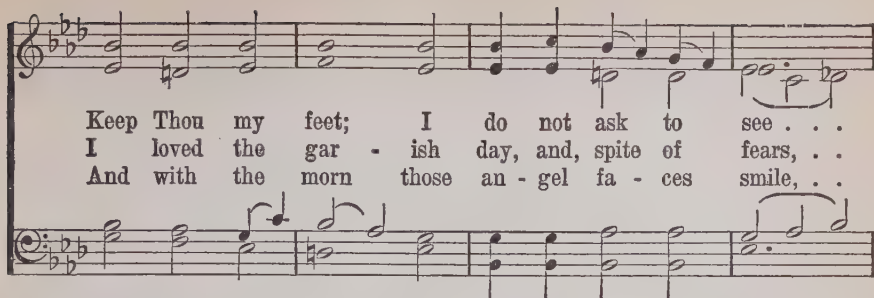
Lux Benigna. 10. 4. 10. 4. 10. 10.

John B. Dykes.

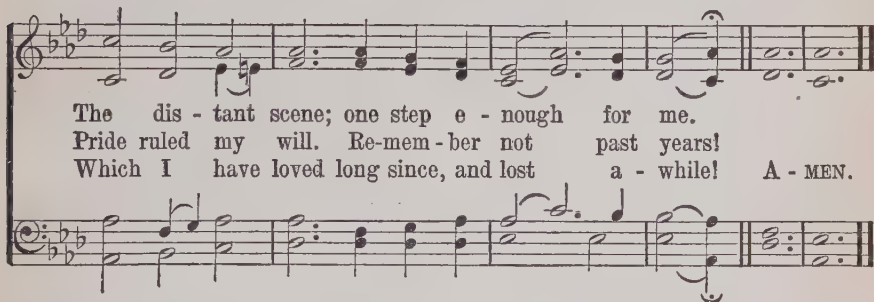
1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a-mid th' en-cir-cling gloom, Lead Thou me on!
 2. I was not ev-er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on;
 3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on

The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on!
 I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on!
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone,

Lead, Kindly Light.



Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see . . .
I loved the gar - ish day, and, spite of fears, . . .
And with the morn those an - gel fa - ces smile, . .



The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
Pride ruled my will. Re-mem - ber not past years!
Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while! A - MEN.

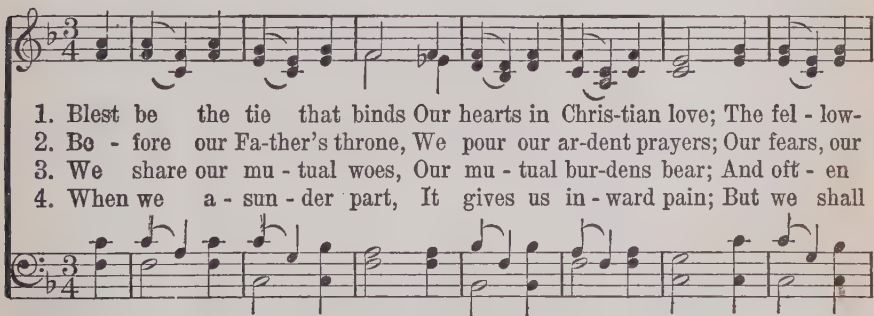
192

Blest Be the Tie.

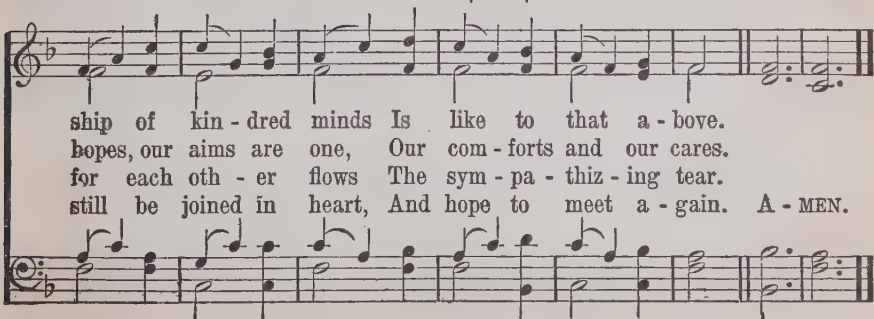
John Fawcett.

Dennis. S. M.

Hans G. Naegeli.



1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love; The fel - low-
2. Be - fore our Fa-ther's throne, We pour our ar-dent prayers; Our fears, our
3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur-dens bear; And oft - en
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain; But we shall



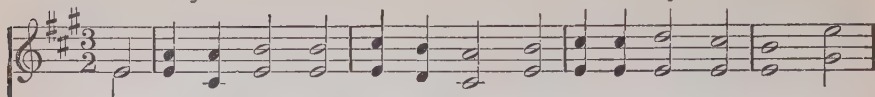
ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain. A - MEN.

Charles Wesley.

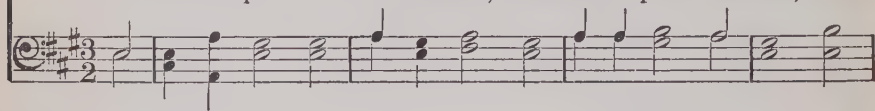
Azmon. C. M.

Carl G. Glaser.

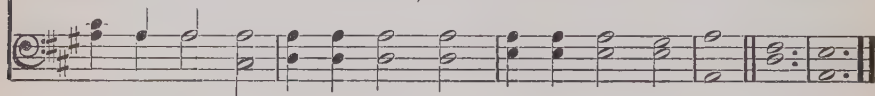
Arr. by Lowell Mason.



1. O for a thou-sand tongues to sing My great Re-deem-er's praise, The
2. My gra-cious Mas-ter and my God, As-sist me to pro-claim, To
3. Je-sus! the name that charms our fears, That bids our sor-rows cease; 'Tis
4. He breaks the pow'r of can-cel'd sin, He sets the pris-'ner free; His



glo-ries of my God and King, The tri-umphs of His grace.
 spread thro' all the earth a-broad The hon-ors of Thy name.
 mu-sic in the sin-ner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
 blood can make the foul-est clean; His blood a-vailed for me. A - MEN.

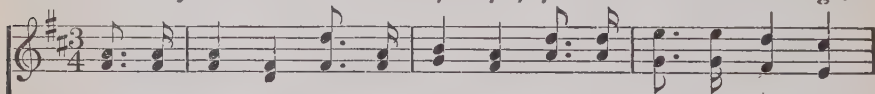


194 Zion Stands With Hills Surrounded.

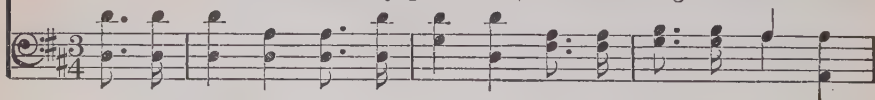
Thomas Kelly.

Zion. 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

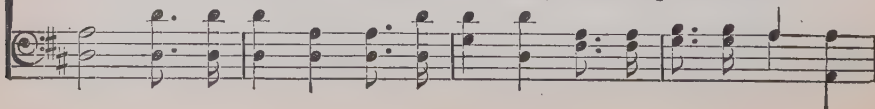
Thomas Hastings.



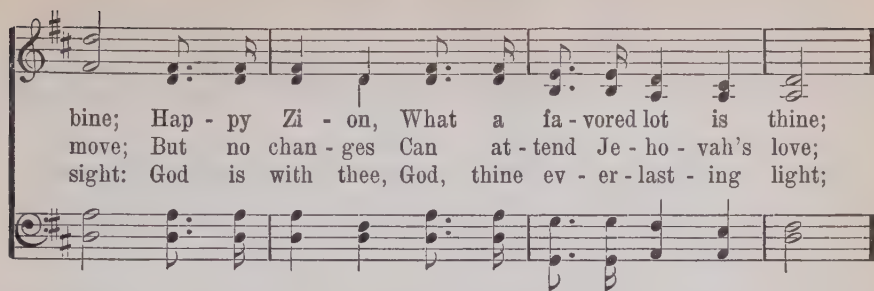
1. Zi-on stands with hills sur-round-ed, Zi-on kept by pow'r di-
2. Ev-'ry hu-man tie may per-ish; Friend to friend un-faith-ful
3. In the fur-nace God may prove thee, Thence to bring thee forth more



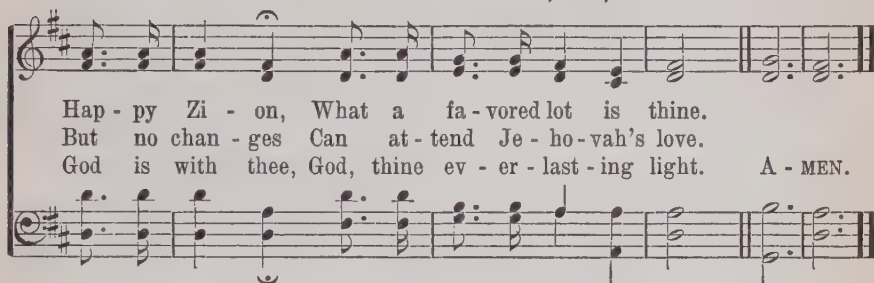
vine: All her foes shall be con-found-ed, Tho' the world in arms com-
 prove; Moth-ers cease their own to cher-ish, Heav'n and earth at last re-
 bright, But can nev-er cease to love thee; Thou art pre-cious in His



Zion Stands With Hills Surrounded.



bine; Hap - py Zi - on, What a fa - vored lot is thine;
 move; But no chan - ges Can at - tend Je - ho - vah's love;
 sight: God is with thee, God, thine ev - er - last - ing light;



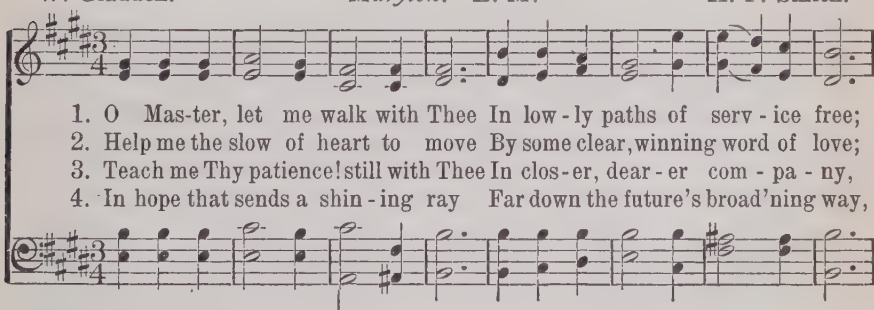
Hap - py Zi - on, What a fa - vored lot is thine.
 But no chan - ges Can at - tend Je - ho - vah's love.
 God is with thee, God, thine ev - er - last - ing light. A - MEN.

195 O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee.

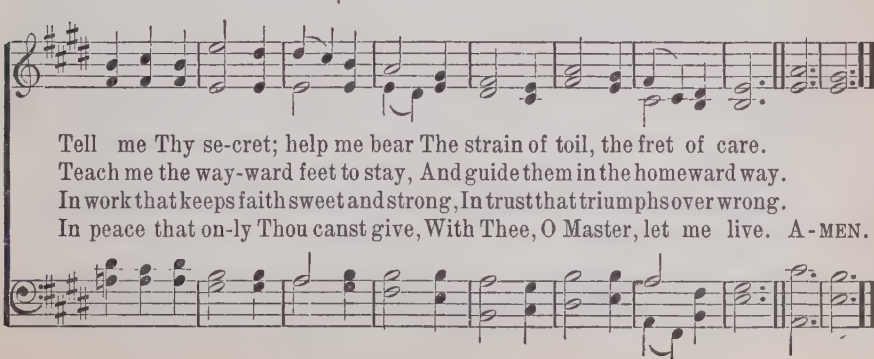
W. Gladden.

Maryton. L. M.

H. P. Smith.



1. O Mas - ter, let me walk with Thee In low - ly paths of serv - ice free;
 2. Help me the slow of heart to move By some clear, winning word of love;
 3. Teach me Thy patience! still with Thee In clos - er, dear - er com - pa - ny,
 4. In hope that sends a shin - ing ray Far down the future's broad'ning way,

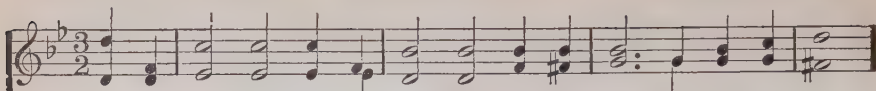


Tell me Thy se - cret; help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care.
 Teach me the way - ward feet to stay, And guide them in the homeward way.
 In work that keeps faith sweet and strong, In trust that triumphs over wrong.
 In peace that on - ly Thou canst give, With Thee, O Master, let me live. A - MEN.

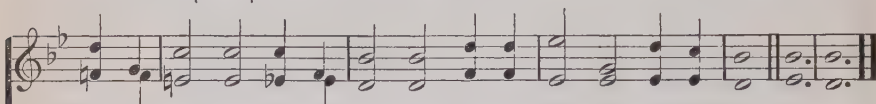
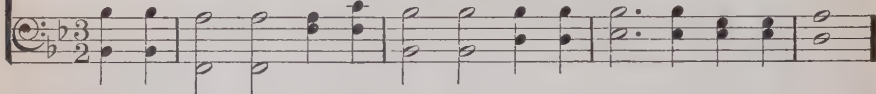
Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander.

Galilee. 8. 7. 8. 7.

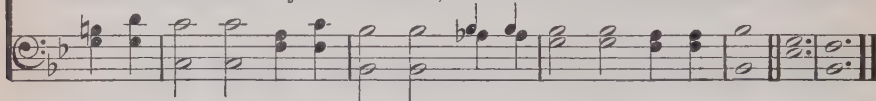
William H. Jude.



1. Je - sus calls us; o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, rest-less sea,
 2. Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship Of the vain world's golden store,
 3. In our joys and in our sor - rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,
 4. Je - sus calls us: by Thy mer - cies, Sav - ior, may we hear Thy call,



- Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Saying, "Christian, fol-low Me."
 From each i - dol that would keep us, Saying, "Christian, love Me more."
 Still He calls, in cares and pleasures, "Christian, love Me more than these."
 Give our hearts to Thy o - be-dience, Serve and love Thee best of all. A - MEN.



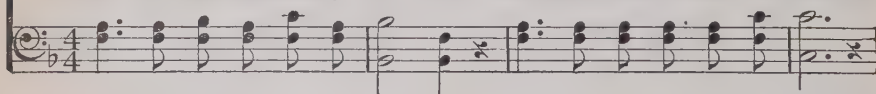
Joseph Scriven.

Converse. 8s. 7s. D.

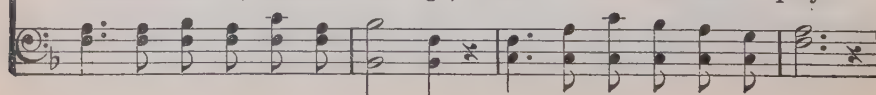
Charles C. Converse.



1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
 2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there troub - le an - y - where?
 3. Are we weak and heav - y - la - den, Cum - bered with a load of care?—



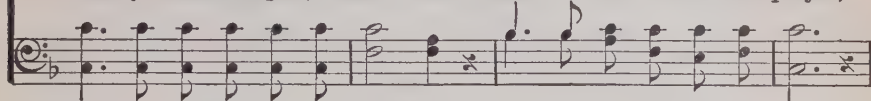
- What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in prayer!
 We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Pre - cious Sav - ior, still our ref - uge, — Take it to the Lord in prayer.



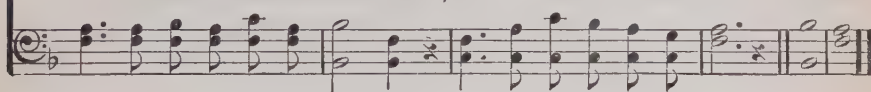
What a friend.



O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what need-less pain we bear,
Can we find a friend so faith - ful Who will all our sor-rows share?
Do thy friends de-spise, for-sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;



All be-cause we do not car - ry Ev-'ry-thing to God in prayer!
Je - sus knows our ev-'ry weak-ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol-ace there. A - MEN.



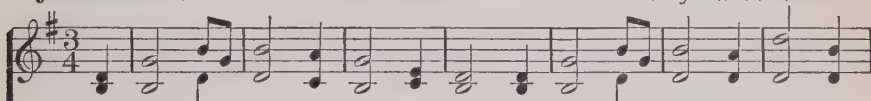
198

Amazing Grace.

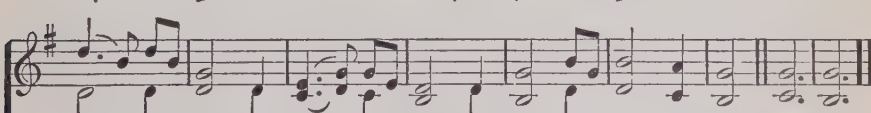
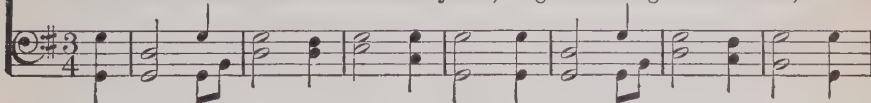
John Newton.

McIntosh. C. M.

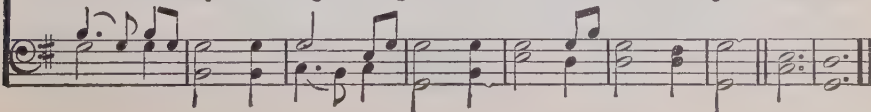
Arr. by E. O. Excell.



1. A - maz - ing grace! how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me! I
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re-lieved; How
3. Thro' man-y dan-gers, toils and snares, I have al - read - y come; 'Tis
4. When we've been there ten thousand years, Bright shin-ing as the sun, We've



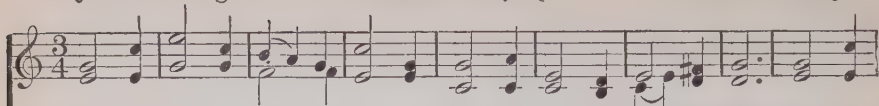
once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.
pre - cious did that grace ap - pear The hour I first be-lieved!
grace hath bro't me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
no less days to sing God's praise Than when we first be - gun. A - MEN.



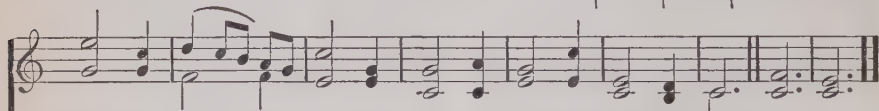
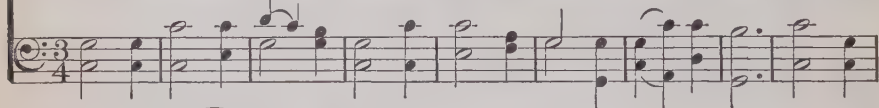
Sir John Bowring.

Rathbun. 8s. 7s.

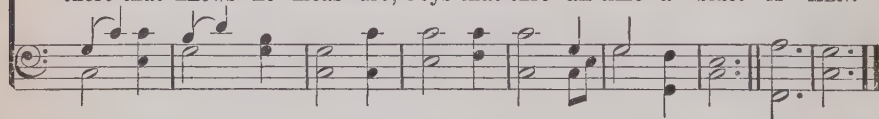
Ithamar Conkey.



1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'r-ing o'er the wrecks of time; All the
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes deceive, and fears an-noy, Nev-er
3. When the sun of bliss is beaming Light and love up-on my way, From the
4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc-ti-fied; Peace is



light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath-ers round its head sub-lime.
 shall the cross for-sake me: Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
 cross the ra - diance streaming Adds more lus-ter to the day.
 there that knows no meas-ure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide. A - MEN.

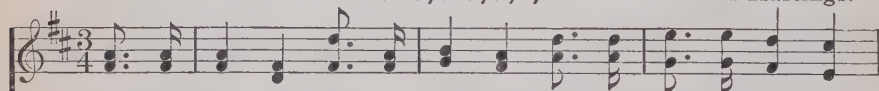


200 Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

William Williams.

Zion. 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

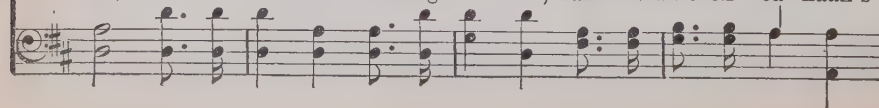
Thomas Hastings.



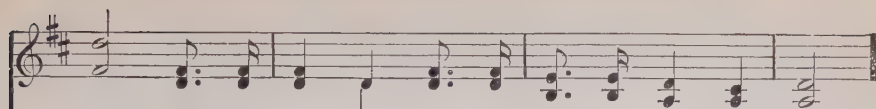
1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil-grim thro' this bar-ren
2. O - pen now the crys-tal foun-tain Whence the heal-ing wa-ters
3. When I tread the verge of Jor-dan, Bid my anx-ious fears sub-



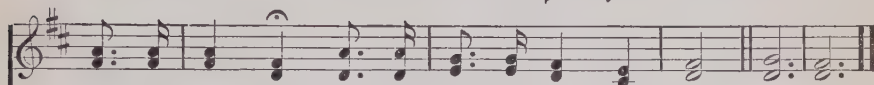
land; I am weak, but Thou art might-y, Hold me with Thy pow'r-ful
 flow; Let the fi - ery, cloud - y pil - lar Lead me all my jour-ney
 side; Bear me thro' the swell-ing cur-rent, Land me safe on Ca-naan's



Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.



hand: Bread of Heav - en, Feed me till I want no more;
thro': Strong De - liv - 'rer, Be Thou still my Strength and Shield;
side: Songs of prais - es I will ev - er give to Thee;



Bread of Heav - en, Feed me till I want no more.
Strong De - liv - 'rer, Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.
Songs of prais - es I will ev - er give to Thee. A - MEN.



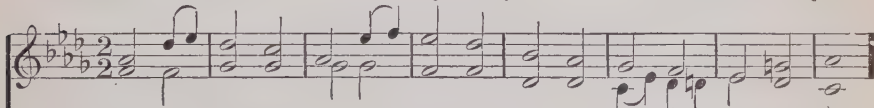
201

There's a Wideness.

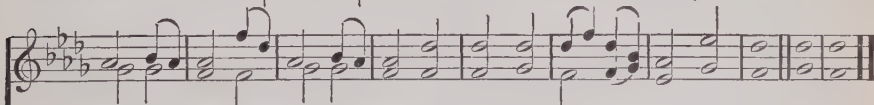
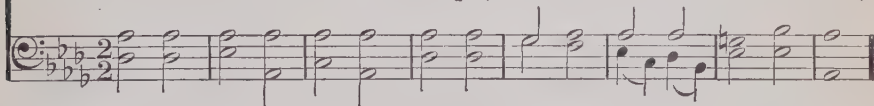
Frederick W. Faber.

Wellesley. 8s. 7s.

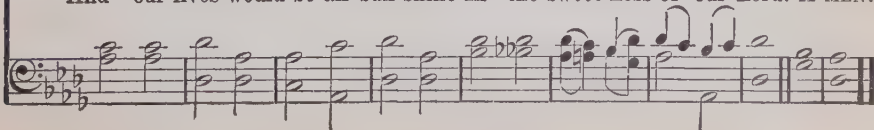
Lizzie S. Tourjée.



1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea;
2. There is wel-come for the sin-ner, And more gra-cies for the good;
3. For the love of God is broad-er Than the meas-ure of man's mind;
4. If our love were but more sim-ple, We should take Him at His word,



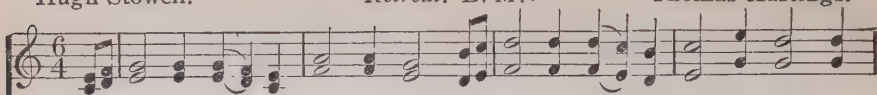
There's a kind-ness in His jus-tice, Which is more than lib-er - ty.
There is mer-cy with the Sav-ior; There is heal-ing in His blood.
And the heart of the E - ter - nal Is most won-der - ful - ly kind.
And our lives would be all sun-shine In the sweet-ness of our Lord. A-MEN.



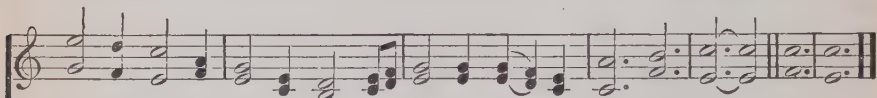
Hugh Stowell.

Retreat. L. M.

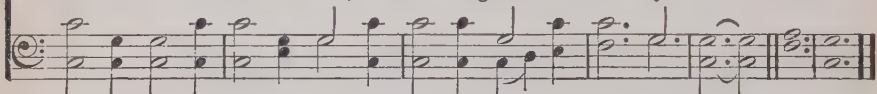
Thomas Hastings.



1. From ev-'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev-'ry swell-ing tide of woes, There
2. There is a place where Je-sus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads; A
3. There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend; Tho'
4. Ah! whith-er could we flee for aid, When tempted, des-o-late, dis-mayed; Or



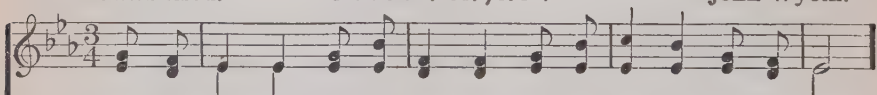
is a calm, a sure re-treat: 'Tis found beneath the mer-cy - seat.
 place than all besides more sweet: It is the blood-bo't mer-cy - seat.
 sundered far, by faith they meet Around one common mer-cy - seat.
 how the hosts of hell de-feat, Had suff'ring saints no mer-cy - seat? A - MEN.



Robert Robinson.

Nettleton. 8s. 7s. D.

John Wyeth.



1. Come, Thou Fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
2. Here I raise mine Eb-en-e-zer; Hith-er by Thy help I'm come;
3. O to grace how great a debt-or Dai-ly I'm constrained to be!



Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise.
 And I hope, by Thy good pleas-ure, Safe-ly to ar-rive at home.
 Let Thy good-ness, like a fet-ter, Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee:



Come, Thou fount.



Teach me some mel - o - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;
Je - sus sought me when a stran - ger, Wand'ring from the fold of God;
Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love;



Praise the mount—I'm fixed up-on it—Mount of Thy re-deem-ing love.
He, to res - cue me from dan - ger, In - ter - posed His precious blood.
Here's my heart, O take and seal it; Seal it for Thy courts a - bove. A - MEN.

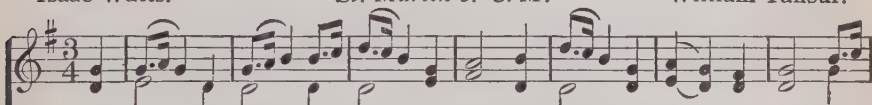


204 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove.

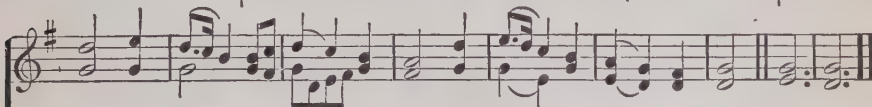
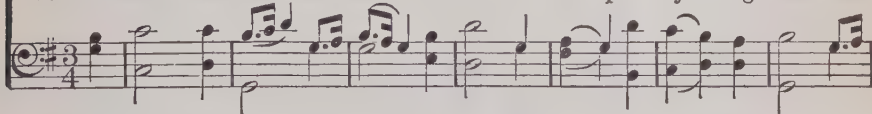
Isaac Watts.

St. Martin's. C. M.

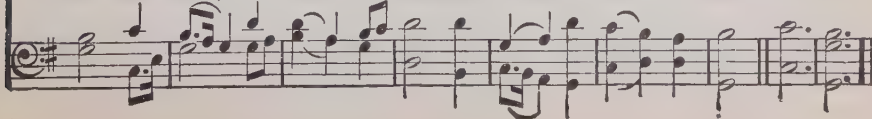
William Tansur.



1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n-ly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs; Kin-
2. Look how we grov - el here be - low, Fond of these earth - ly toys; Our
3. In vain we tune our for - mal songs, In vain we strive to rise; Ho -
4. And shall we then for - ev - er live At this poor dy - ing rate? Our



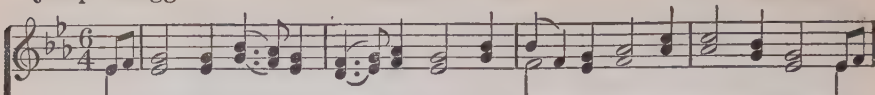
dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.
souls, how heav - i - ly they go, To reach e - ter - nal joys.
san - nas lan - guish on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies.
love so faint, so cold to Thee, And Thine to us so great! A - MEN.



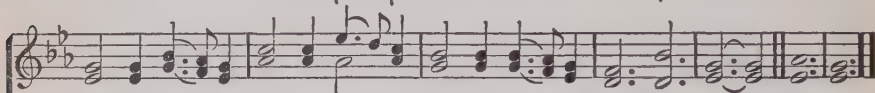
Joseph Grigg.

Woodworth. L. M.

Wm. Bradbury.



1. Je - sus! and shall it ev - er be, A mor-tal man ashamed of Thee? A-
 2. A-shamed of Je-sus! that dear Friend On whom my hopes of heav'n depend! No,
 3. A-shamed of Je - sus! yes, I may, When I've no guilt to wash a - way, No
 4. Till then—nor is my boasting vain—Till then I boast a Sav-ior slain; And,



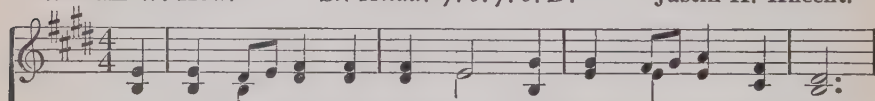
shamed of Thee, whom angels praise, Whose glories shine thro' endless days?
 when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more re-vere His name.
 tear to wipe, no good to crave, No fear to quell, no soul to save.
 oh, may this my glo - ry be, That Christ is not a-shamed of me. A-MEN.



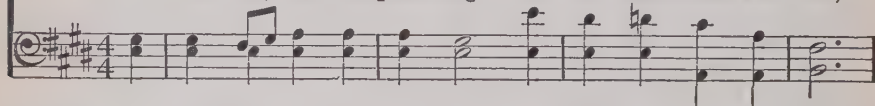
William W. How.

St. Hilda. 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

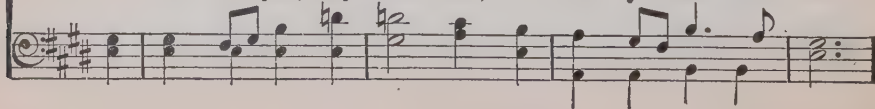
Justin H. Knecht.



1. O Je - sus, Thou art stand-ing Out - side the fast-closed door,
 2. O Je - sus, Thou art knock-ing; And lo, that hand is scarred,
 3. O Je - sus, Thou art plead-ing In ac - cents meek and low,



In low - ly pa - tience wait - ing To pass the thresh-old o'er:
 And thorns Thy brow en - cir - cle, And tears Thy face have marred:
 "I died for you, My chil-dren, And will ye treat Me so?"



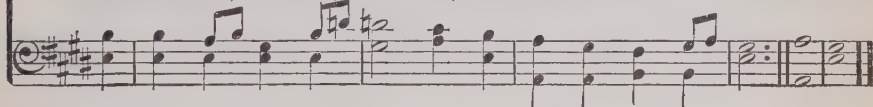
O Jesus, Thou Art Standing.



Shame on us, Chris-tian broth - ers, His name and sign who bear,
O love that pass-eth knowl - edge, So pa - tient-ly to wait!
O Lord, with shame and sor - row We o - pen now the door;



O shame, thrice shame up - on us, To keep Him stand-ing there!
O sin that hath no e - quat, So fast to bar the gate!
Dear Sav - ior, en - ter, en - ter, And leave us nev - er - more. A-MEN.

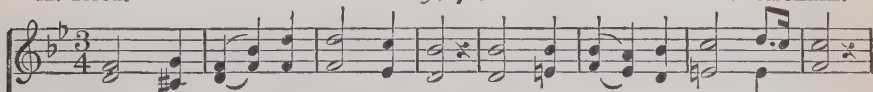


207 Holy Ghost, With Light Divine.

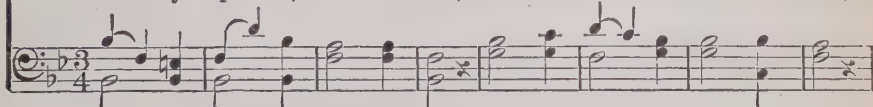
A. Reed.

Mercy. 7s.

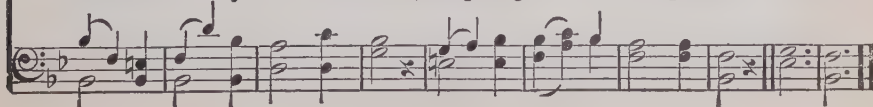
Gottschalk.



1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light di-vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;
2. Ho - ly Ghost, with pow'r di-vine, Cleanse this guilt - y heart of mine;
3. Ho - ly Ghost, with joy di-vine, Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
4. Ho - ly Spir - it, all di-vine, Dwell with-in this heart of mine;



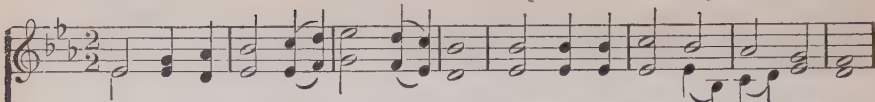
Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark-ness in - to day.
Long hath sin with-out con-trol, Held do-min-ion o'er my soul.
Bid my man-y woes de - part, Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.
Cast down ev - 'ry i - dol-throne, Reign supreme—and reign alone. A - MEN.



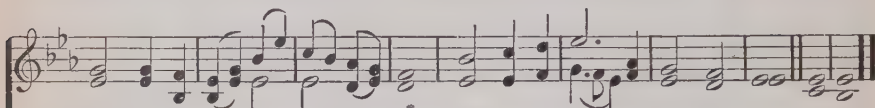
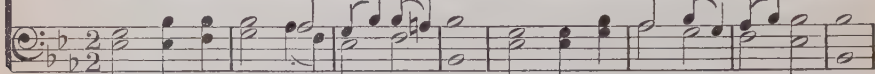
Isaac Watts.

Duke Street. L. M.

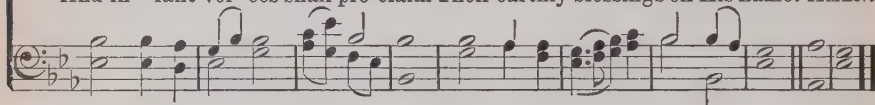
John Hatton.



1. Je - sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does his suc-cess-ive jour-neys run;
2. From north to south the prin-ces meet To pay their hom-age at His feet;
3. To Him shall end-less prayer be made, And end-less prais-es crown His head;
4. Peo-ple and realms of ev-'ry tongue Dwell on His love with sweet-est song,



His kingdom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
 While western empires own their Lord, And savage tribes attend His word.
 His name like sweet perfume shall rise With ev-'ry morn-ing sac-ri - fice.
 And in - fant voi - ces shall pro-claim Their earthly blessings on His name. AMEN.



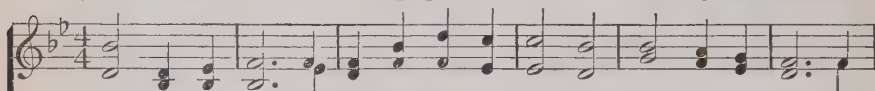
209

O Zion, Haste.

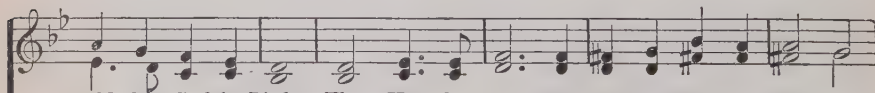
Mary A. Thomson.

Tidings. P. M.

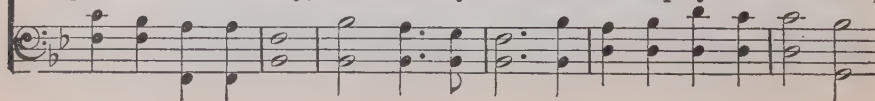
James Walch.



1. O Zi-on, haste, thy mis-sion high ful-fill-ing, To tell to all the
2. Be-hold how man-y thou-sands still are ly-ing, Bound in the dark-some
3. Pro-claim to ev-'ry peo-ple, tongue and na-tion That God in Whom they
4. Give of thy sons to bear the mes-sage glo-rious; Give of thy wealth to

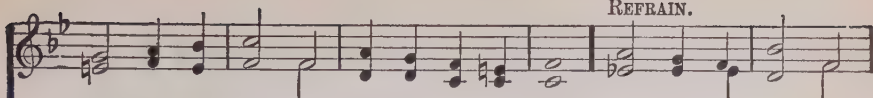


world that God is Light; That He who made all na-tions is not will-ing
 pris-on-house of sin, With none to tell them of the Sav-ior's dy-ing,
 live and move is love: Tell how He stooped to save His lost cre-a-tion,
 speed them on their way; Pour out thy soul for them in prayer vic-to-rious;



O Zion, Haste.

REFRAIN.



One soul should per-ish, lost in shades of night.
Or of the life He died for them to win. Pub-lish glad ti-dings,
And died on earth that man might live a-bove.
And all thou spend-est Je-sus will re-pay.



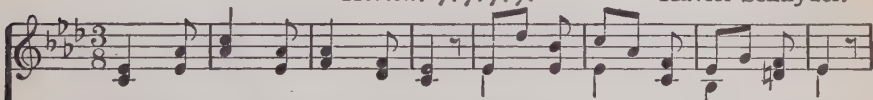
Ti-dings of peace; Ti-dings of Je-sus, Re-demp-tion and re-lease. A-MEN.



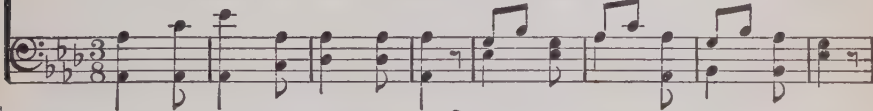
210 Come, Said Jesus' Sacred Voice.

Horton. 7. 7. 7. 7.

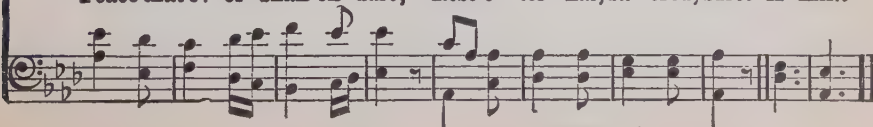
Xavier Schnyder.



1. Come, said Je - sus' sa - cred voice, Come, and make My path your choice;
2. Thou who, house-less, sole, for-lorn, Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
3. Ye who, tossed on beds of pain, Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
4. Hith - er come, for here is found Balm that flows for ev - 'ry wound,



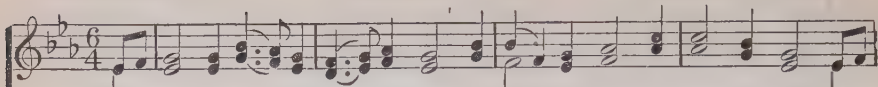
I will guide you to your home; Wea-ry pilgrim, hith-er come.
Long hast roamed the barren waste, Wea-ry pilgrim, hith-er haste.
Ye, by fierc-er an-guish torn, In re-morse for guilt who mourn;
Peace that ev-er shall en-dure, Rest e - ter - nal, sa - cred, sure. A-MEN.



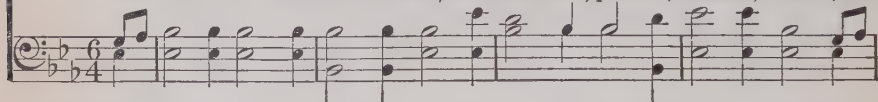
Charlotte Elliott.

Woodworth. L. M.

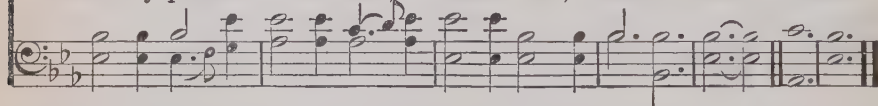
William B. Bradbury.



1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me, And
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To
3. Just as I am, tho' tossed about With many a conflict, many a doubt, Fight-
4. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, healing of the mind, Yea,
5. Just as I am—Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve; Be-



that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 ings and fears with-in, with-out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 all I need in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 cause Thy prom-ise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come! A - MEN.



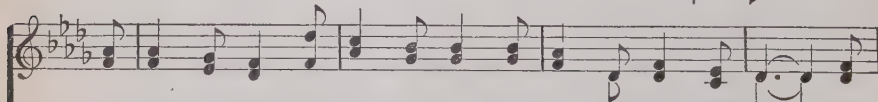
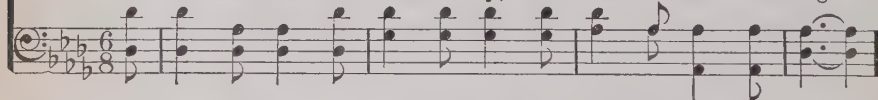
Horatius Bonar.

Jerusalem. C. M. D.

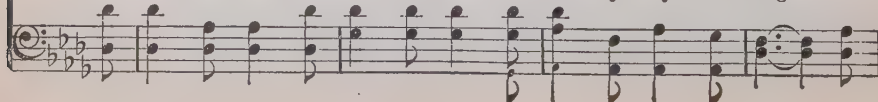
Arr. from Spohr.



1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me and rest;
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's light:



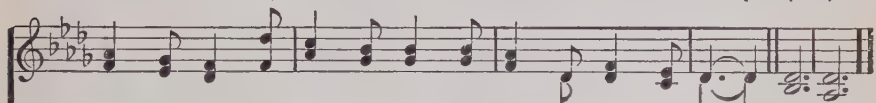
Lay down, thou wear - y one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast." I
 The liv - ing wa - ter; thirst-y one, Stoop down, and drink, and live." I
 Look un - to Me; thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright." I



I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.



came to Je - sus as I was, Wear - y, and worn, and sad; I
came to Je - sus and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream: My
looked to Je - sus and I found In Him my Star, my Sun; And



found in Him a rest - ing - place, And He has made me glad.
thirst was quenched, my soul revived, And now I live in Him.
in that light of life I'll walk Till all my jour - ney's done. A - MEN.



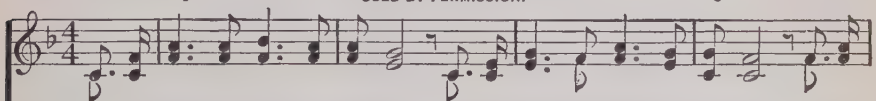
213

Where He Leads Me.

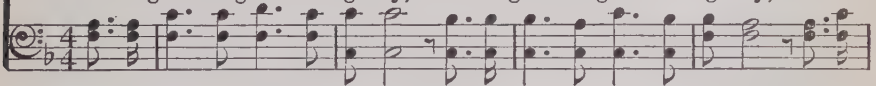
E. W. Blandly.

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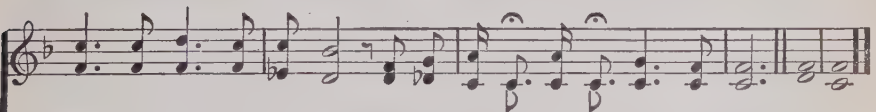
J. S. Norris.



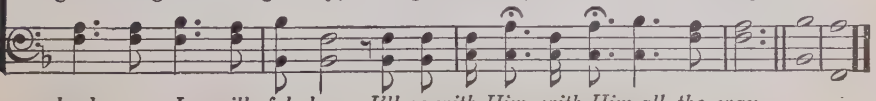
1. I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, I can
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judg - ment, I'll go with Him thro' the judg - ment, I'll go
4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will



REF.—Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He



hear my Sav - ior call - ing, "Take thy cross and fol - low, fol - low Me."
with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
with Him thro' the judg - ment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way. A - MEN.

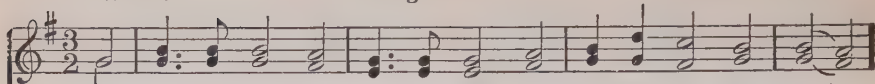


leads me I will fol - low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

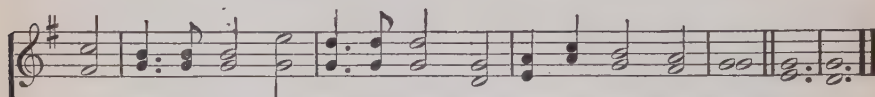
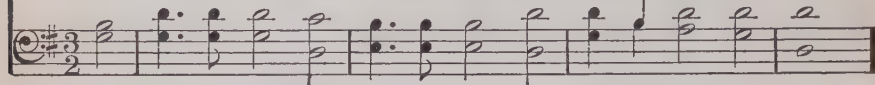
Isaac Watts.

Arlington, C. M.

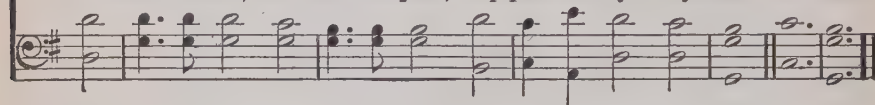
Thomas A. Arne.



1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A fol-low'r of the Lamb?
2. Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow-'ry beds of ease,
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign; In-crease my cour-age, Lord;



And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
 While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
 I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy word. A - MEN.



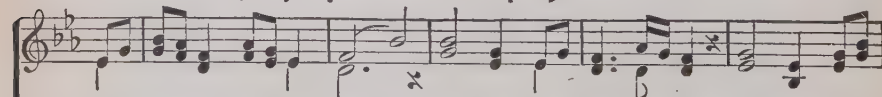
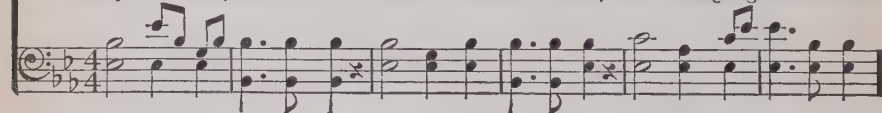
Benjamin Schmolck.

Jewett. 6. 6. 6. 6. D.

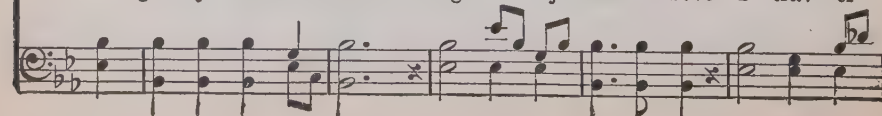
From C. M. von Weber.



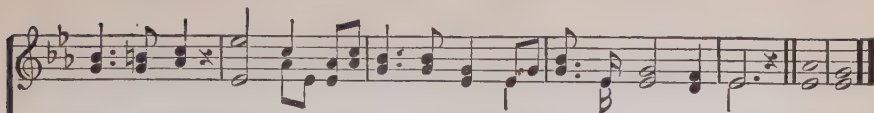
1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! O may Thy will be mine; In - to Thy hand of love
2. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! Tho'seen thro' many a tear, Let not my star of hope
3. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! All shall be well for me; Each changing future scene



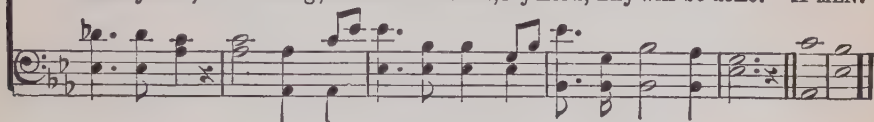
I would my all re - sign. Thro' sor - row, or thro' joy, Con-duct me
 Grow dim or dis-ap - pear. Since Thou on earth hast wept And sor - rowed
 I glad-ly trust with Thee. Straight to my home a - bove I trav - el



My Jesus, As Thou Wilt!



as Thine own; And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done.
oft a - lone, If I must weep with Thee, My Lord, Thy will be done.
calmly on, And sing, in life or death, My Lord, Thy will be done. A-MEN.



216

Abide With Me.

H. F. Lyte.

Eventide. ros.

W. H. Monk.



1. A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark-ness deep-ens;
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its
3. I need Thy pres-ence ev - 'ry pass-ing hour: What but Thy grace can
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos-ing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and



Lord, with me a - bide: When oth - er help - ers fail, and com-forts
glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de-cay in all a-round I
foil the tempter's pow'r? Who like Thy-self my guide and stay can
point me to the skies: Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shad-ows



flee, Help of the help-less, O a - bide with me!
see: O Thou who chang-est not, a - bide with me!
be? Thro' cloud and sun-shine, O a - bide with me!
flee— In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me! A - MEN.



John Keble.

Hursley. L. M.

Peter Ritter.

1. Sun of my soul! Thou Sav-ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
 2. When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep My wear-y eye-lids gen-tly steep,
 3. A-bide with me from morn till eve, For with-out Thee I can-not live;
 4. Be near to bless me when I wake, Ere thro' the world my way I take;

Oh, may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!
 Be my last tho't—how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-ior's breast!
 A-bide with me when night is nigh, For with-out Thee I dare not die.
 A-bide with me till in Thy love I lose my-self in Heaven a-bove. A-MEN.

Reginald Heber.

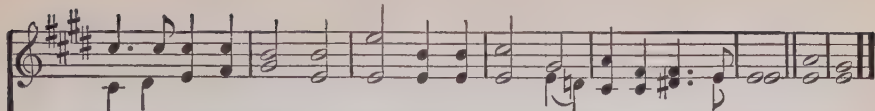
Nicaea. 11. 12. 12. 10.

Rev. John B. Dykes.

1. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-y! Ear-ly in the
 2. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly! All the saints a-dore Thee, Cast-ing down their
 3. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly! Tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
 4. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-y! All Thy works shall

morn-ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly!
 gold-en crowns a-round the glass-y sea; Cher-u-bim and ser-a-phim
 sin-ful man Thy glo-ry may not see, On-ly Thou art ho-ly;
 praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly!

Holy, Holy, Holy.



Mer-ci-ful and Might-y! God in Three Per-sons, blessed Trin-i-ty!
 fall-ing down be-fore Thee, Who wert, and art, and ev-er-more shalt be.
 there is none be-side Thee Per-fect in pow'r, in love, and pu-ri-ty.
 Mer-ci-ful and Might-y! God in Three Per-sons, blessed Trin-i-ty! A-MEN.

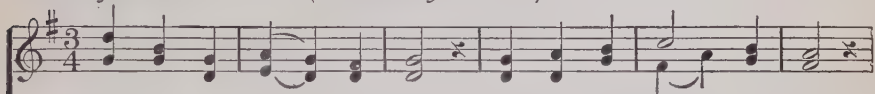


219 Come, Thou Almighty King.

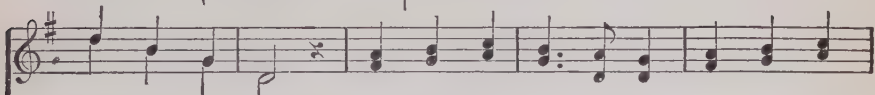
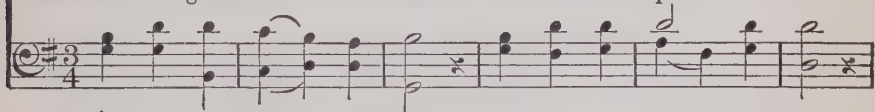
Anonymous.

Italian Hymn. 6s. 4s.

Felice de Giardini.



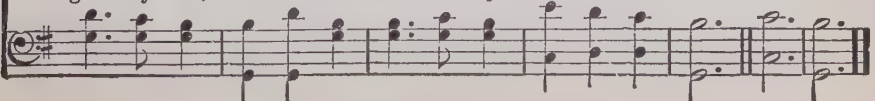
1. Come, Thou Al-might-y King, Help us Thy name to sing,
2. Come, Thou In-car-nate Word, Gird on Thy might-y sword,
3. Come, Ho-ly Com-fort-er, Thy sa-cred wit-ness bear
4. To the great One in Three E-ter-nal prais-es be



Help us to praise: Fa-ther, all-glo-ri-ous, O'er all vic-
 Our prayer at-tend: Come, and Thy peo-ple bless, And give Thy
 In this glad hour: Thou who al-might-y art, Now rule in
 Hence ev-er-more. His sov-'reign maj-es-ty May we in



to-ri-ous, Come, and reign o-ver us, An-cient of Days.
 word suc-cess: Spir-it of ho-li-ness, On us de-scend.
 ev-'ry heart, And ne'er from us de-part, Spir-it of pow'r.
 glo-ry see, And to e-ter-ni-ty Love and a-dore. A-MEN.



220 Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.

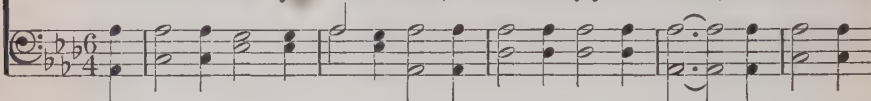
Samuel Stennett.

Ortonville. C. M.

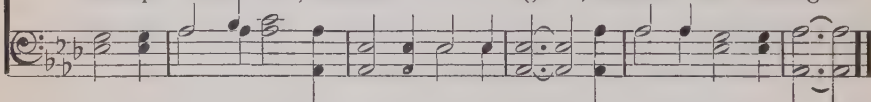
Thomas Hastings.



1. Ma-jes-tic sweetness sits enthroned Up-on the Sav-ior's brow; His head with
2. No mor-tal can with Him compare, Among the sons of men; Fair-er is
3. He saw me plunged in deep distress, And flew to my re-lief; For me He
4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have; He makes me



radiant glories crowned, His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace o'erflow.
He than all the fair Who fill the heav'nly train, Who fill the heav'nly train.
bore the shameful cross, And carried all my grief, And carried all my grief.
tri-umph o-ver death, And saves me from the grave, And saves me from the grave.



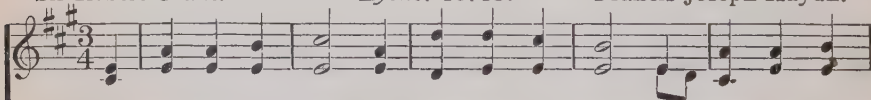
221

O Worship the King.

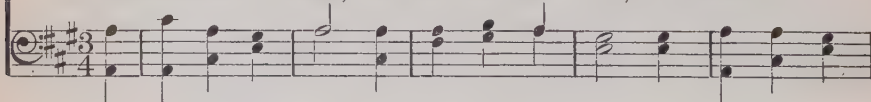
Sir Robert Grant.

Lyons. ro. rr.

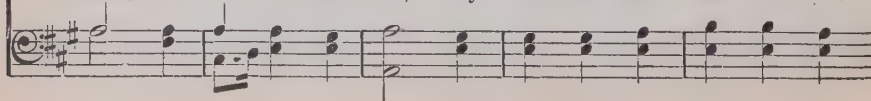
Francis Joseph Haydn.



1. O wor-ship the King all-glo-rious a-bove, And grate-ful-ly
2. O tell of His might, and sing of His grace, Whose robe is the
3. Thy boun-ti-ful care what tongue can re-cite? It breathes in the
4. Frail chil-dren of dust, and fee-ble as frail, In Thee do we



sing His won-der-ful love; Our Shield and De-fend-er, the
light, whose can-o-py space; His char-iots of wrath the deep
air, it shines in the light, It streams from the hills, it de-
trust, nor find Thee to fail; Thy mer-cies how ten-der! how



O Worship the King.

An - cient of days, Pa - vil - ioned in splen - dor, and gird - ed with praise.
thunder-clouds form, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
scends to the plain, And sweet - ly dis - tils in the dew and the rain.
firm to the end! Our Mak - er, De - fend - er, Re - deem - er, and Friend.

222

Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

Rev. J. H. Stockton.

1. Down at the cross where my Sav - ior died, Down where for cleansing from
2. I am so won - drous - ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet - ly a -
3. Oh, pre - cious foun - tain that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
4. Come to this foun - tain so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the

sin I cried, There to my heart was the blood applied; Glo - ry to His name.
bides with - in, There at the cross where He took me in; Glo - ry to His name.
en - tered in; There Je - sus saves me and keeps me clean; Glo - ry to His name.
Sav - ior's feet; Plunge in to - day, and be made com - plete; Glo - ry to His name.

D. S.—There to my heart was the blood applied; Glo - ry to His name.

CHORUS.

D. S.

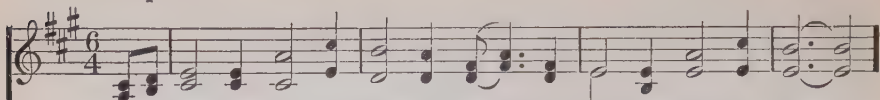
Glo - ry to His name, ... Glo - ry to His name; ...

223 Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

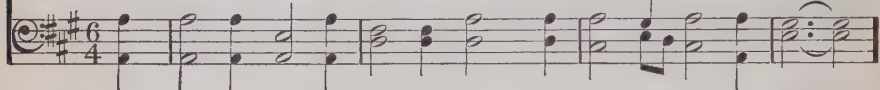
Thos. Shepherd.

Maitland. C. M.

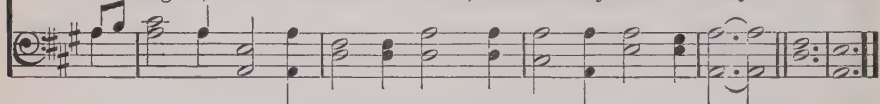
Geo. N. Allen.



1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?—
2. The con - se - crat - ed cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free,
3. Up - on the crys - tal pave - ment, down At Je - sus' pierc - ed feet,
4. O, pre - cious cross! O glo - rious crown! O res - ur - rec - tion day!



No; there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
Joy - ful, I'll cast my gold - en crown, And His dear name re - peat.
Ye an - gels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul a - way. A - MEN.

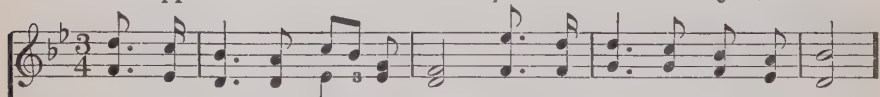


224 Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

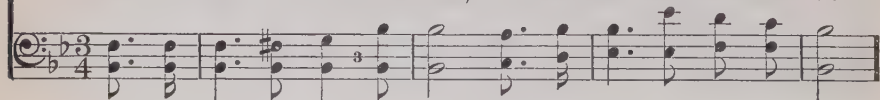
Edward Hopper.

Pilot. 6. 7.

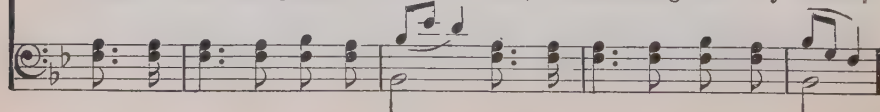
J. E. Gould.



1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pes - tuous sea:
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break - ers roar



Un - known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rocks and treach'rous shoal;
Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peace - ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,



Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

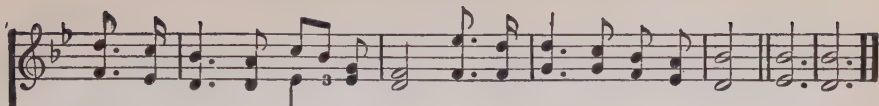


Chart and compass come from Thee, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
 Wondrous Sovereign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
 May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee." A-MEN.



225

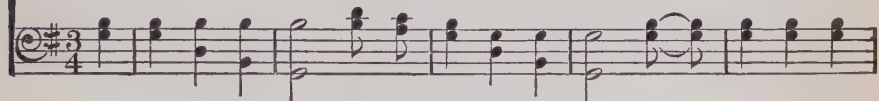
Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay.

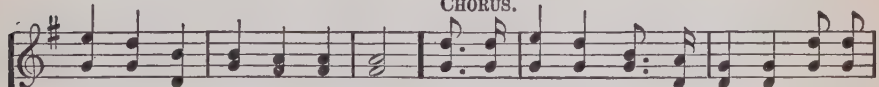
John J. Husband.



1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who
2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4. Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re -



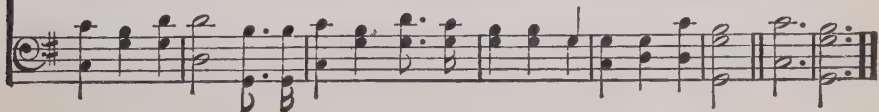
CHORUS.



died, and is now gone a - bove.
 Sav - ior, and scat - tered our night. Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le -
 sins, and hath cleansed ev - 'ry stain.
 kin - dled with fire from a - bove.



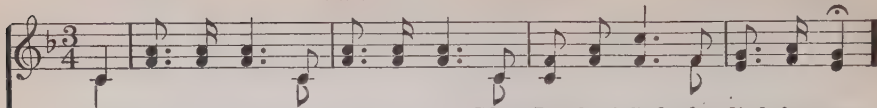
lu - jah! a - men; Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, re - vive us a - gain. A - MEN.



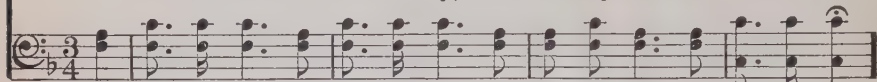
R. E. Hudson.

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RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION.

C. R. Dunbar.



1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God who died for me;
2. I now be-lieve Thou dost re-ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
3. O Thou who died on Cal - va - ry, To save my soul and make me free,

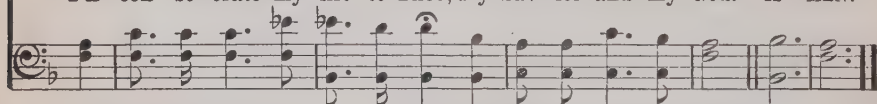


CHO.—I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap-py then my life shall be!

D. C. for Chorus.



Oh, may I ev - er faith-ful be, My Sav-ior and my God!
 And now henceforth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav-ior and my God!
 I'll con - se - crate my life to Thee, My Sav-ior and my God! A - MEN.

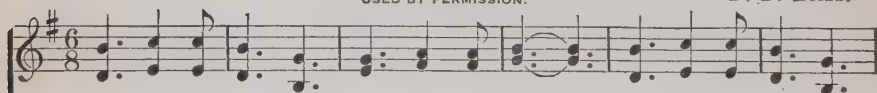


I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav-ior and my God!

P. P. B.

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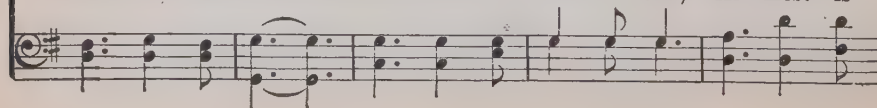
P. P. Bliss.



1. "Al - most per-suad - ed" now to be - lieve; "Al - most per-suad - ed"
2. "Al - most per-suad - ed," come, come to - day; "Al - most per-suad - ed,"
3. "Al - most per-suad - ed," har - vest is past! "Al - most per-suad - ed,"



Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir - it,
 turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are
 doom comes at last! "Al - most" can - not a - vail; "Al - most" is



Almost Persuaded.

go Thy way, Some more con-ven-ient day On Thee I'll call."
 lin-g'ring near, Prayers rise from heart so dear, O wan-d'rer, come.
 but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit-ter wail—"Al-most—but lost!" A - MEN.

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Take Time to be Holy.

W. D. Longstaff.

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 RENEWAL.

George C. Stebbins.

1. Take time to be ho - ly, Speak oft with thy Lord; A - bide in Him
2. Take time to be ho - ly, The world rush-es on; Spend much time in
3. Take time to be ho - ly, Let Him be thy Guide; And run not be-
4. Take time to be ho - ly, Be calm in thy soul; Each tho't and each

al-ways, And feed on His Word. Make friends of God's children; Help those who are
 se-cret With Je-sus a-lone— By look-ing to Je-sus, Like Him thou shalt
 fore Him, What-ev-er be-tide; In joy or in sor-row, Still fol-low thy
 mo-tive Be-neath His con-trol; Thus led by His Spir-it To foun-tains of

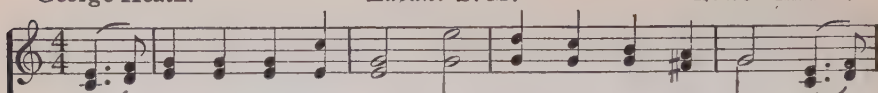
weak; For-get-ting in noth-ing His bless-ings to seek.
 be; Thy friends in thy con-duct His like-ness shall see.
 Lord, And, look-ing to Je-sus, Still trust in His Word.
 love, Thou soon shalt be fit-ted For serv-ice a-bove. A - MEN.

229 My Soul, Be On Thy Guard.

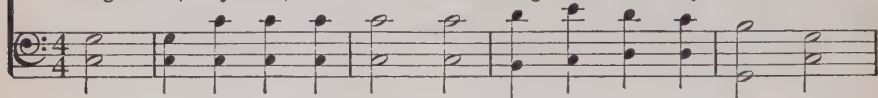
George Heath.

Laban. S. M.

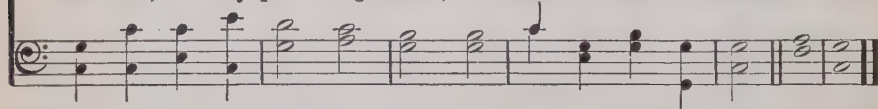
Lowell Mason.



1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thou-sand foes a - rise; The
2. O watch, and fight, and pray; The bat-tle ne'er give o'er; Re-
3. Ne'er think the vic-t'ry won, Nor lay thine ar-mor down; The
4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God; He'll



hosts of sin are press-ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
new it bold-ly ev-'ry day, And help di-vine im-plore.
work of faith will not be done, Till thou ob-tain the crown.
take thee, at thy part-ing breath, To His di-vine a-bode. A - MEN.



230 Savior, Again to Thy Dear Name.

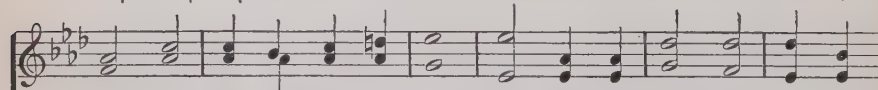
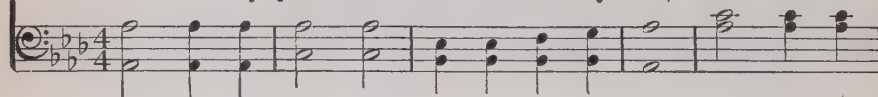
John Ellerton.

Ellers. 10s.

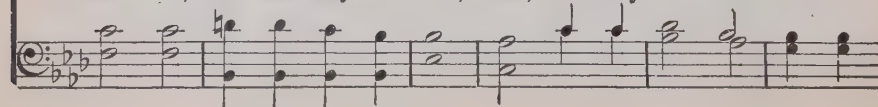
Edward J. Hopkins.



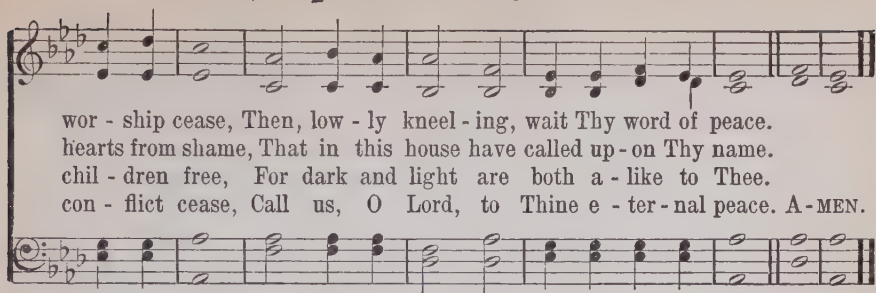
1. Sav-ior, a-gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac-
2. Grant us Thy peace up-on our home-ward way; With Thee be-
3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro' the com-ing night, Turn Thou for
4. Grant us Thy peace thro'-out our earth-ly life, Our balm in



cord our part-ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless Thee ere our
gan, with Thee shall end the day; Guard Thou the lips from sin, the
us its dark-ness in-to light; From harm and dan-ger keep Thy
sor-row, and our stay in strife; Then, when Thy voice shall bid our



Savior, Again to Thy Dear Name.



wor - ship cease, Then, low - ly kneel - ing, wait Thy word of peace.
 hearts from shame, That in this house have called up - on Thy name.
 chil - dren free, For dark and light are both a - like to Thee.
 con - flict cease, Call us, O Lord, to Thine e - ter - nal peace. A - MEN.

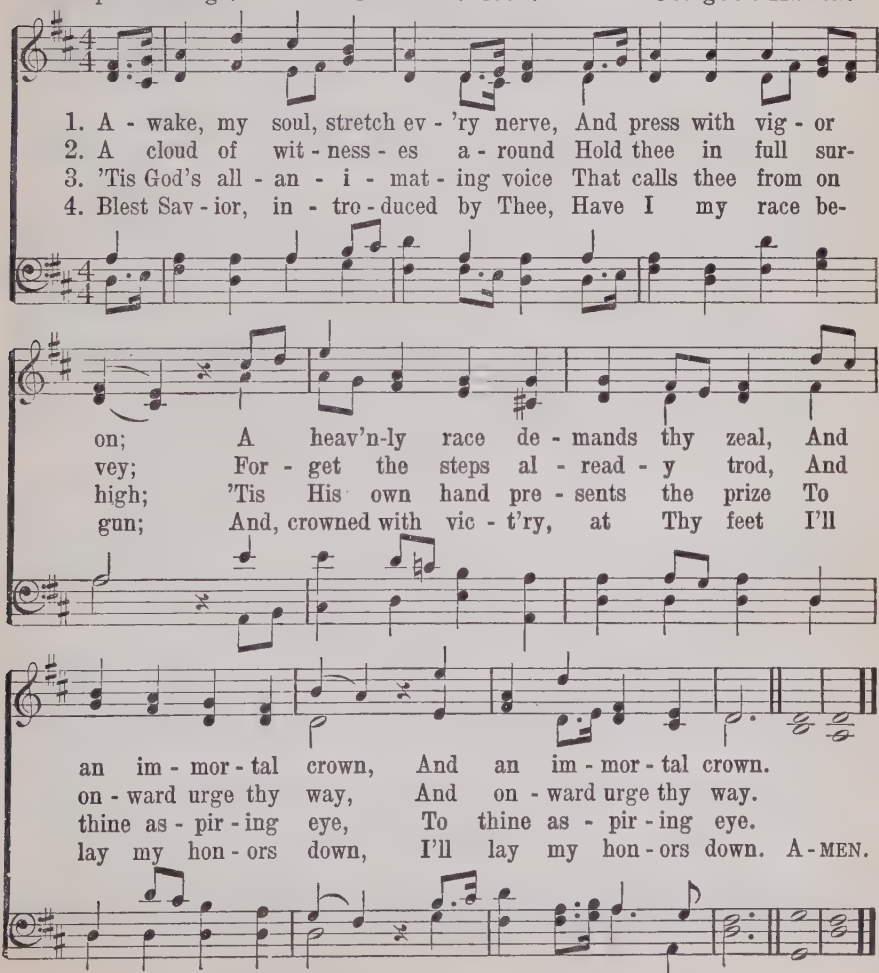
231

Awake, My Soul.

Philip Doddridge.

Christmas. C. M.

George F. Handel.



1. A - wake, my soul, stretch ev - 'ry nerve, And press with vig - or
 2. A cloud of wit - ness - es a - round Hold thee in full sur -
 3. 'Tis God's all - an - i - mat - ing voice That calls thee from on
 4. Blest Sav - ior, in - tro - duced by Thee, Have I my race be -

on; A heav'n - ly race de - mands thy zeal, And
 vey; For - get the steps al - read - y trod, And
 high; 'Tis His own hand pre - sents the prize To
 gun; And, crowned with vic - t'ry, at Thy feet I'll

an im - mor - tal crown, And an im - mor - tal crown.
 on - ward urge thy way, And on - ward urge thy way.
 thine as - pir - ing eye, To thine as - pir - ing eye.
 lay my hon - ors down, I'll lay my hon - ors down. A - MEN.

Thomas Hastings.

Wesley. *II. IO. II. IO.*

Dr. Lowell Mason.

1. Hail to the bright-ness of Zi-on's glad morn-ing! Joy to the
 2. Hail to the bright-ness of Zi-on's glad morn-ing! Long by the
 3. Lo! in the des-ert rich flow-ers are spring-ing, Streams ev-er
 4. See, from all lands—from the isles of the o-ccean,—Praise to Je-

lands that in dark-ness have lain! Hushed be the ac-cents of sor-row and
 proph-ets of Is-rael fore-told! Hail to the mil-lions from bondage re-
 co-pious are glid-ing a-long; Loud from the mountain-tops ech-oes are
 ho-vah as-cend-ing on high; Fall'n are the en-gines of war and com-

mourning; Zi-on in tri-umph be-gins her glad reign.
 turn-ing, Gen-tiles and Jews the blest vi-sion be-hold!
 ring-ing, Wastes rise in ver-dure and min-gle in song.
 mo-tion, Shouts of sal-va-tion are rend-ing the sky. A-MEN.

Fanny J. Crosby.

USED BY PERMISSION.

Silas J. Vail.

1. Thou, my ev-er-last-ing por-tion, More than friend or life to me;
 2. Not for ease or world-ly pleas-ure, Nor for fame my prayer shall be;
 3. Lead me thro' the vale of shad-ows, Bear me o'er life's fit-ful sea;

Close to Thee.

5s **FINE.**

D.S.—All a-long my pil-grim jour-ney, Sav-ior, let me walk with Thee.
 D.S.—Glad-ly will I toil and suf-fer, On-ly let me walk with Thee.
 D.S.—Then the gate of life e-ter-nal May I en-ter, Lord, with Thee.

REFRAIN. **D. S.**

Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee; A-MEN.

234

Rock of Ages.

Augustus M. Toplady.

Toplady. 7s. 6l.

Thomas Hastings.

1. Rock of A-ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee;
 2. Could my tears for-ev-er flow, Could my zeal no lan-guor know,
 3. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,

Let the wa-ter and the blood, From Thy wound-ed side which flowed,
 These for sin could not a-tone; Thou must save, and Thou a-lone:
 When I rise to worlds un-known, And be-hold Thee on Thy throne,

Be of sin the doub-le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
 In my hand no price I bring, Sim-ply to Thy cross I cling.
 Rock of A-ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee. A-MEN.

Frances R. Havergal.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.

P. P. Bliss.

1. I gave My life for thee, My pre - cious blood I shed,
 2. My Fa-ther's house of light, My glo - ry - cir - cled throne,
 3. I suf-fered much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell,
 4. And I have brought to thee, Down from My home a - bove,

That thou might'st ran-somed be, And quick - ened from the dead;
 I left for earth - ly night, For wan-d'rings sad and lone;
 Of bit - t'rest ag - o - ny, To res - cue thee from hell;
 Sal - va - tion full and free, My par - don and My love;

I gave, I gave My life for thee, What hast thou given for Me?
 I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for Me?
 I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for Me?
 I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou brought to Me?

236 On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

Samuel Stennett.

Arr. by R. M. McIntosh.

1. On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye
 2. All o'er those wide-ex - tend - ed plains Shines one e - ter - nal day;
 3. No chill - ing winds, nor pois' - nous breath, Can reach that healthful shore;
 4. When shall I reach that hap - py place, And be for - ev - er blest?

On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

FINE.

To Ca-naan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.
There God, the Son, for-ev-er reigns, And scat-ters night a-way.
Sick-ness and sor-row, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more.
When I shall see my Fa-ther's face, And in His bos-om rest?

D.S.—O who will come and go with me? I am bound for the prom-ised land.

REFRAIN.

D.S.

I am bound for the promised land, I am bound for the promised land;
promised land,

237

Come, Sinner, Come!

W. E. Witter.

COPYRIGHT, 1879, BY H. R. PALMER.

H. R. Palmer.

1. { While Je-sus whis-pers to you, Come, sin-ner, come!
While we are pray-ing for you, (Omit.) Come, sin-ner, come!
2. { Are you too heav-y - la-den! Come, sin-ner, come!
Je - sus will bear your bur-den, (Omit.) Come, sin-ner, come!
3. { Oh, hear His ten-der plead-ing, Come, sin-ner, come!
Come and re-ceive the bless-ing, (Omit.) Come, sin-ner, come!

{ Now is the time to own Him, Come, sin-ner, come!
{ Now is the time to know Him, (Omit.) Come, sin-ner, come!
{ Je - sus will not de-ceive you, Come, sin-ner, come!
{ Je - sus can now re-deem you, (Omit.) Come, sin-ner, come!
{ While Je-sus whis-pers to you, Come, sin-ner, come!
{ While we are pray-ing for you, (Omit.) Come, sin-ner, come!

Mary Ann Lathbury.

Bread of Life. 6. 4. D.

William F. Sherwin.

1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the
 2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me—to me— As Thou didst bless the
 3. Thou art the bread of life, O Lord, to me, Thy ho - ly Word the
 4. O send Thy Spir - it, Lord, Now un - to me, That He may touch my

loaves Be - side the sea; Be - yond the sa - cred page I seek Thee,
 bread By Gal - i - lee; Then shall all bond-age cease, All fet - ters
 truth That sav - eth me; Give me to eat and live With Thee a -
 eyes, And make me see: Show me the truth con - cealed With - in Thy

Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O liv - ing Word.
 fall; And I shall find my peace, My All in all.
 bove; Teach me to love Thy truth, For Thou art love.
 Word, And in Thy book re - vealed I see the Lord. A - MEN.

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks.

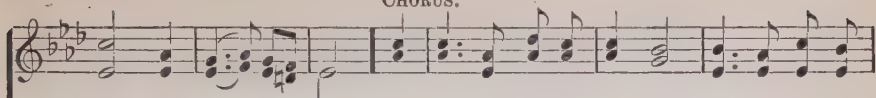
COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY.
RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION.

Rev. Robert Lowry.

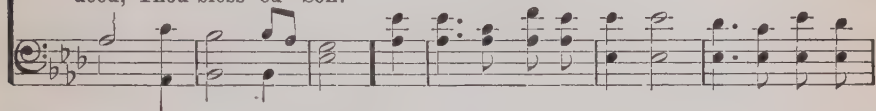
1. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der voice like
 2. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temp - ta - tions lose their
 3. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick - ly and a -
 4. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; O make me Thine in -

I Need Thee Every Hour.

CHORUS.



Thine Can peace af - ford.
pow'r When Thou art nigh. I need Thee, O, I need Thee; Ev - 'ry hour I
bide, Or life is vain.
deed, Thou bless - ed Son.



need Thee! O bless me now, my Sav - ior, I come to Thee! A - MEN.



240

When I Survey.

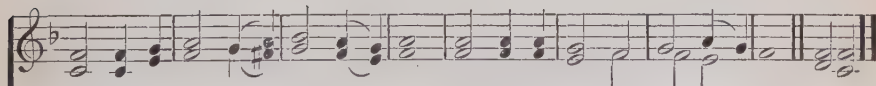
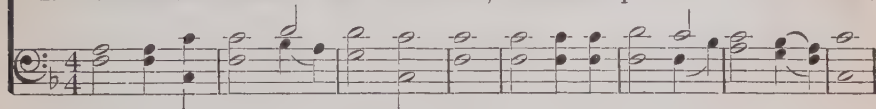
Rev. Isaac Watts.

Hamburg. L. M.

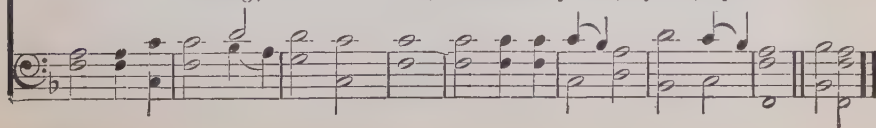
Arr. by Lowell Mason.



1. When I sur - vey the won - drous cross On which the Prince of Glo - ry died,
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor - row and love flow min - gled down:
4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a pres - ent far too small:



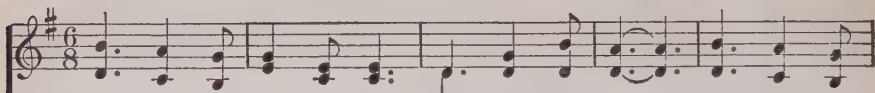
My rich - est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
Did e'er such love and sor - row meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
Love so a - maz - ing, so di - vine, Demands my soul, my life, my all. A - MEN.



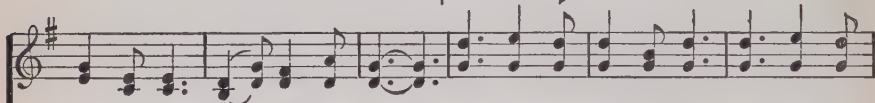
Sarah F. Adams.

Bethany. 6. 4.

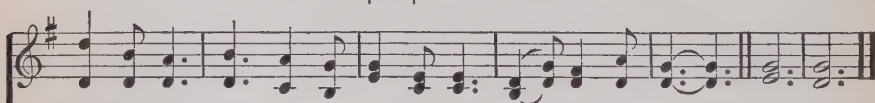
Arr. by Lowell Mason.



1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en though it
2. Though like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be
3. There let the way ap - pear, Steps un - to Heav'n: All that Thou
4. Then, with my wak - ing tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my
5. Or if on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and



be a cross That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my
 o - ver me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be Near-er, my
 send'st to me, In mer - cy giv'n: An - gels to beck - on me, Near-er, my
 sto-ny griefs Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near-er, my
 stars for-got, Up - wards I fly, Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my



God, to Thee, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee! A - MEN.



Anna B. Warner.

Raynolds.

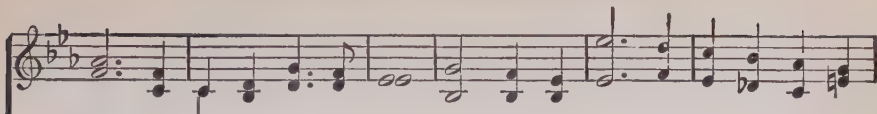
F. Mendelssohn, Arr.



1. We would see Je - sus—for the shad-ows length-en A - cross this
2. We would see Je - sus—the great Rock-foun-da - tion, Where-on our
3. We would see Je - sus—oth - er lights are pal - ing, Which for long
4. We would see Je - sus—this is all we're need - ing, Strength, joy, and



We Would See Jesus.



lit - tle land-scape of our life; We would see Je - sus, our weak faith to
feet were set by sov'reign grace; Not life, nor death, with all their ag - i-
years we have re-joiced to see; The bless-ings of our pil-grim-age are
will - ing-ness come with the sight; We would see Je - sus, dy - ing, ris-en,



strengthen For the last wea - ri - ness—the fi - nal strife.
ta - tion, Can thence re - move us, if we see His face.
fail - ing; We would not mourn them, for we go to Thee.
plead-ing; Then wel-come, day! and fare-well, mor - tal night! A - MEN.

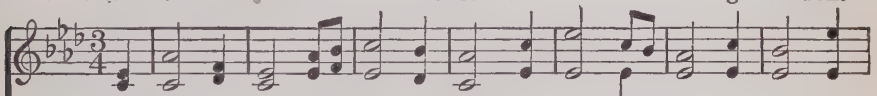


243 Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed?

Isaac Watts.

Avon. C. M.

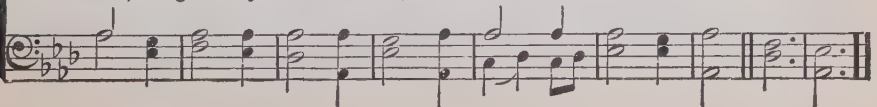
Hugh Wilson.



1. A - las! and did my Sav-ior bleed? And did my Sov-'reign die? Would
2. Was it for crimes that I have done He groaned up-on the tree? A -
3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in, When
4. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe; Here,



He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
maz-ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love be - yond de - gree!
Christ, the might-y Mak - er, died, For man, the crea-ture's sin.
Lord, I give my - self to Thee, —'Tis all that I can do. A - MEN.

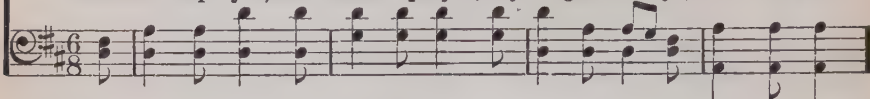


W. W. Walford.

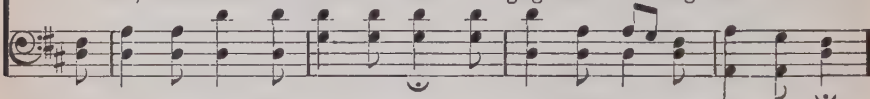
Wm. B. Bradbury.



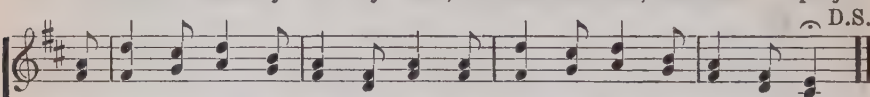
1. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, The joys I feel, the bliss I share
3. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, Thy wings shall my pe-ti - tion bear



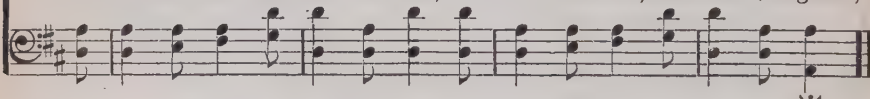
And bids me at my Fa-ther's throne, Make all my wants and wish-es known!
 Of those whose anx-ious spir-its burn With strong de-sires for thy re-turn!
 To Him, whose truth and faith-ful-ness En-gage the wait-ing soul to bless:



D.S.—And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of prayer.
D.S.—And glad-ly take my sta-tion there, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.
D.S.—I'll cast on Him my ev-'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.



In sea-sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has oft-en found re-lief,
 With such I has-ten to the place Where God, my Sav-ior, shows His face,
 And since He bids me seek His face, Be-lieve His word, and trust His grace,

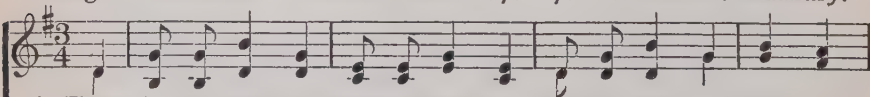


245 There Is No Name So Sweet.

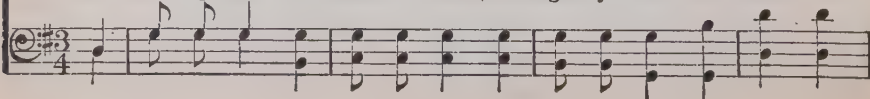
George W. Bethune.

Sweetest Name. 8. 7. 8. 7.

William B. Bradbury.



1. There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so dear in Heav-en,
2. 'Twas Ga-briel first that did pro-claim, To His most bless-ed moth-er,
3. And when He hung up-on the tree, They wrote His name a-bove Him,
4. So now up-on His Father's throne, Al-might-y to re-lieve us



There Is No Name So Sweet.

As that be - fore His won-drous birth To Christ the Sav - ior giv - en.
That name which now and ev - er - more We praise a - bove all oth - er.
That all might see the rea-son we For - ev - er - more must love Him.
From sin and pain, He ev - er reigns The Prince and Sav - ior, Je - sus.

D.S.—For there's no word ear ev - er heard, So dear, so sweet as Je - sus.

REFRAIN.

D. S.

We love to sing a - round our King, And hail Him bless - ed Je - sus;

246 Holy Spirit, faithful Guide.

Marcus M. Wells.

Faithful Guide. 7s. D.

Marcus M. Wells.

FINE.

1. { Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Chris-tian's side; }
{ Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land; }
2. { Ev - er pres - ent, tru - est Friend, Ev - er near Thine aid to lend, }
{ Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop - ing on in dark - ness drear; }
3. { When our days of toil shall cease, Wait - ing still for sweet re - lease, }
{ Noth - ing left but Heav'n and prayer, Wond'ring if our names were there; }

D.C.—Whisp'ring soft-ly, "Wan-d'rer, come! Fol - low Me, I'll guide thee home."

D.C.—Whis-per soft - ly, "Wan-d'rer, come! Fol - low Me, I'll guide thee home."

D.C.—Whis-per soft - ly, "Wan-d'rer, come! Fol - low Me, I'll guide thee home."

D. C.

Wear - y souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet-est voice,
When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead - ing naught but Je - sus' blood,

Hayward.

Lischer. 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

Friedrich Schneider.

1. { Wel - come, de - light - ful morn, Thou day of sa - cred rest! }
 { I hail thy kind re - turn; Lord, make these mo - ments blest: }
 2. { Now may the King de - scend, And fill His throne with grace; }
 { Thy scep - ter, Lord, ex - tend, While saints ad - dress Thy face: }
 3. { De - scend, ce - les - tial Dove, With all Thy quick-'ning pow'rs; }
 { Dis - close a Sav - ior's love, And bless the sa - cred hours: }

From the low train of mor-tal toys, I soar to reach im - mor-tal joys,
 Let sin-ners feel Thy quick'ning word, And learn to know and fear the Lord,
 Then shall my soul new life ob-tain, Nor Sabbaths be en - joyed in vain,

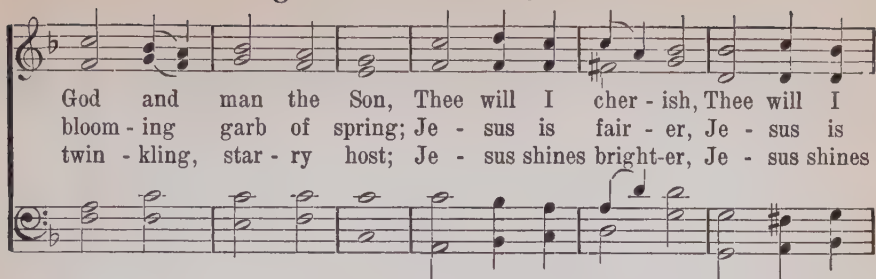
I soar..... to reach im - mor - tal..... joys.
 And learn..... to know and fear the Lord.
 Nor Sab - - baths be en - joyed in vain.
 I soar to reach

Anon.

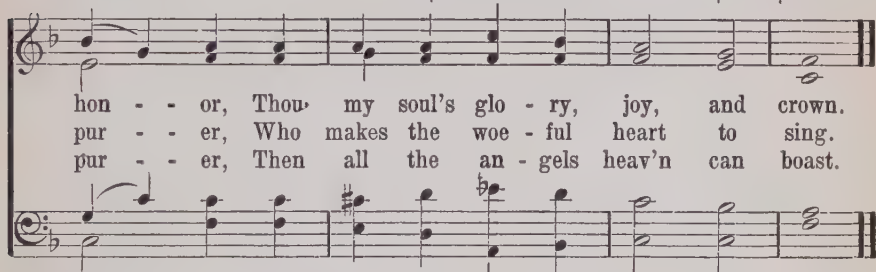
Arr. by R. S. Willis.

1. Fair - est Lord Je - sus, Rul - er of all na - ture, O Thou of
 2. Fair are the mead - ows, Fair - er still the wood - lands, Robed in the
 3. Fair is the sun - shine, Fair - er still the moon - light, And all the

Fairest Lord Jesus.



God and man the Son, Thee will I cher-ish, Thee will I
bloom-ing garb of spring; Je-sus is fair-er, Je-sus is
twin-king, star-ry host; Je-sus shines bright-er, Je-sus shines



hon--or, Thou my soul's glo-ry, joy, and crown.
pur--er, Who makes the woe-ful heart to sing.
pur--er, Then all the an-gels heav'n can boast.

249

Something for Thee.

S. D. Phelps.

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Robert Lowry.



1. { Sav-ior, Thy dy-ing love Thou gav-est me,
Nor should I aught with-hold, (*Omit*.....) Dear Lord, from Thee:
2. { At the blest mer-cy-seat, Plead-ing for me,
My fee-ble faith looks up, (*Omit*.....) Je-sus, to Thee:
3. { Give me a faith-ful heart,—Like-ness to Thee,—
That each de-part-ing day (*Omit*.....) Hence-forth may see
4. { All that I am and have,—Thy gifts so free,—
In joy, in grief, thro' life, (*Omit*.....) Dear Lord, for Thee!

D. S.—*Some-thing for Thee.*

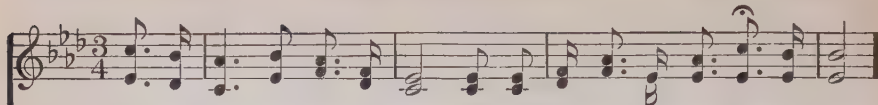


In-love my soul would bow, My heart fulfill its vow, Some off'ring bring Thee now,
Help me the cross to bear, Thy wondrous love declare, Some song to raise, or prayer,
Some work of love begun, Some deed of kindness done, Some wand'rers sought and won,
And when Thy face I see, My ransomed soul shall be, Thro' all e-ter-ni-ty,

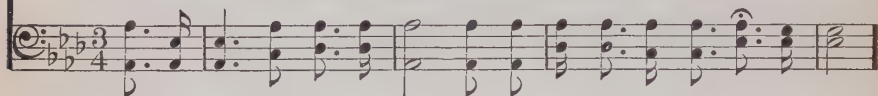
Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY W. H. DOANE.
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W. H. Doane.



1. Sav - ior, more than life to me, I am cling - ing, clinging close to Thee;
2. Thro' this changing world be - low, Lead me gen - tly, gen - tly as I go;
3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleet - ing, fleet ing life is o'er;



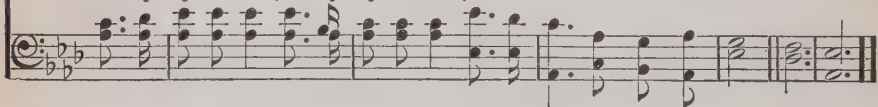
Let Thy pre - cious blood ap - plied, Keep me ev - er, ev - er near Thy side.
Trusting Thee, I can - not s'ray, I can nev - er, nev - er lose my way.
Till my soul is lost in love, In a bright - er, brighter world a - bove.



D. S.—May Thy ten - der love to me Bind me clo - ser, clo - ser, Lord, to Thee.



Ev - 'ry day, ev - 'ry hour, Let me feel Thy cleansing pow'r; A - MEN.
Ev - 'ry day and hour, ev - 'ry day and hour,



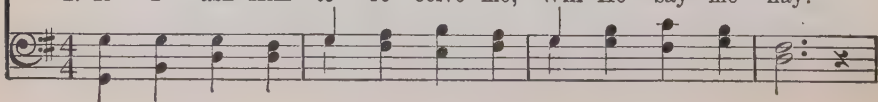
John M. Neale.

Stephanos, 8. 5. 8. 3.

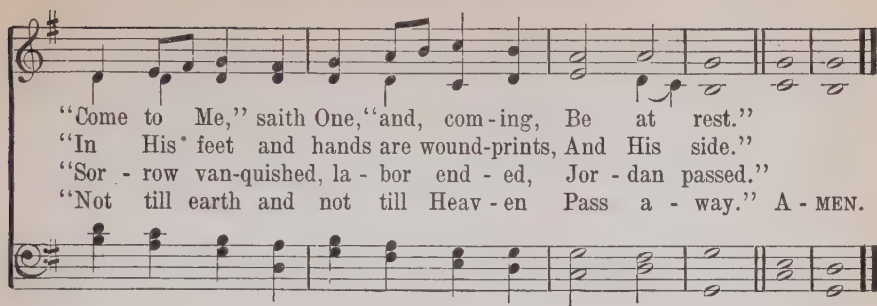
Henry W. Baker.



1. Art thou wear - y, art thou lan - guid, Art thou sore dis - tress?
2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him, If He be my Guide?
3. If I still hold close - ly to Him, What hath He at last?
4. If I ask Him to re - ceive me, Will He say me nay?



Art Thou Weary?



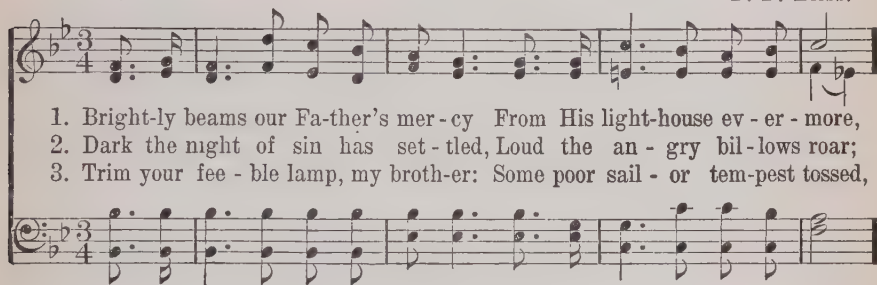
“Come to Me,” saith One, “and, com-ing, Be at rest.”
 “In His feet and hands are wound-prints, And His side.”
 “Sor-row van-quished, la-bor end-ed, Jor-dan passed.”
 “Not till earth and not till Heav-en Pass a-way.” A-MEN.

252 Set the Lower Lights Be Burning.

P. P. B.

USED BY PERMISSION.

P. P. Bliss.

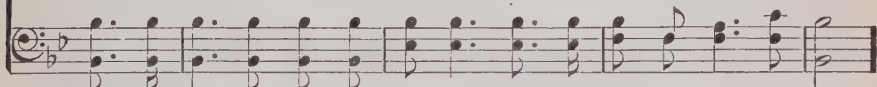


1. Bright-ly beams our Fa-ther's mer-cy From His light-house ev-er-more,
 2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an-gry bil-lows roar;
 3. Trim your fee-ble lamp, my broth-er: Some poor sail-or tem-pest tossed,



FINE.

But to us He gives the keep-ing Of the lights a-long the shore.
 Ea-ger eyes are watch-ing, long-ing, For the lights a-long the shore.
 Try-ing now to make the har-bor, In the dark-ness may be lost.



D. S.—Some poor fainting, strug-gling sea-man You may res-cue, you may save.



CHORUS. D.S.

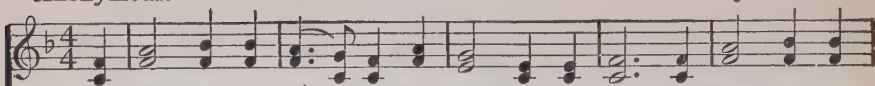
Let the low-er lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a-cross the wave! A-MEN.



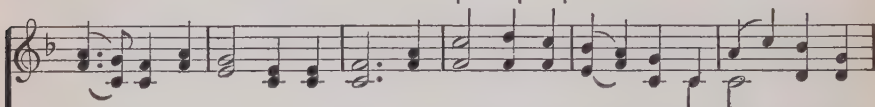
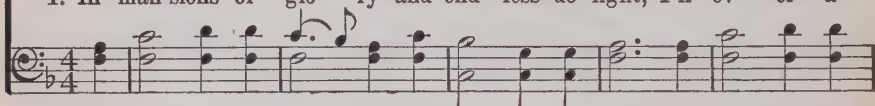
Anonymous.

Gordon. *ITS.*

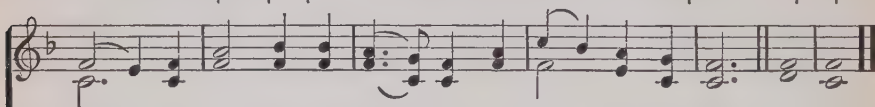
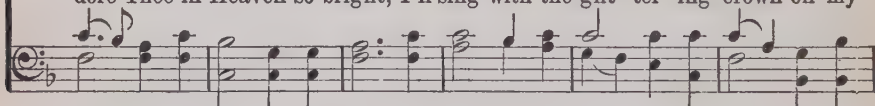
A. J. Gordon.



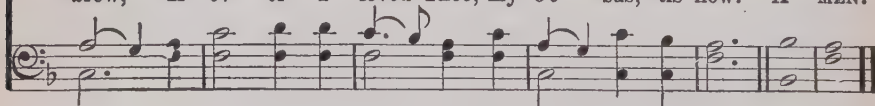
1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the
2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my
3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a -



fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - ior art
 par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the thorns on Thy
 long as Thou lendest me breath; And say when the death - dew lies cold on my
 dore Thee in Heaven so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my



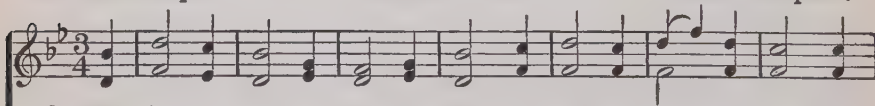
Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 brow: If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now. A - MEN.



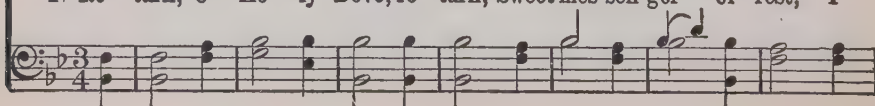
William Cowper.

Balerna. *C. M.*

Robt. Simpson.



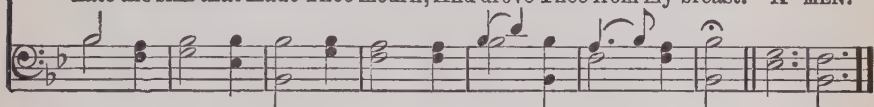
1. Oh, for a clo - ser walk with God, A calm and heav'n - ly frame; A
2. Where is the bless - ed - ness I knew When first I saw the Lord? Where
3. What peace - ful hours I once en - joyed! How sweet their mem' - ry still! But
4. Re - turn, O Ho - ly Dove, re - turn, Sweet mes - sen - ger of rest; I



Oh, for a Closer Walk.



light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb!
is the soul-re-fresh-ing view Of Je - sus and His word?
they have left an ach - ing void The world can nev - er fill.
hate the sins that made Thee mourn, And drove Thee from my breast. A - MEN.

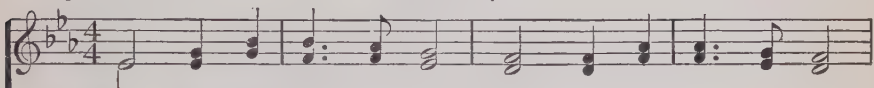


255 My faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer.

Olivet. 6. 4.

Lowell Mason.



1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart,
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
4. When ends life's tran - sient dream, When death's cold, sul - len stream



Sav - ior di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, O may my
Be Thou my guide; Bid dark-ness turn to day, Wipe sor-row's
Shall o'er me roll; Blest Sav - ior, then, in love, Fear and dis-



guilt a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
love to Thee Pure, warm and changeless be, A liv - ing fire!
tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
trust re-move; O bear me safe a - bove, A ran-somed soul! A - MEN.

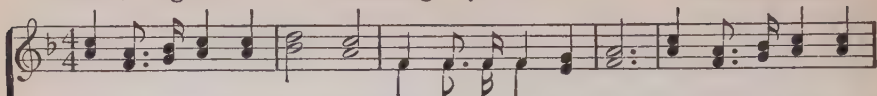


256 Work, for the Night is Coming.

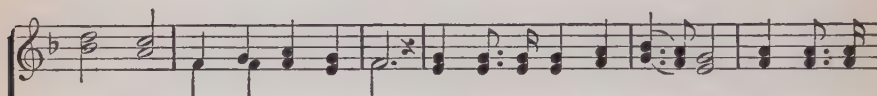
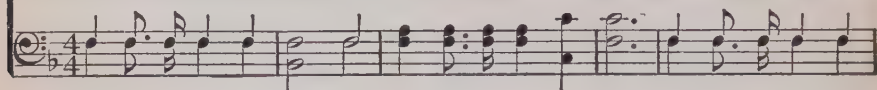
Annie L. Coghill.

Work Song. 7s. 6s. D.

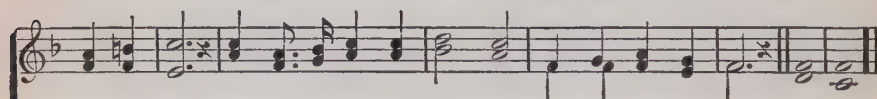
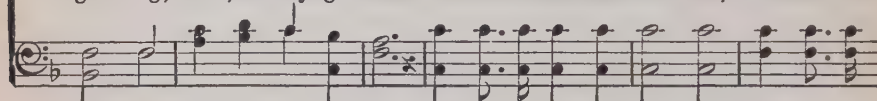
Lowell Mason.



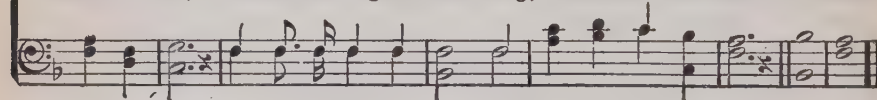
1. Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the morning hours; Work while the dew is
2. Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the sun-ny noon; Fill brightest hours with
3. Work, for the night is coming, Under the sunset skies; While their bright tints are



sparkling, Work mid springing flow'rs; Work when the day grows brighter, Work in the
la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon. Give ev-'ry fly - ing min - ute Something to
glow - ing, Work, for daylight flies. Work till the last beam fad - eth, Fad - eth to



glow - ing sun; Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.
keep in store: Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.
shine no more; Work while the night is dark'ning, When man's work is o'er. A-MEN.

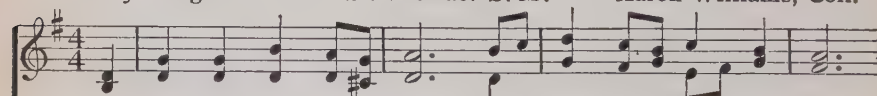


257 I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

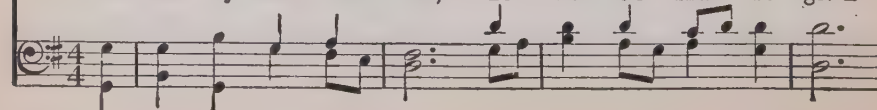
Timothy Dwight.

St. Thomas. S. M.

Aaron Williams, Coll.



- | | |
|----------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1. I love Thy king - dom, Lord, | The house of Thine a - bode, |
| 2. I love Thy Church, O God! | Her walls be - fore Thee stand, |
| 3. For her my tears shall fall; | For her my prayers as - cend; |
| 4. Be - yond my high - est joy | I prize her heav'n - ly ways, |
| 5. Sure as Thy truth shall last, | To Zi - on shall be giv'n |



I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.



The Church our blest Re-deem-er saved With His own pre-cious blood.
 Dear as the ap-ple of Thine eye, And gra-ven on Thy hand.
 To her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.
 Her sweet com-mun-ion, sol-emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
 The bright-est glo-ries earth can yield, And bright-er bliss of Heav'n. A-MEN.

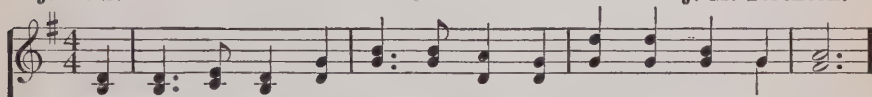


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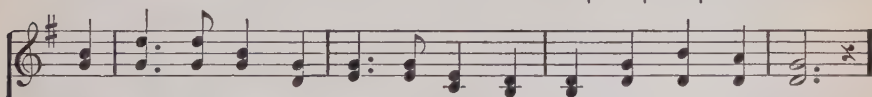
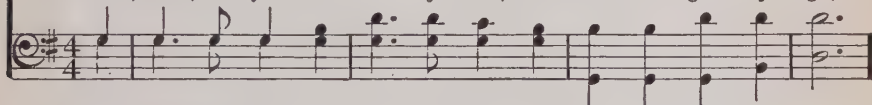
Only Trust Him.

J. H. S.

J. H. Stockton.



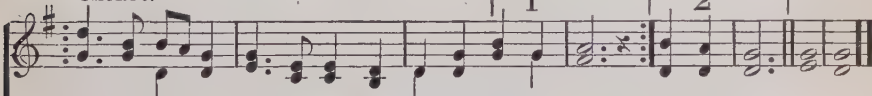
1. Come, ev-'ry soul by sin op-pressed, There's mer-cy with the Lord,
2. For Je-sus shed His pre-cious blood, Rich bless-ings to be-stow;
3. Yes, Je-sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in-to rest;
3. Come, then, and join this ho-ly band, And on to glo-ry go,



And He will sure-ly give you rest By trust-ing in His word.
 Plunge now in-to the crim-son flood That wash-es white as snow.
 Be-lieve in Him with-out de-lay, And you are full-y blest.
 To dwell in that ce-les-tial land, Where joys im-mor-tal flow.



CHORUS.



{ On-ly trust Him, on-ly trust Him, On-ly trust Him now; }
 { He will save you, He will save you, He will (Omit . . .) save you now. A-MEN.



Bp. William W. How.

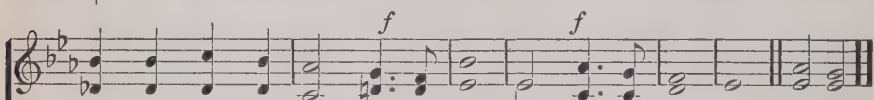
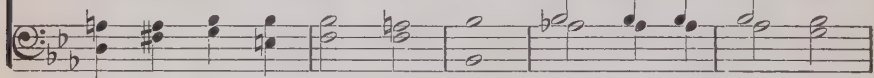
Sir Joseph Barnby.



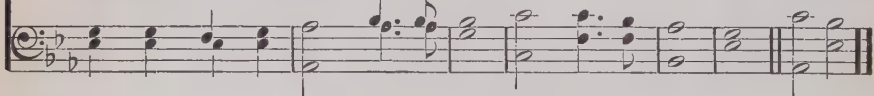
1. For all the saints who from their labors rest, Who Thee by
2. Thou wast their rock, their fortress and their might: Thou, Lord, their
3. O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold, Fight as the
4. O blest communion, fellowship divine, We feeble
5. From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast, Thro' gates of



faith before the world confessed, Thy name, O Jesus,
 Captain in the well-fought fight; Thou, in the darkness
 saints who nobly fought of old, And win, with them, the
 struggle, they in glory shine; Yet all are one in
 pearl streams in the countless host, Singing to Father,



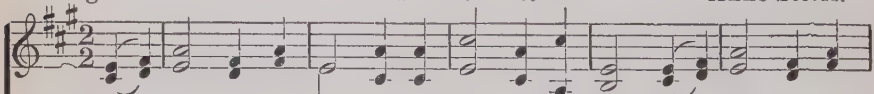
be forever blest. Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia!
 dread, their light of light. Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia!
 victors' crown of gold. Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia!
 Thee, for all are Thine. Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia!
 Son, and Holy Ghost, Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! A-MEN.



George Keith.

Foundation. 115.

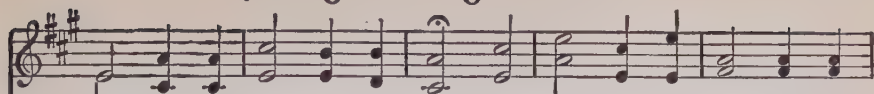
Anne Steele.



1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2. In ev'ry condition, in sickness, in health, In poverty's
3. "When thro' fier-y trials thy path-way shall lie, My grace, all-suf-
4. "E'en down to old age, all My people shall prove My sov'-reign, e-
5. "The soul that on Je-sus hath leaned for repose, I will not, I



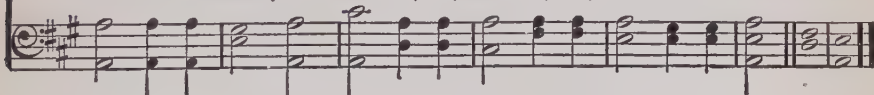
How firm a foundation.



faith in His ex - cel - lent word! What more can He say than to
vale, or a - bound-ing in wealth; At home and a - broad, on the
fi - cient, shall be thy sup - ply; The flame shall not hurt thee;—I
ter - nal, un-change-a - ble love; And when hear - y hairs shall their
will not de - sert to its foes; That soul, tho' all hell should en-



you He hath said, You who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled?
land, on the sea, As your days may demand, shall your strength ever be.
on - ly de - sign Thy dross to con - sume, and thy gold to re - fine.
tem - ples a - dorn, Like lambs they shall still in My bos - om be borne.
deav - or to shake, I'll nev - er, no, nev - er, no, nev - er for-sake!" A-MEN.



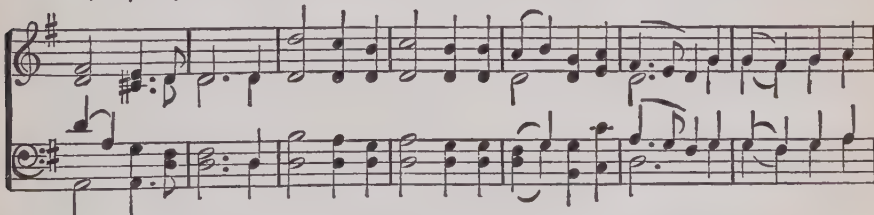
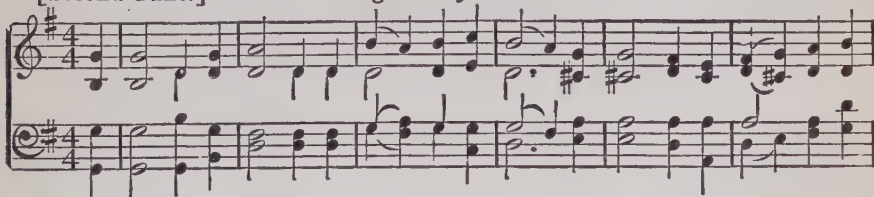
261

How firm a foundation.

[Second Tune.]

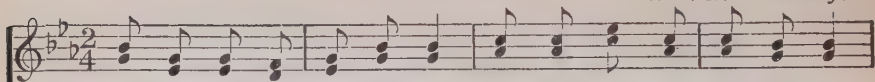
Portuguese Hymn. 115.

Unknown.

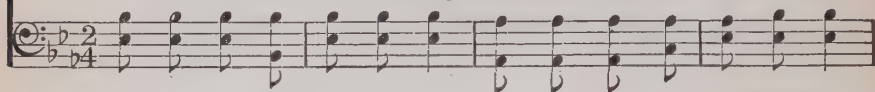


(The favorite Hymn of China.)

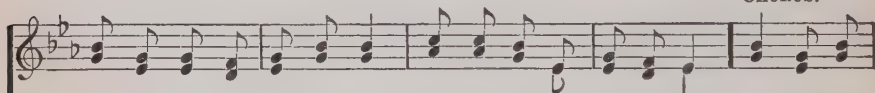
Wm. B. Bradbury.



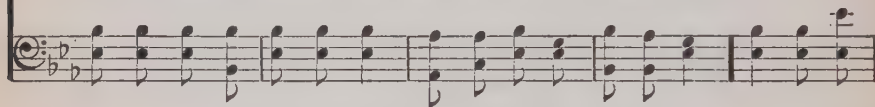
1. Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so;
 2. Je - sus loves me! He who died, Heav-en's gate to o - pen wide;
 3. Je - sus loves me! loves me still, Tho' I'm ver - y weak and ill;
 4. Je - sus loves me! He will stay Close be - side me all the way;



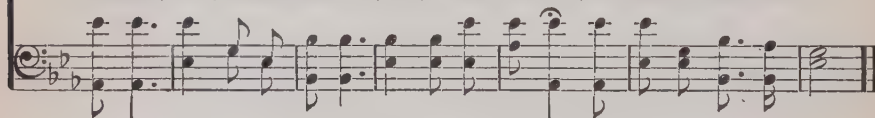
CHORUS.



- Lit - tle ones to Him be - long, They are weak but He is strong.
 He will wash a - way my sin, Let His lit - tle child come in. Yes, Je - sus
 From His shining throne on high, Comes to watch me where I lie.
 If I love Him when I die, He will take me home on high.



- loves me, Yes, Je - sus loves me, Yes, Jesus loves me, The Bi - ble tells me so.



Mrs. H. M. Hall.

John T. Grape.

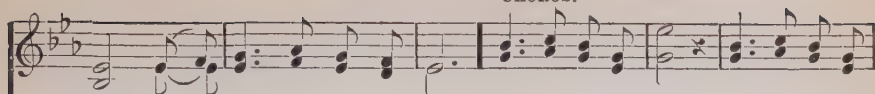


1. I hear the Savior say, "Thy strength indeed is small, Child of weakness, watch and
 2. Lord, now in - deed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine a - lone, Can change the lep - er's
 3. For noth - ing good have I Where - by Thy grace to claim - I'll wash my garments
 4. And when, before the throne, I stand in Him com - plete, "Jesus died my soul to

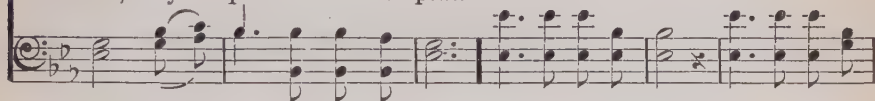


Jesus Paid It All.

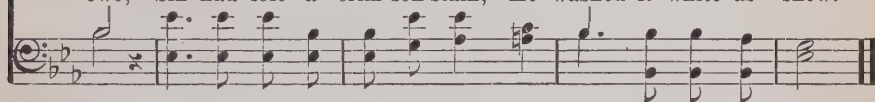
CHORUS.



pray, Find in Me thine all in all."
spots, And melt the heart of stone. Je-sus paid it all, All to Him I
white In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.
save," My lips shall still re-peat.



owe; Sin had left a crim-son stain, He washed it white as snow.



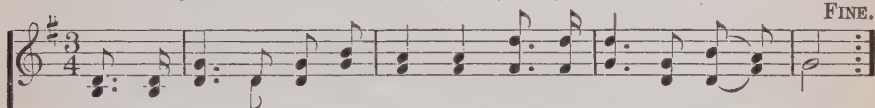
264 Hark! Ten Thousand Harps.

Thomas Kelly.

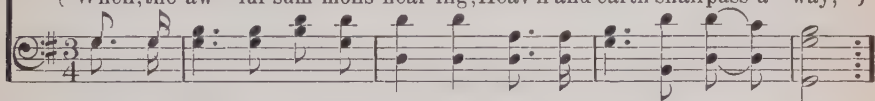
Harwell. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7. 7.

Lowell Mason.

FINE.



1. { Hark, ten thousand harps and voi - ces Sound the note of praise a - bove! }
 { Je - sus reigns, and Heav'n re-joi - ces, Je - sus reigns, the God of love; }
2. { Je - sus, hail! whose glo-ry bright-ens All a - bove, and gives it worth; }
 { Lord of life, Thy smile en-light-ens, Cheers and charms Thy saints on earth: }
3. { Sav - ior, has - ten Thine ap - pear-ing; Bring, O bring the glo-rious day, }
 { When, the aw - ful sum-mons hear-ing, Heav'n and earth shall pass a - way; }

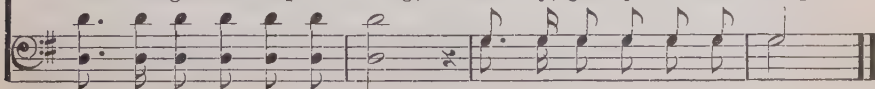


D. C.—Hal-le-lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.

D. C.



See He sits on yon - der throne; Je - sus rules the world a - lone.
When we think of love like Thine, Lord, we own it love di - vine.
Then with gold-en harps we'll sing, "Glo - ry, glo - ry to our King!"



Rev. Alfred Barratt.

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Henry P. Morton.

1. O - ver all the earth the bells of joy are peal - ing, God's e-
 2. Ring-ing out our care and ring-ing out our sor - row, Let - ting
 3. Giv - ing out once more a bless-ed in - vi - ta - tion, From the

ter - nal love to ev - 'ry one re - veal - ing, Fill - ing lone - ly hearts with
 ev - 'ry heart their precious gladness bor - row, Tell - ing all the world there
 God of love, the Au - thor of sal - va - tion, Ring - ing out glad news to

such a joy - ous feel - ing, On this children's day of ju - bi - lee.
 is a glad to - mor - row, Ring the joy - ous bells of ju - bi - lee.
 ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion, On this children's day of ju - bi - lee.

CHORUS.

While the bells of joy their cheer - ful songs are ring - ing, With our

youth - ful hearts of glad - ness we are sing - ing, While our sweet - est praise to

Day of Jubilee.

Je - sus we are bring - ing On this children's day of ju - bi - lee.

266 All the Day He Sees Me.

G. R. A.

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Grace Reese Adkins.

1. All thro' the day, While I'm at play, God is watching from the sky,
2. When I am kind, And moth-er mind, Then my Heav'nly Father's glad;
3. With all my might I'll try to do right, And my Heav'nly Fa-ther please,

And when at night Stars are a-light, Still He keeps His watch on high.
When wrong I do, Or speak un-true, Oh, it makes His heart so sad.
Be kind and sweet To all I meet, Then He'll smile at what He sees.

CHORUS.

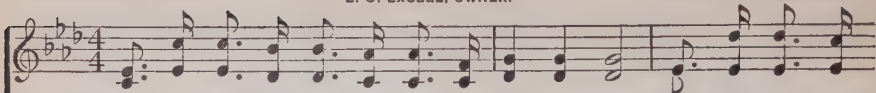
All the day He sees me, and knows what I do, Looks down from heaven at me,

Watch - es and loves me the day and night thro', All the time God sees me.

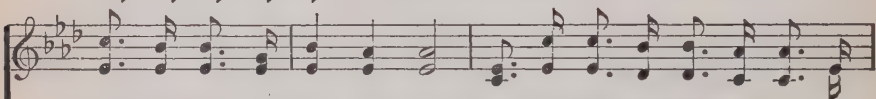
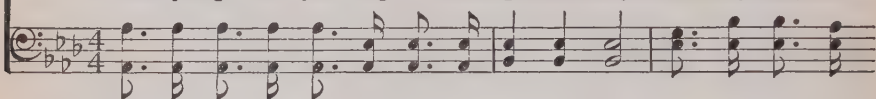
Ada Blenkhorn.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

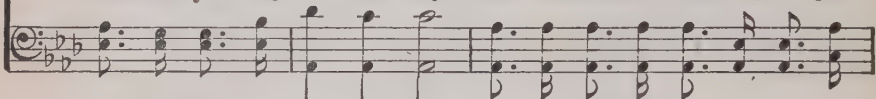
Chas. H. Gabriel.



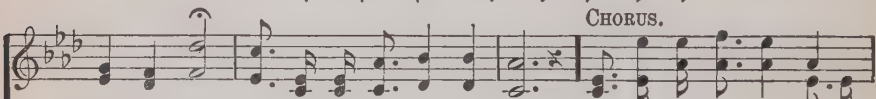
1. Do you fear the foe will in the con-flict win? Is it dark with-
2. Does your faith grow fainter in the cause you love? Are your prayers un-
3. Would you go re-joic-ing in the up-ward way, Know-ing naught of



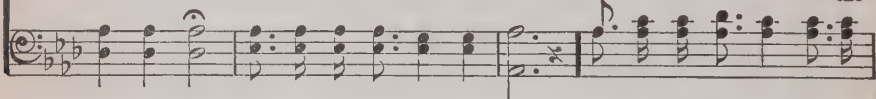
out you—dark-er still with-in? Clear the dark-ened windows, o - pen
 an-swered by your God a - bove? Clear the dark-ened windows, o - pen
 darkness, dwell-ing in the day? Clear the dark-ened windows, o - pen



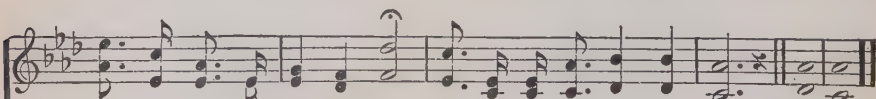
CHORUS.



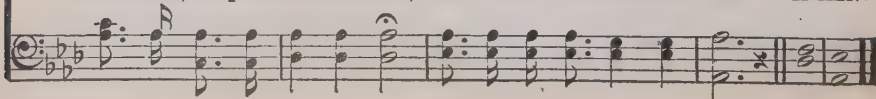
wide the door, Let a lit-tle sun-shine in. Let a lit-tle sun-shine
 the



in, Let a lit-tle sun-shine in; Clear the darkened
 sun-shine in, the sun-shine in;

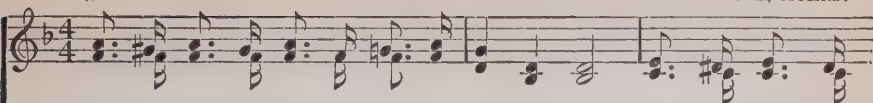


win-dows, o - pen wide the door, Let a lit-tle sun-shine in. A-MEN.



H. L.

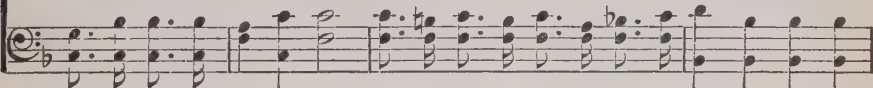
Haldor Lillenas.



1. Man - y are the deeds that I can nev - er do, For my strength is
2. Speaking words of kind-ness to the troub-led heart, Shin - ing for the
3. Work-ing for the Mas - ter joy - ful - ly I go, Where-so - e'er He



small, and in-suf-fi-cient too; But un - to the Lord I ev - er would be true, And
Mas-ter till the shades depart, With a sun-ny smile new courage to im-part, I'm
sends me here on earth below, Do - ing as He or-ders, letting oth-ers know I'm



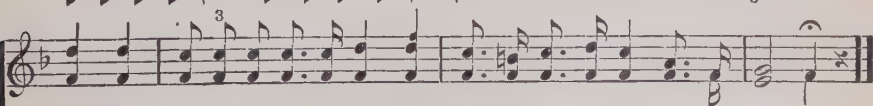
CHORUS.



be a lit - tle help - er for Je - sus.
just a lit - tle help - er for Je - sus. Just a lit - tle help - er for
just a lit - tle work - er for Je - sus.



Je-sus an - y-where, Gladly doing service for Him here and there; Patiently I will



work, my du ty I will not shirk, I'm just a lit - tle help - er for Je - sus.



H. R. P.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY H. R. PALMER. RENEWAL.

H. R. Palmer.

1. Yield not to temp-ta - tion, For yield-ing is sin; Each vic - t'ry will
 2. Shun e - vil com-pan-ions, Bad language dis - dain, God's name hold in
 3. To him that o'er-com-eth God giv-eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall

help you Some oth - er to win; Fight man-ful - ly on - ward,
 rev-'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thought-ful and ear - nest,
 con - quer, Tho' oft - en cast down; He who is our Sav - ior,

Dark pas-sions sub-due, Look ev-er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you through.
 Kind-heart-ed and true, Look ev-er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you through.
 Our strength will re-new, Look ev-er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you through.

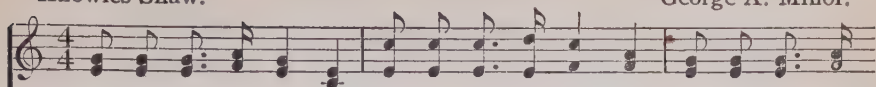
CHORUS.

Ask the Sav - ior to help you, Com - fort, strengthen and keep you;

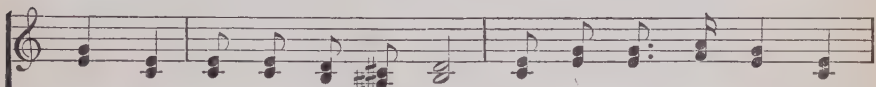
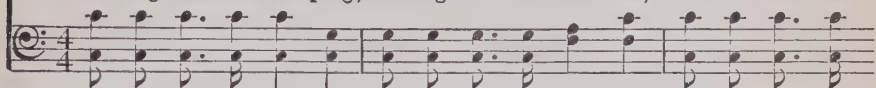
He is will-ing to aid you, He will car-ry you through. A - MEN.

Knowles Shaw.

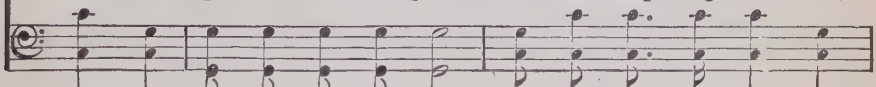
George A. Minor.



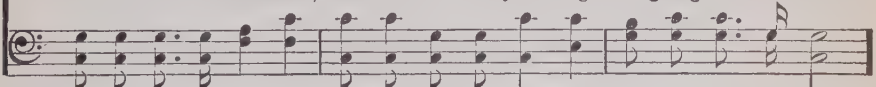
1. Sow-ing in the morn-ing, sow-ing seeds of kind-ness, Sow-ing in the
2. Sow-ing in the sun-shine, sow-ing in the shad-ows, Fear-ing nei-ther
3. Go-ing forth with weeping, sow-ing for the Mas-ter, Tho' the loss sus-



noon-tide and the dew-y eve; Wait-ing for the har-vest,
clouds nor win-ter's chill-ing breeze; By and by the har-vest,
tained our spir-it oft-en grieves; When our weep-ing's o-ver,



and the time of reap-ing, We shall come re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.
and the la-bor end-ed, We shall come re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.
He will bid us welcome, We shall come re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.



CHORUS.



{ Bring-ing in the sheaves, bring-ing in the sheaves, We shall come re-joic-
{ Bring-ing in the sheaves, bring-ing in the sheaves, We shall come re-joic-



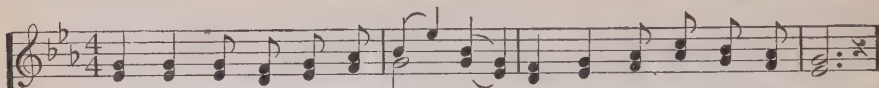
ing, bring-ing in the sheaves; ing, bring-ing in the sheaves. A-MEN.



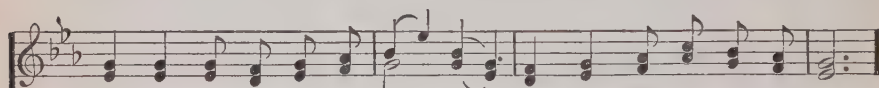
Anonymous.

Shepherd. 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

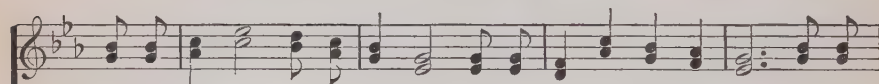
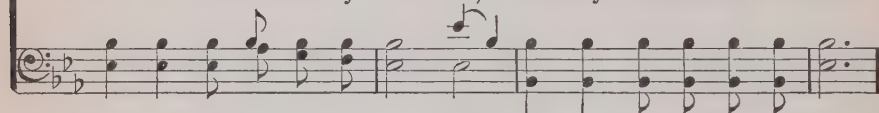
William B. Bradbury.



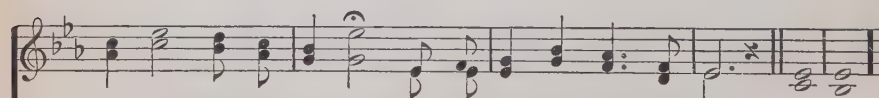
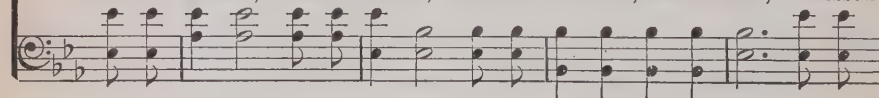
1. Sav - ior, like a shep - herd lead us, Much we need Thy ten - der care;
2. We are Thine; do Thou be - friend us, Be the Guard - ian of our way;
3. Thou hast prom - ised to re - ceive us, Poor and sin - ful though we be;
4. Ear - ly let us seek Thy fa - vor; Ear - ly let us do Thy will;



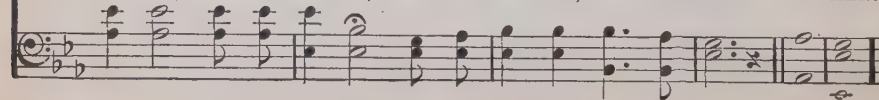
In Thy pleas - ant pas - tures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre - pare:
 Keep Thy flock, from sin de - fend us, Seek us when we go a - stray:
 Thou hast mer - cy to re - lieve us, Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free:
 Bless - ed Lord and on - ly Sav - ior, With Thy love our bos - oms fill:



Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless - ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are; Blessed
 Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless - ed Je - sus, Hear the children when they pray; Blessed
 Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless - ed Je - sus, Ear - ly let us turn to Thee; Blessed
 Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless - ed Je - sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still; Blessed



Je - sus, Bless - ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
 Je - sus, Bless - ed Je - sus, Hear the chil - dren when they pray.
 Je - sus, Bless - ed Je - sus, Ear - ly let us turn to Thee.
 Je - sus, Bless - ed Je - sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still. A - MEN.

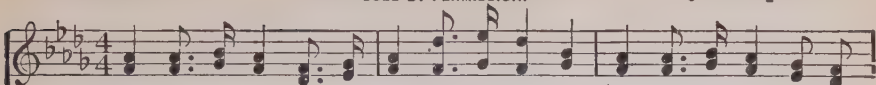


Stepping in the Light.

L. H. Edmunds.

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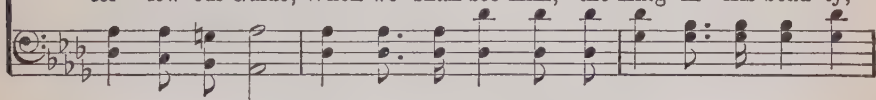
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



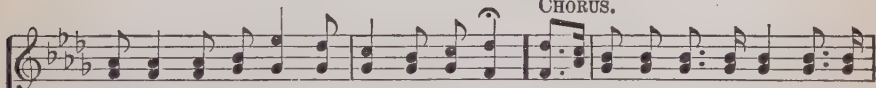
1. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Sav - ior, Try - ing to fol - low our
2. Pressing more closely to Him who is lead - ing, When we are tempted to
3. Walking in foot - steps of gen - tle for - bear - ance, Footsteps of faith - ful - ness,
4. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Sav - ior, Up - ward, still up - ward we'll



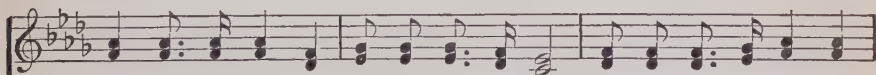
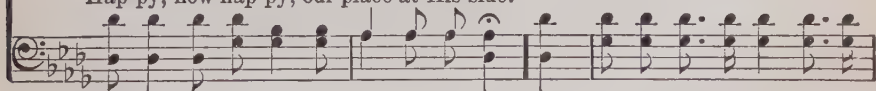
Sav - ior and King; Shap - ing our lives by His bless - ed ex - am - ple,
turn from the way; Trust - ing the arm that is strong to de - fend us,
mer - cy, and love, Look - ing to Him for the grace free - ly prom - ised,
fol - low our Guide; When we shall see Him, "the King in His beau - ty,"



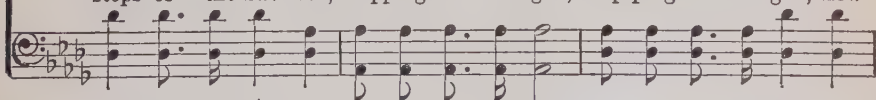
CHORUS.



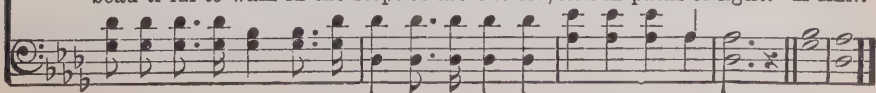
Hap - py, how hap - py, the songs that we bring.
Hap - py, how hap - py, our prais - es each day. How beau - ti - ful to walk in the
Hap - py, how hap - py, our jour - ney a - bove.
Hap - py, how hap - py, our place at His side.



steps of the Sav - ior, Stepping in the light, Step - ping in the light; How



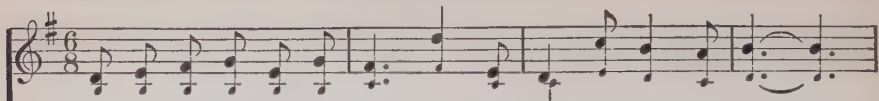
beau - ti - ful to walk in the steps of the Sav - ior, Led in paths of light. A - MEN.



Nellie Talbot.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.



1. Je - sus wants me for a sun - beam, To shine for Him each day;
2. Je - sus wants me to be lov - ing, And kind to all I see;
3. I will ask Je - sus to help me To keep my heart from sin,
4. I'll be a sun-beam for Je - sus; I can if I but try;



In ev - 'ry way try to please Him, At home, at school, at play.
Showing how pleasant and hap - py His lit - tle one can be.
Ev - er re - flect - ing His good - ness, And al - ways shine for Him.
Serv - ing Him mo - ment by mo - ment, Then live with Him on high.



CHORUS.



A sun - beam, a sun - beam, Je - sus wants me for a sun - beam; A



sun - beam, a sun - beam, I'll be a sun-beam for Him. A - MEN.



Help Somebody To-day.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Look all a-round you, find some one in need, Help some-bod-y to - day!
2. Man - y are wait-ing a kind, lov-ing word, Help some-bod-y to - day!
3. Man - y have bur-dens too heav - y to bear, Help some-bod-y to - day!
4. Some are dis-cour-aged and wear-y in heart, Help some-bod-y to - day!

Tho' it be lit-tle—a neigh-bor-ly deed—Help some-bod-y to-day!
Thou hast a mes-sage, O let it be heard, Help some-bod-y to-day!
Grief is the por-tion of some ev-'ry-where, Help some-bod-y to-day!
Some one the jour-ney to Heaven should start, Help some-bod-y to-day!

[illegible]

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Help some-bod-y to - day, . . . Some-bod-y a - long life's way; . . . Let
to-day, home-ward way;

sorrow be ended, The friendless befriended, Oh, help somebody to-day! A - MEN.

The first system of the musical score for 'The Rose Tree' is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some measures containing beamed sixteenth notes. The system concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

J. W. Van DeVenter.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY W. S. WEEDEN & J. W. VAN DEVENTER.
P. P. BILHORN, OWNER.

W. S. Weeden.

1. I wan-dered in the shades of night, Till Je - sus came to me,
 2. Tho' clouds may gath-er in the sky, And bil - lows round me roll,
 3. While walk-ing in the light of God, I sweet com - mun - ion find;
 4. I cross the wide-ex - tend - ed fields, I jour - ney o'er the plain,
 5. Soon I shall see Him as He is, The light that came to me,

And with the sun - light of His love Bid all my dark - ness flee.
 How - ev - er dark the world may be, I've sun - light in my soul.
 I press with ho - ly vig - or on, And leave the world be - hind.
 And in the sun - light of His love I reap the gold - en grain.
 Be - hold the bright - ness of His face, Thro' - out e - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS.

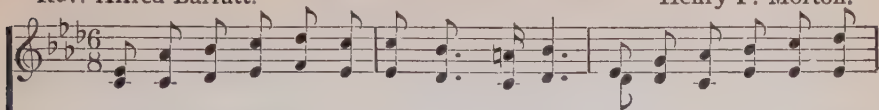
Sun - light, sun - light in my soul to - day, Sun - light, sun - light
 to - day, yes,

all a - long the way; Since the Sav - ior found me,
 nar - row way;

Took a - way my sin, I have had the sun - light of His love with - in.
 load of sin,

Rev. Alfred Barratt.

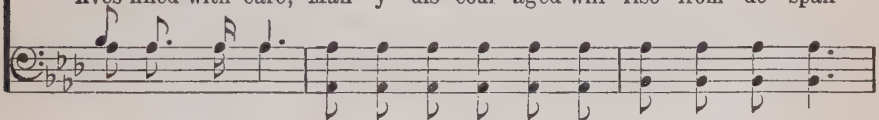
Henry P. Morton.



1. Send out the beau-ti - ful 'sun-shine of cheer, Chase a - way sor - row and
2. Send out the sun-shine wher-ev - er you go; Brighten some pathway of
3. Send out the sun-shine of God's ho - ly Word; Speak it and sing it till
4. Send out the sun-shine of love ev - 'ry-where! Car - ry its brightness to



ban - ish all fear; Man - y are wait - ing its mes - sage to hear—
 sor - row and woe; Treas - ures of glad - ness your life may be - stow—
 all hearts are stirred; Let not His mes - sage of love be un - heard—
 lives filled with care; Man - y dis - cour - aged will rise from de - spair—

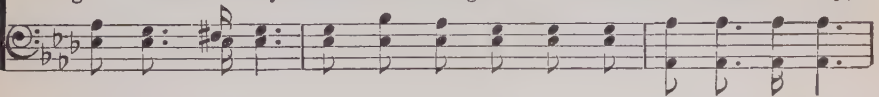


CHORUS.

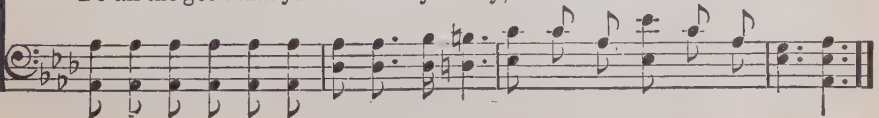
Send out the beau - ti - ful sun-shine! Send out the sun-shine of



glad - ness to - day! Chase all the gloom and the dark - ness a - way;

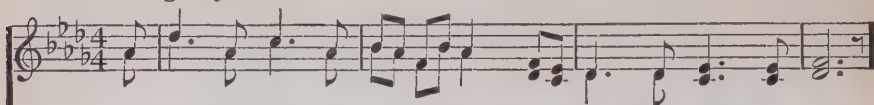


Do all the good that you can while you may, Send out the beau-ti - ful sun-shine.

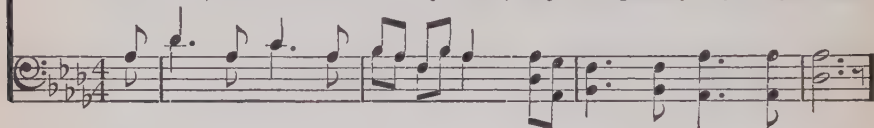


Annie Going Taylor.

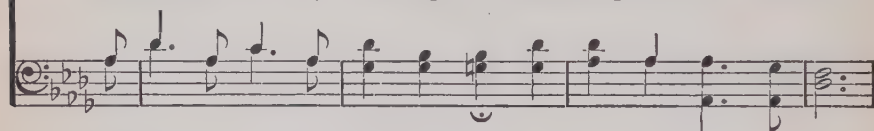
B. B. McKinney.



1. He lives, He lives, oh, glo-rious thought! My Sav - ior and my Lord;
2. No life - less cru - ci - fix could be My sol - ace through the years;
3. He lives, He lives! with - in my heart, My strength, my hope, my Friend;



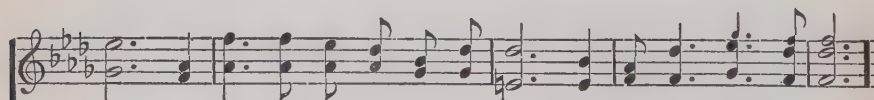
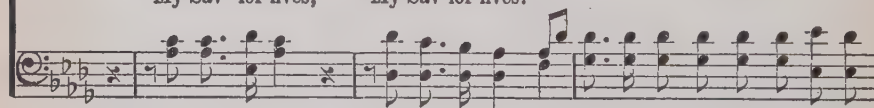
No tomb, how-e'er se - cured by man, Could hold His pre - cious form.
 No pic - ture of His bless - ed face Could dry sin's bit - ter tears.
 No fears have I, my liv - ing Lord Will keep me to the end.



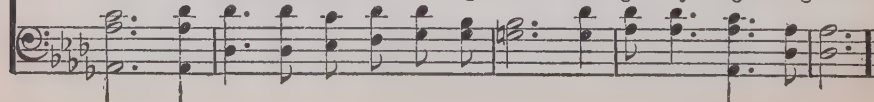
CHORUS.



He lives, He lives! Tri-umphant song of angels and of
 My Sav-ior lives, My Sav-ior lives!



men; The Christ who died that we might live In glo - ry reigns a-gain.



J. P. S.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. P. Scholfield.



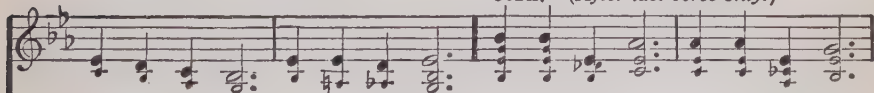
1. Think on thy way, O thou storm-driv-en child; Out on the o - cean so
2. Think on thy way: with-out Pi - lot or Guide, Far from the shore with no
3. Think on thy way, God will not let you go; His might-y arm can de-



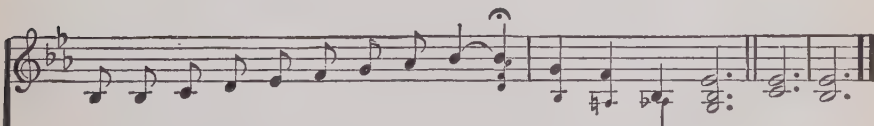
dark and so wild, Far from thy God you are drift-ing to - day,—
 Friend by your side, Thought-less of Him who would fain be your stay,
 stroy ev - 'ry foe; Trust Him to - day, all His man-dates o - bey;



CODA, (After last verse only.)



Think on thy way, think on thy way. Think on thy way, think on thy way,



Is it lead-ing you to God and home? Think on thy way. A - MEN.

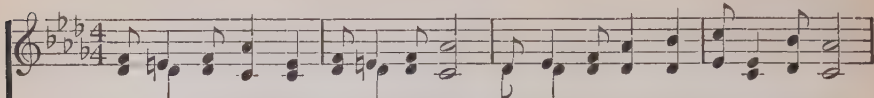


Dedicated to Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Taylor, Pacific Garden Mission, Chicago, Ill.

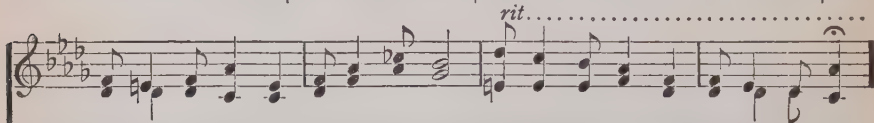
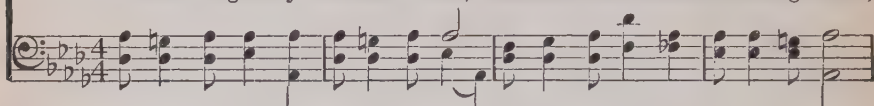
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S. L.

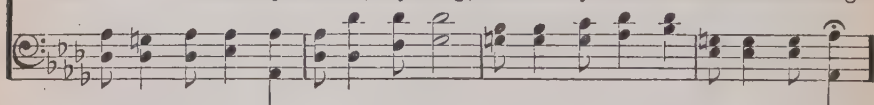
Scott Lawrence.



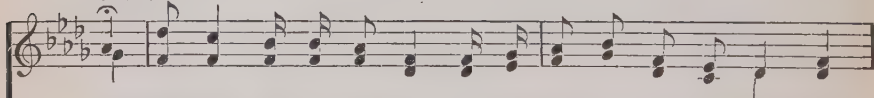
1. Liv - ing for Je - sus, Dwelling in Him, Vic - t'ry is cer - tain, No room for sin,
2. Trials and temptations I take to Him, Because 'twas Jesus Died for my sin;
3. O - ver in glo - ry His face I'll see, Where there's a mansion Waiting for me;



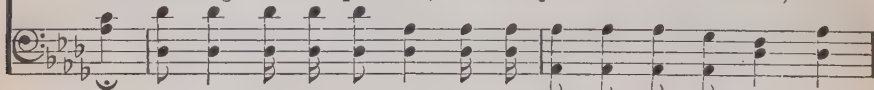
Strengthened for bat - tle, His presence near, Foes will be vanquished, No cause to fear.
 All day He's with me, 'Tis Beau - lah land; He doth uphold me With His right hand.
 How I a - dore my Sav - ior, my King; That's why I love His Praises to sing.



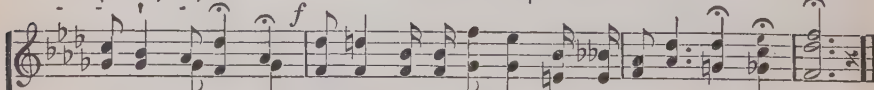
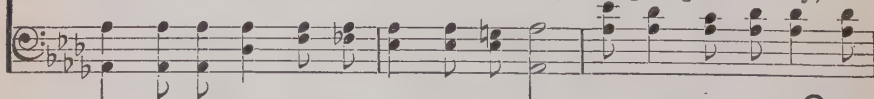
CHORUS.



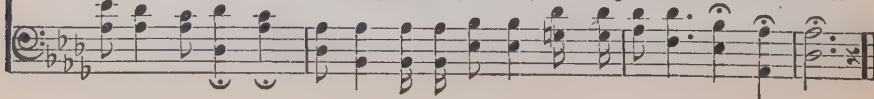
I'm dwell - ing in the pal - ace, In the pal - ace of God's love; Each



day brings a mes - sage From heav - en a - bove, Whis - p'ring so sweet - ly, He



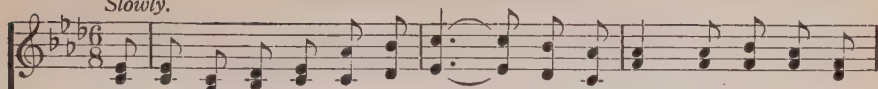
loves e - ven me; I'm dwell - ing in the pal - ace, In the pal - ace of God's love.



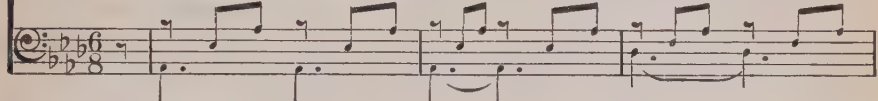
C. A. M.

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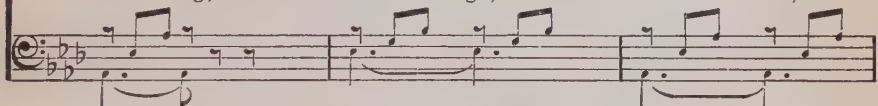
C. Austin Miles.

Slowly.

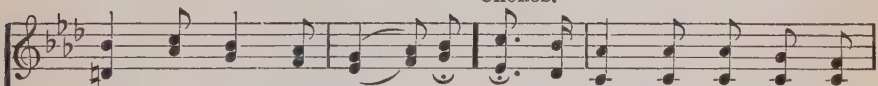
1. I come to the gar-den a - lone, While the dew is still on the
 2. He speaks, and the sound of His voice Is so sweet, the birds hush their
 3. I'd stay in the gar-den with Him, Tho' the night a-round me be



ros - es; And the voice I hear, Fall-ing on my ear, The
 sing - ing, And the mel - o - dy, That He gave to me, With-
 fall - ing, But He bids me go; Thro' the voice of woe, His



CHORUS.



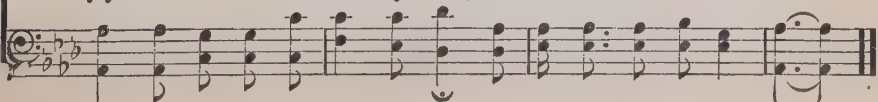
Son of God dis - clos - es.
 in my heart is ring - ing. And He walks with me, and He
 voice to me is call - ing.



talks with me, And He tells me I am His own; And the



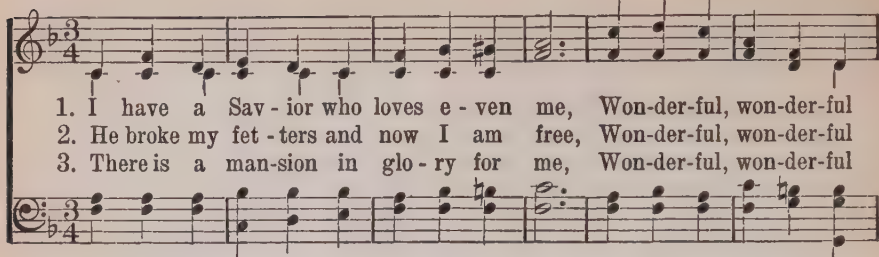
joy we share, as we tar - ry there, None oth-er has ev - er known.



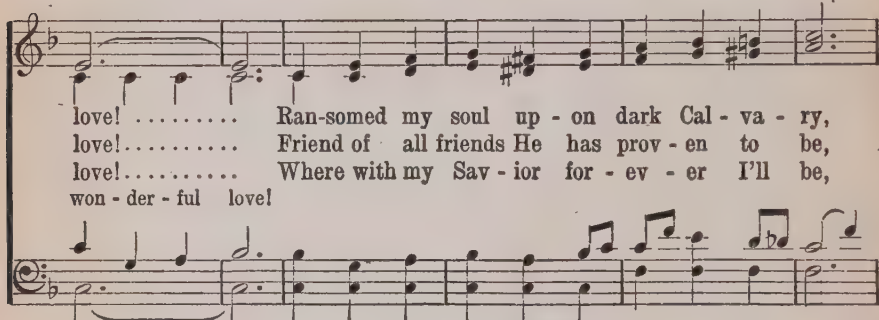
S. L.

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Scott Lawrence.

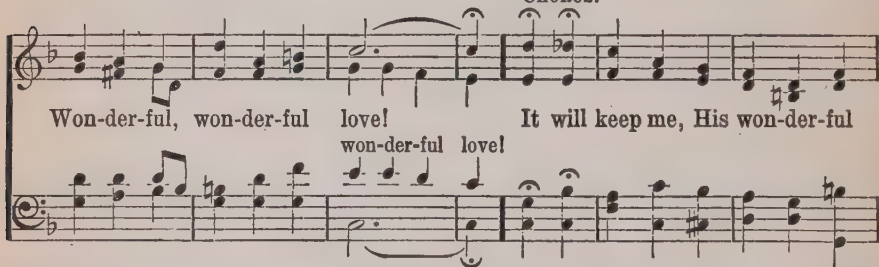


1. I have a Sav - ior who loves e - ven me, Won - der - ful, won - der - ful
 2. He broke my fet - ters and now I am free, Won - der - ful, won - der - ful
 3. There is a man - sion in glo - ry for me, Won - der - ful, won - der - ful

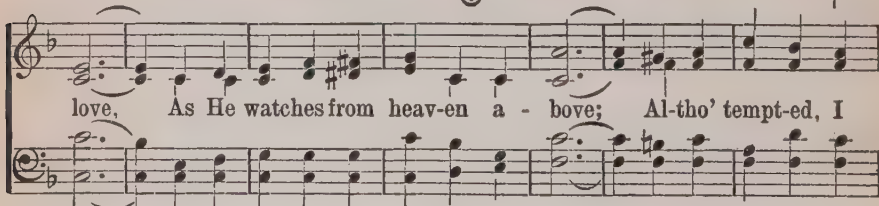


love! Ran - somed my soul up - on dark Cal - va - ry,
 love! Friend of all friends He has prov - en to be,
 love! Where with my Sav - ior for - ev - er I'll be,
 won - der - ful love!

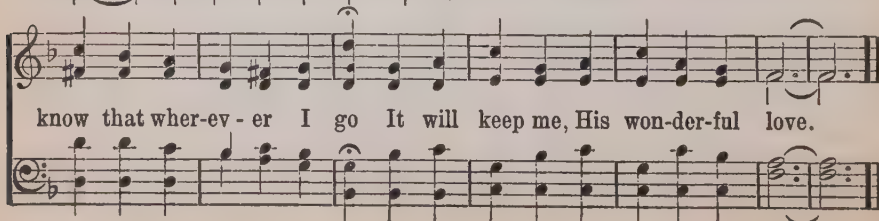
CHORUS.



Won - der - ful, won - der - ful love! It will keep me, His won - der - ful
 won - der - ful love!



love, As He watches from heav - en a - bove; Al - tho' tempt - ed, I

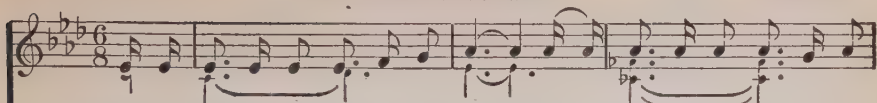


know that wher - ev - er I go It will keep me, His won - der - ful love.

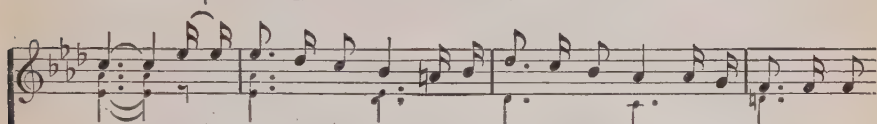
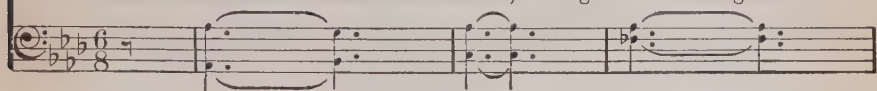
S. L.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

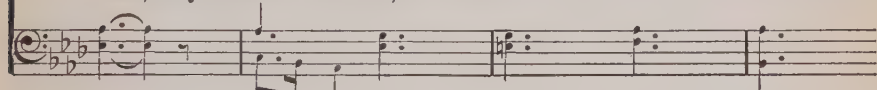
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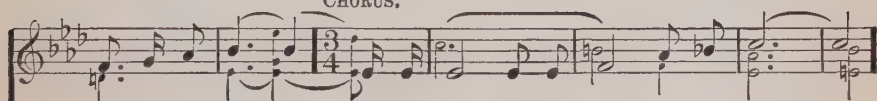
1. When I think of my Sav-ior's great love, In com-ing from Heav-en a-
2. When I think of the thorns on His brow, Seems as if I can see Je-sus
3. When I think how He saves me from sin, Though oft - en un-grate-ful I've



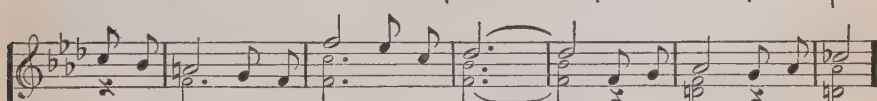
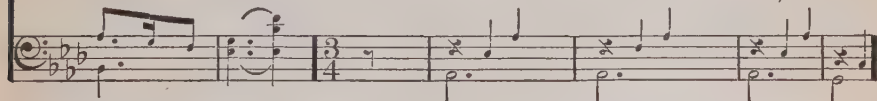
bove, To die on the tree For a sin - ner like me, I am sure that He
now, As He suffered for me, That my soul might be free: I am sure that He
been, My vow I re-new, "To be faith-ful and true:" I am sure that He



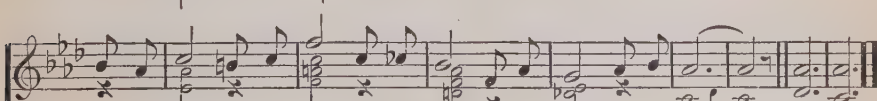
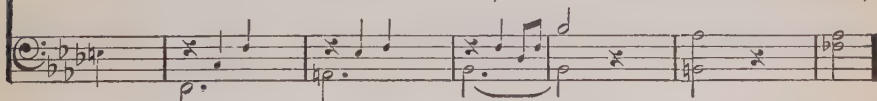
CHORUS.



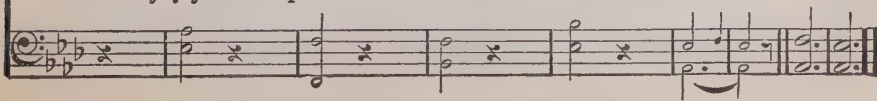
loves e - ven me. I am sure that He loves e - ven me, . . .



I am sure that He loves e - ven me; . . . And His love is so sweet,



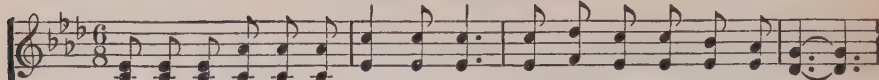
Makes my joy so com-plete When I think how He loves e - ven me. . . A-MEN.



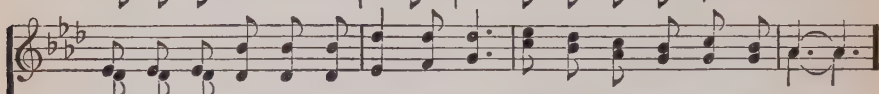
J. P. S.

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ROBT. H. COLEMAN, OWNER.

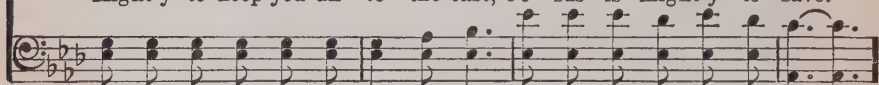
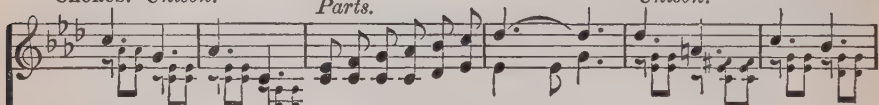
J. P. Scholfield.



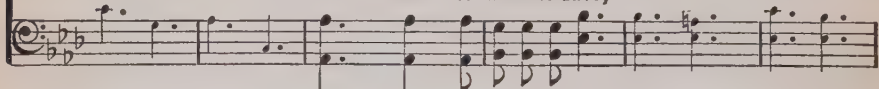
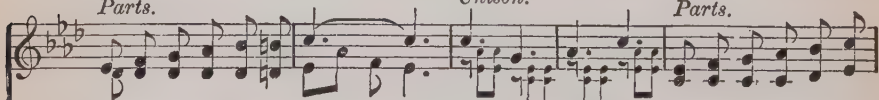
1. Je - sus is a - ble to save from sin, Will you re - ceive Him to - day?
2. Je - sus is will - ing to save your soul, Will you re - ceive Him to - day?
3. Je - sus is might - y to hold you fast, Why not ac - cept Him to - day?



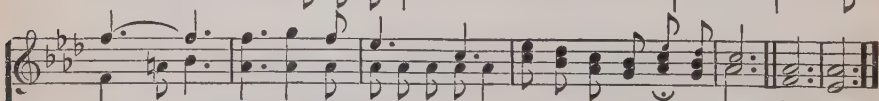
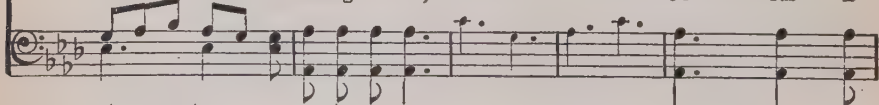
A - ble to plant the new life with - in, Will you re - ceive Him to - day?
Will - ing to take you and make you whole, Je - sus is will - ing to - day.
Might - y to keep you un - to the last; Je - sus is might - y to save.

CHORUS. *Unison.**Parts.**Unison.*

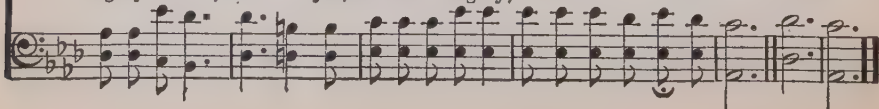
A - ble, a - ble, Je - sus is a - ble to save; . . . Will - ing, will - ing,
Je - sus is a - ble to save;

*Parts.**Unison.**Parts.*

Je - sus is will - ing to save; . . . Might - y, might - y, Je - sus is mighty to
Je - sus is will - ing to save; Je - sus is



save; . . . Might - y, He's might - y, Je - sus is might - y to save. A - MEN.
mighty to save; yes, Je - sus is mighty,



I. E. R.

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I. E. Reynolds.

1. There is joy in serv-ing Je - sus, Who was slain that we might live,
 2. There is joy in serv-ing Je - sus, Tell-ing of His love so true,
 3. There is joy in serv-ing Je - sus, Oh, be faith-ful to the end,

For the price He paid to save us, We our all to Him should give.
 How He spilt His blood so pre - cious, That the lost might take Him too.
 By and by we'll stand be-fore Him, Let us e'er His cause de - fend.

CHORUS.

There is joy, great joy.... in the serv-ice of our King; There is joy, great

joy, .. ev-er-more His praises sing; There is joy, great joy, great-est trib-ute

to Him bring; There is joy, great joy.. in the serv-ice of our King.

Mrs. R. W. Leader.

A. W. Roper.

DUET. *Soprano and Alto.*

1. In the ear - ly morn, in my gar - den, Where flowers waft perfume so rare, I
 2. In the noontime's hurry and wor - ry, As crowds throng the great city street, I
 3. In the eve - ning, when work is o - ver, More beauties are mine to be - hold; I

see the face of the Mas - ter, In the ros - es He giv - eth me there.
 see the face of the Mas - ter, In the glance of each child that I meet.
 see the face of the Mas - ter, In the glo - ri - ous sun - set of gold.

QUARTET.

Oh! how dear the face of the Mas - ter, And to me how precious His touch;...
 how precious His touch;

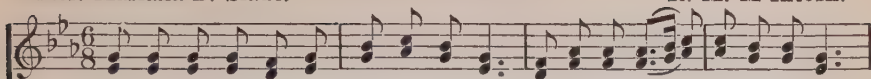
I yield a - new to the Sav - ior, Who hath loved me and given me much;... I
 yield a - new to the Sav - ior, Who hath loved me and given me much.....

and giv - en me much.

Mrs. Mariana B. Slade.

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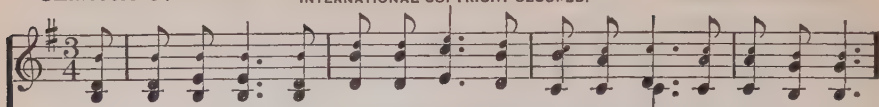
R. M. M'Intosh.



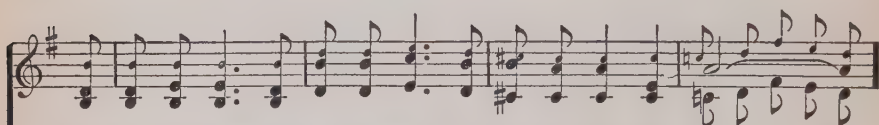
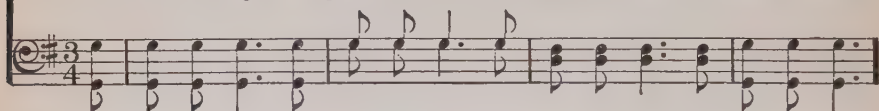
Charlotte G. Homer.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

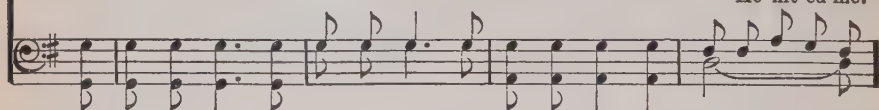


1. In lov-ing-kind-ness Je-sus came My soul in mer-cy to re-claim,
2. He called me long be-fore I heard, Be-fore my sin-ful heart was stirred,
3. His brow was pierced with many a thorn, His hands by cru-el nails were torn,
4. Now on a high-er plane I dwell, And with my soul I know 'tis well;

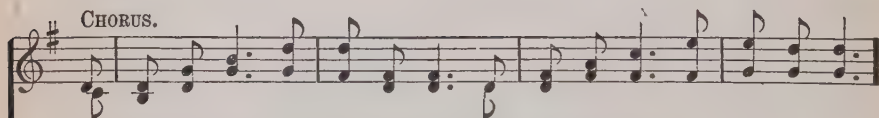


And from the depths of sin and shame Thro' grace He lift-ed me.
 But when I took Him at His word, For-giv'n He lift-ed me.
 When from my guilt and grief, forlorn, In love He lift-ed me.
 Yet how or why, I can-not tell, He should have lift-ed me.

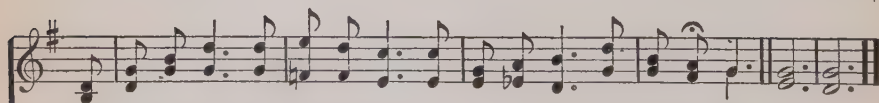
He lift-ed me.



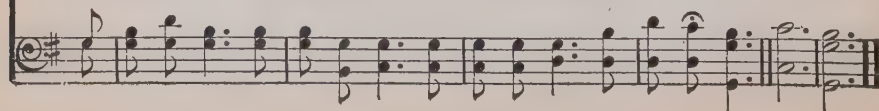
CHORUS.



From sink-ing sand He lift-ed me, With ten-der hand He lift-ed me,



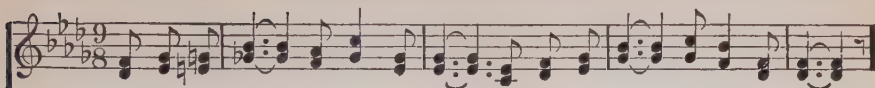
From shades of night to plains of light, O praise His name, He lifted me! A-MEN.



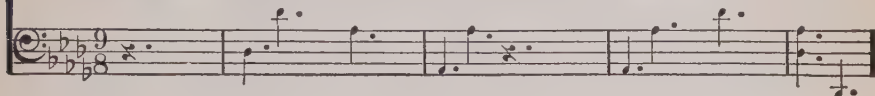
Fred P. Morris.

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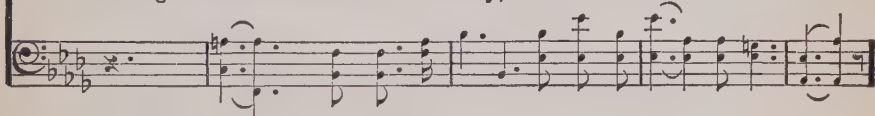
Robert Harkness.



1. Some-bod-y came and lift-ed me Out of my sin and mis-er - y,
2. Some-bod-y bent so ten-der - ly, Pleading so long and pa-tient - ly,
3. Some-bod-y whispered sweet and low, Tell-ing me just the way to go,
4. Some-bod-y holds my hand each day, Guiding my feet lest I should stray,



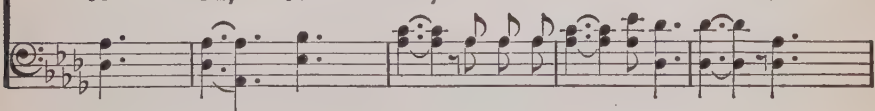
Some-bod-y came, O who could it be, Who could it be but Je - sus?
 Some-bod-y came, O who could it be, Who could it be but Je - sus?
 Some-bod-y spoke, I lis-tened, and lo, Who could it be but Je - sus?
 Walking with Him how bless-ed the way, Who could it be but Je - sus?



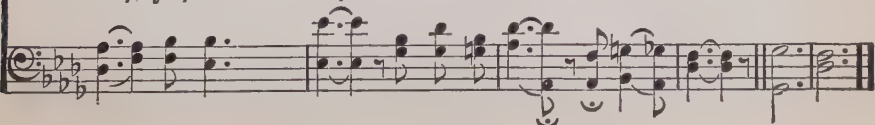
CHORUS.



Who could it be, O who could it be? Who could it be but Je - sus? Who could it
 Je - - sus, Je - - sus, Je - -



be, O who could it be? Who could it be but Je - sus? A - MEN.
 sus, yes, Je - - sus,

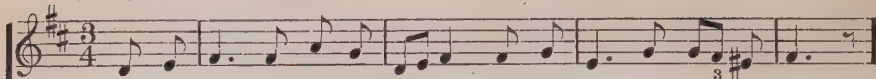


Geo. W. Lyon.

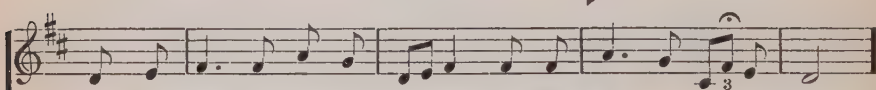
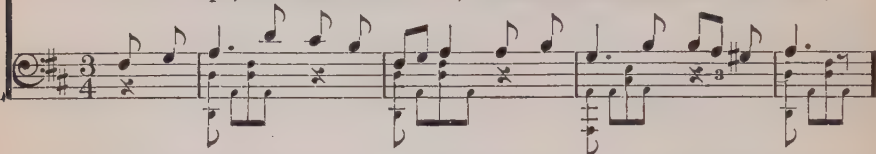
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T. B. Mosley.

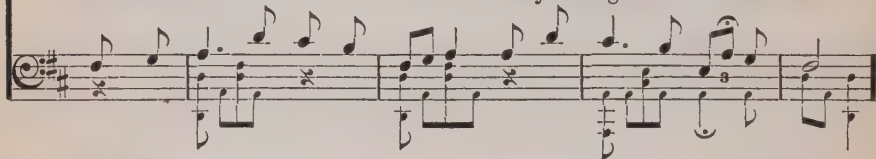
DUET, ALTO AND TENOR.



1. Star of Hope, break thro' the darkness That enshrouds the troubled sea;
2. All a-round us waves are dashing, Lightnings flash and thunders roll;
3. Star of Hope, hear our pe - ti - tion; Give us light that we may see
4. Star of Hope, O blest Re-deem-er, Calm the waves that lie be - fore,



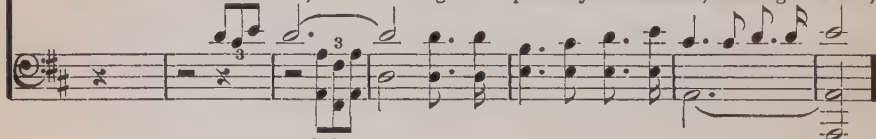
Send a gleam a - cross the wa - ters, Let Thy light our bea-con be.
 Creak-ing sails and howl-ing tem-pest Bring de-spair to ev - 'ry soul.
 How to steer our bark to ref-u-ge, Bless-ed One, our an-chor be.
 Guide us safe in - to the har-bor On yon bright ce - les-tial shore.



REFRAIN.



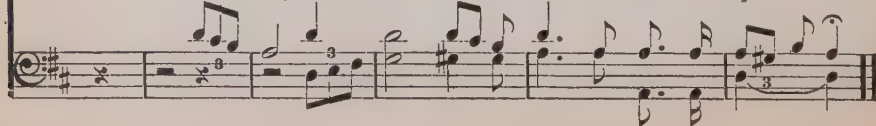
Shine on, Light our pathway o'er the sea;
 Shine on, Light our pathway o'er the sea, the dang'rous sea;



Shine on,



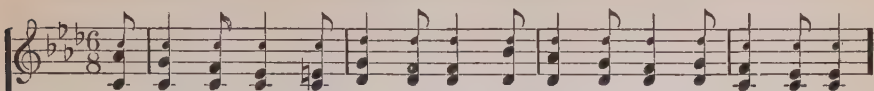
Shine on, shine on, We will turn our eyes to Thee,
 Shine on, shine on We will ev - er turn our eyes to Thee.



Fred P. Morris.

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Robert Harkness.



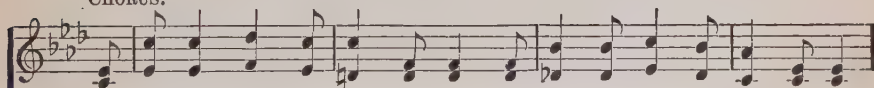
1. My moth-er's hand is on my brow, Her gen-tle voice is plead-ing now;
2. Once more I see that look of pain, The an-guish in those eyes a-gain;
3. While oth-ers scorned me in their pride She gen-tly drew me to her side;
4. The mem-o-ries of by-gone years, My moth-er's love, my mother's tears,
5. I'm com-ing home, by sin be-set, For Je-sus loves me e-ven yet;



A-cross the years so marred by sin What mem-o-ries of love steal in!
My heart is sad, for well I know My sin has caused this bit-ter woe.
When all the world had turned a-way My moth-er stood by me that day.
The tho't of all her con-stant care Doth bring the an-swer to her prayer.
My moth-er's love brings home to me The great-er love of Cal-va-ry.



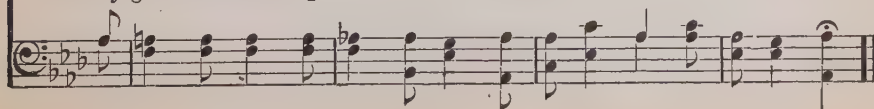
CHORUS.



O moth-er, when I think of thee, 'Tis but a step to Cal-va-ry;



Thy gen-tle hand up-on my brow Is lead-ing me to Je-sus now.



Ada R. Habershon.

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Robert Harkness.

1. When I fear my faith will fail, Christ will hold me fast;
 2. I could nev - er keep my hold, He must hold me fast;
 3. I am pre - cious in His sight, He will hold me fast;
 4. He'll not let my soul be lost, Christ will hold me fast;

rall.
 When the tempt - er would pre - vail, He can hold me fast. . .
 For my love is oft - en cold, He must hold me fast. . .
 Those He saves are His de - light, He will hold me fast. . .
 Bought by Him at such a cost, He will hold me fast. . .

REFRAIN. a tempo.
 He will hold me fast, He will hold me fast;
 hold me fast, hold me fast;

rall.
 For my Sav - ior loves me so, He will hold me fast. A-MEN.

He's My Savior True.

(Answer to "Is He Yours?")

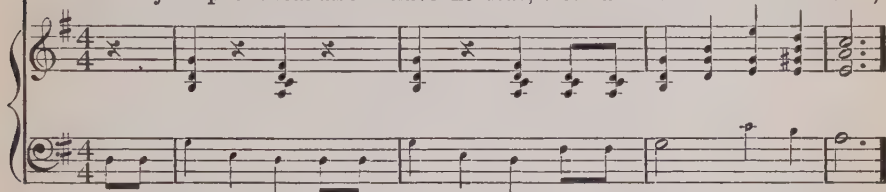
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J. P. S.

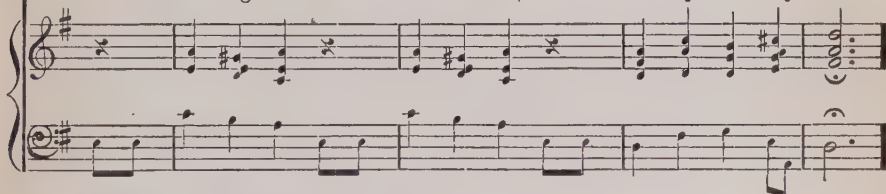
J. P. Scholfield.



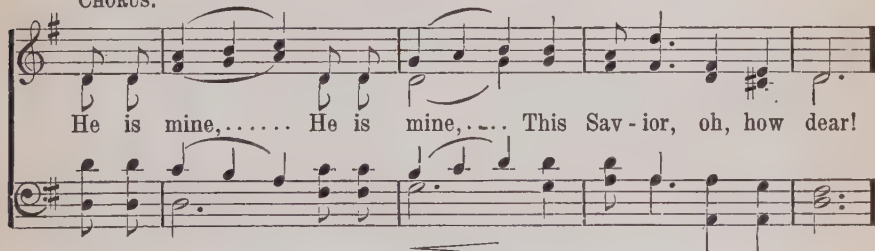
1. He's my Sav-ior True and will bear me thro', Tho' temptations storm my soul;
2. He's my pi-lot brave o-ver sea and wave, He will guide my ship to land;
3. He's my Shepherd dear and I have no fear, For a-far I can-not roam;



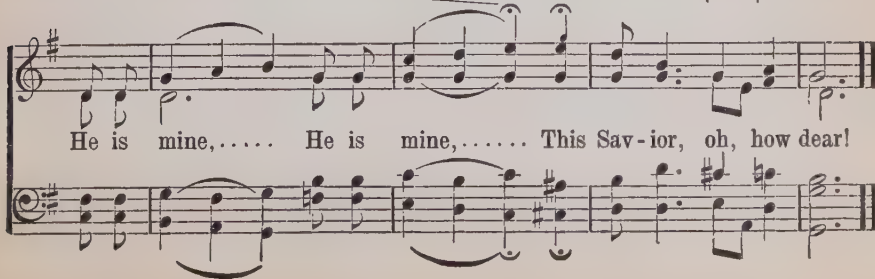
He can save from sin and the vic-t'ry win; And to Him I yield con-trol.
 For He knows the deep, how the billows sweep, And He holds me with His hand.
 He is lead-ing me and will care for me, Till I reach my Heav'nly Home.



CHORUS.



He is mine,..... He is mine,.... This Sav-ior, oh, how dear!

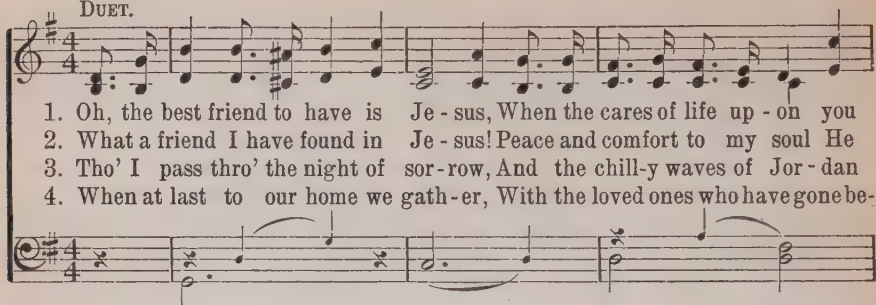


He is mine,..... He is mine,..... This Sav-ior, oh, how dear!

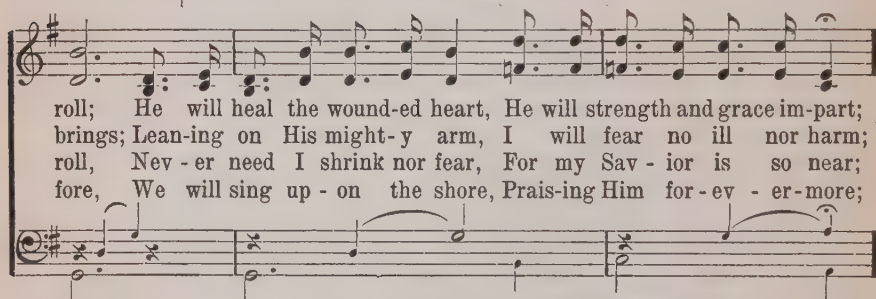
P. P. B.
DUET.

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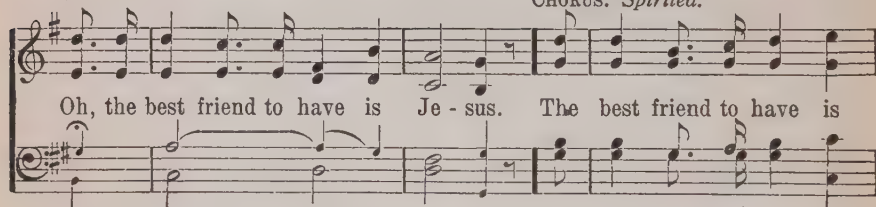
P. P. Bilhorn.



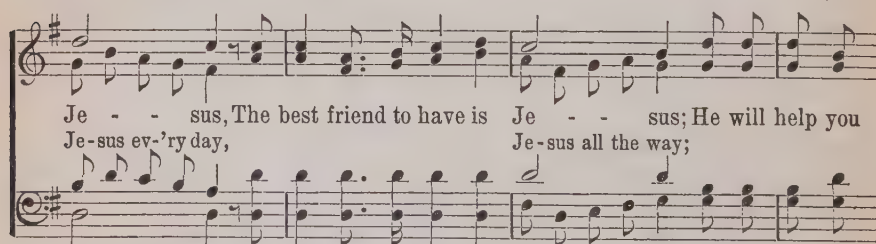
1. Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus, When the cares of life up - on you
 2. What a friend I have found in Je - sus! Peace and comfort to my soul He
 3. Tho' I pass thro' the night of sor - row, And the chill - y waves of Jor - dan
 4. When at last to our home we gath - er, With the loved ones who have gone be -



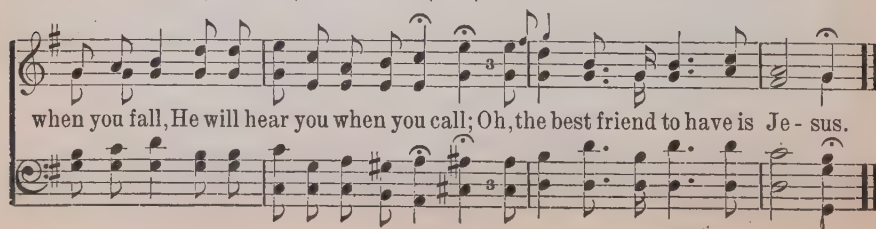
roll; He will heal the wound - ed heart, He will strength and grace im - part;
 brings; Lean - ing on His might - y arm, I will fear no ill nor harm;
 roll, Nev - er need I shrink nor fear, For my Sav - ior is so near;
 fore, We will sing up - on the shore, Prais - ing Him for - ev - er - more;

CHORUS. *Spirited.*


Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus. The best friend to have is



Je - - sus, The best friend to have is Je - - sus; He will help you
 Je - sus ev - 'ry day, Je - sus all the way;



when you fall, He will hear you when you call; Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

B. Frank Butts.

1. There's One a - bove all earth-ly friends Whose love all earthly love transcends;
 2. He's mine be-cause He died for me, He saved my soul, He set me free;
 3. He's mine be-cause He's in my heart, And nev - er, nev - er will we part;
 4. Some day up - on the streets of gold Mine eyes His glo - ry shall be - hold;

It is my Lord and Christ di-vine, My Lord, be-cause I know He's mine.
 With joy I wor - ship at His shrine And cry, "Praise God, I know He's mine."
 Just as the branch is to the vine, I'm joined to Christ; I know He's mine.
 Then, while His arms around me twine, I'll cry for joy, "I know He's mine."

CHORUS.

I know He's mine, this Friend so dear, He lives with
 I know He's mine this Friend so dear,

me, He's ev - er near; Ten thousand charms
 He lives with me, He's ev - er near; Ten thousand charms

a - round Him shine, And, best of all, I know He's mine.
 a-round Him shine,

Fanny J. Crosby.

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P. P. Bilhorn.

1. O won - der - ful words of the gos - pel! O won - der - ful
 2. He came from the throne of His glo - ry, And left the bright
 3. O come to this won - der - ful Sav - ior, Come, wear - y and
 4. There's no oth - er ref - uge but Je - sus, No shel - ter where

mes - sage they bring, Pro - claim - ing a bless - ed re - demp - tion, Thro'
 man - sions a - bove, The world to re - deem from its bond - age; So
 sor - row - op - pressed; Be - hold on the cross how He suf - fered, That
 lost ones may fly; And now, while He's ten - der - ly call - ing, O

CHORUS.

Je - sus our Sav - ior and King.
 great His com - pas - sion and love. Be - lieve, oh, be - lieve in His
 you in His kingdom might rest.
 "turn ye," "for why will ye die!"

mer - cy That flows like a foun - tain so free; Be - lieve, and re -

rit.

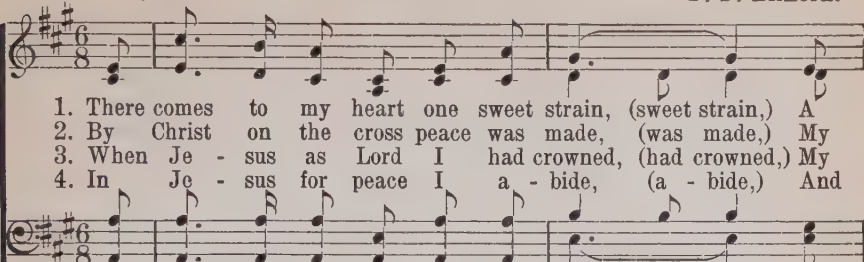
ceive the re - demp - tion He of - fers to you and to me.

296 Sweet Peace, the Gift of God's Love.

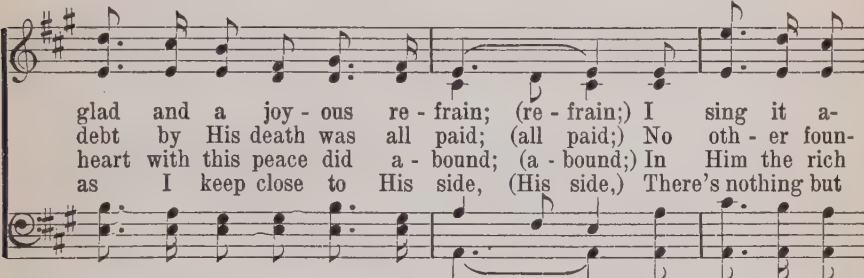
P. P. B.

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RENEWAL, 1919.

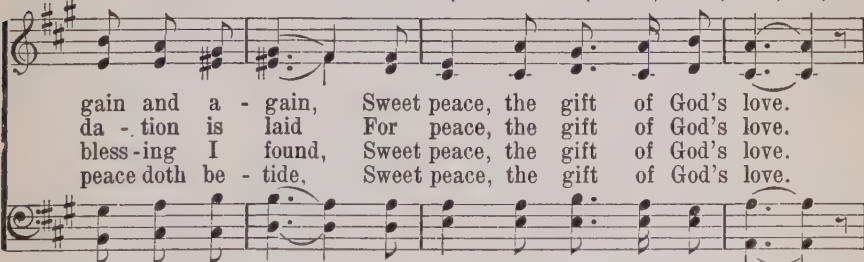
P. P. Bilhorn.



1. There comes to my heart one sweet strain, (sweet strain,) A
 2. By Christ on the cross peace was made, (was made,) My
 3. When Je - sus as Lord I had crowned, (had crowned,) My
 4. In Je - sus for peace I a - bide, (a - bide,) And

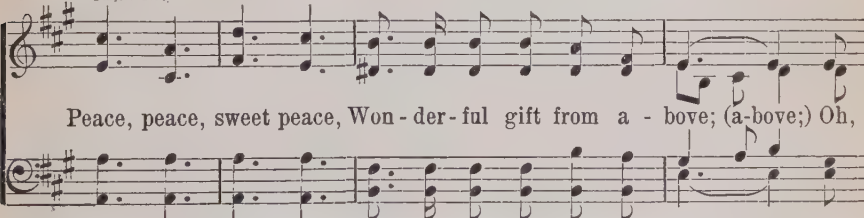


glad and a joy - ous re - frain; (re - frain;) I sing it a -
 debt by His death was all paid; (all paid;) No oth - er foun -
 heart with this peace did a - bound; (a - bound;) In Him the rich
 as I keep close to His side, (His side,) There's nothing but

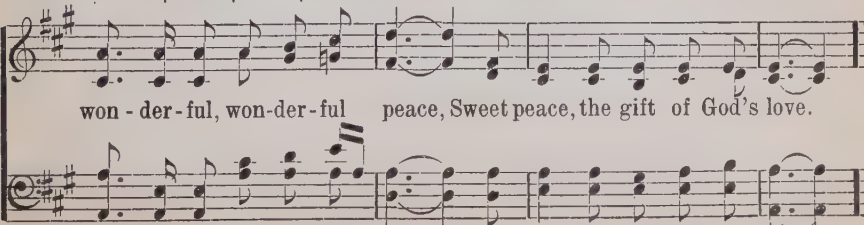


gain and a - gain, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
 da - tion is laid For peace, the gift of God's love.
 bless - ing I found, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
 peace doth be - tide, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

CHORUS.



Peace, peace, sweet peace, Won - der - ful gift from a - bove; (a - bove;) Oh,



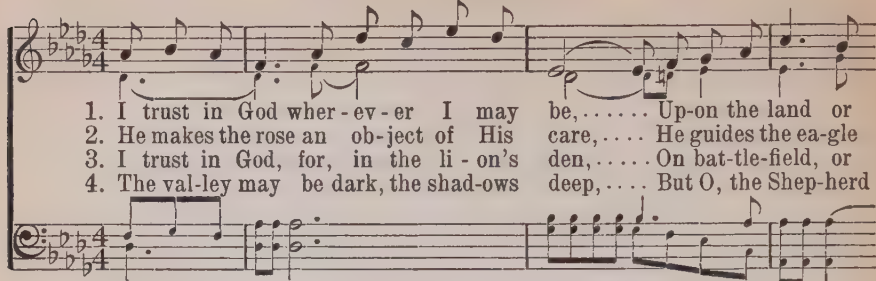
won - der - ful, won - der - ful peace, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

297 My Father Watches Over Me.

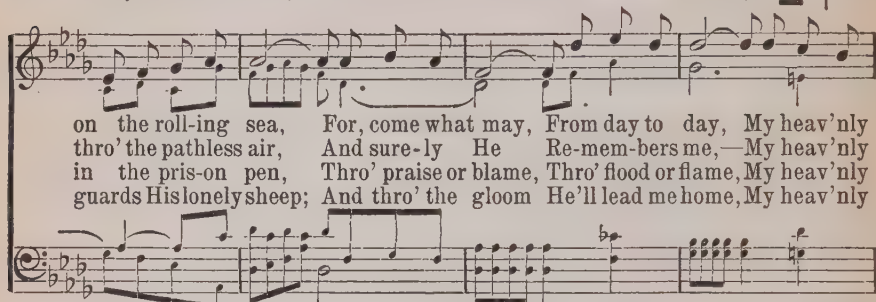
Rev. W. C. Martin.

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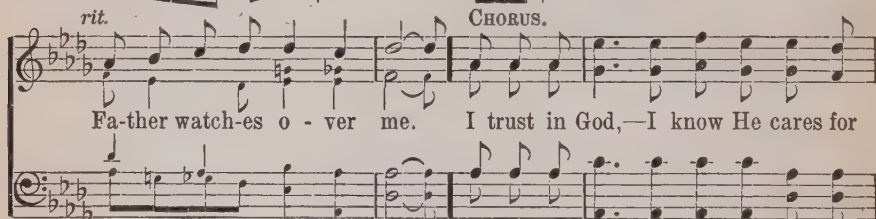
Chas. H. Gabriel.



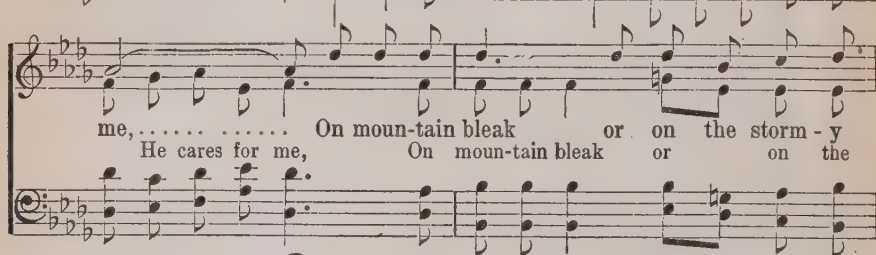
1. I trust in God wher-ev-er I may be,..... Up-on the land or
2. He makes the rose an ob-ject of His care,.... He guides the ea-gle
3. I trust in God, for, in the li-on's den,.... On bat-tle-field, or
4. The val-ley may be dark, the shad-ows deep,.... But O, the Shep-herd



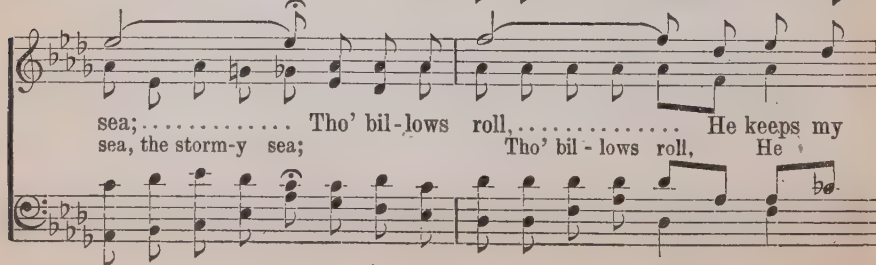
on the roll-ing sea, For, come what may, From day to day, My heav'nly
thro' the pathless air, And sure-ly He Re-mem-bers me,—My heav'nly
in the pris-on pen, Thro' praise or blame, Thro' flood or flame, My heav'nly
guards His lonely sheep; And thro' the gloom He'll lead me home, My heav'nly



rit. CHORUS.
Fa-ther watch-es o-ver me. I trust in God,—I know He cares for

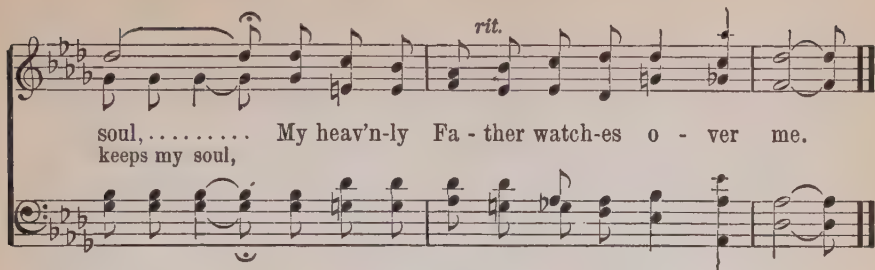


me,..... On moun-tain bleak or on the storm-y
He cares for me, On moun-tain bleak or on the



sea;..... Tho' bil-lows roll,..... He keeps my
sea, the storm-y sea; Tho' bil-lows roll, He

My Father Watches Over Me.



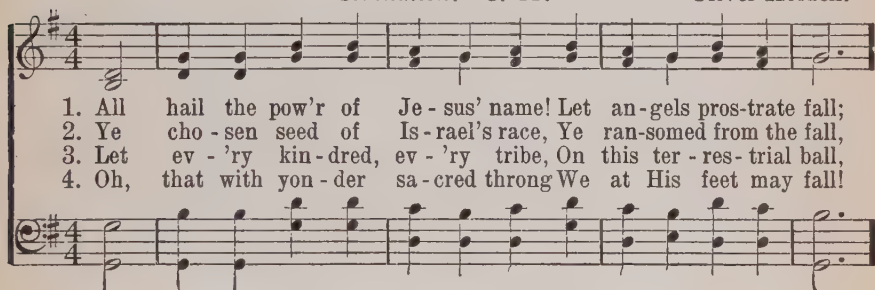
soul, My heav'n-ly Fa - ther watch-es o - ver me.
keeps my soul,

298

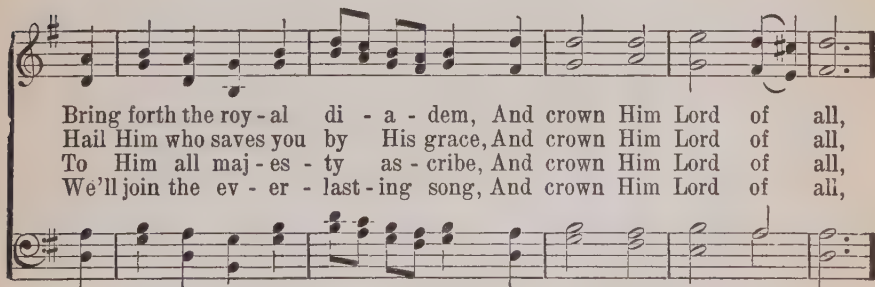
All Hail the Power.

Coronation. C. M.

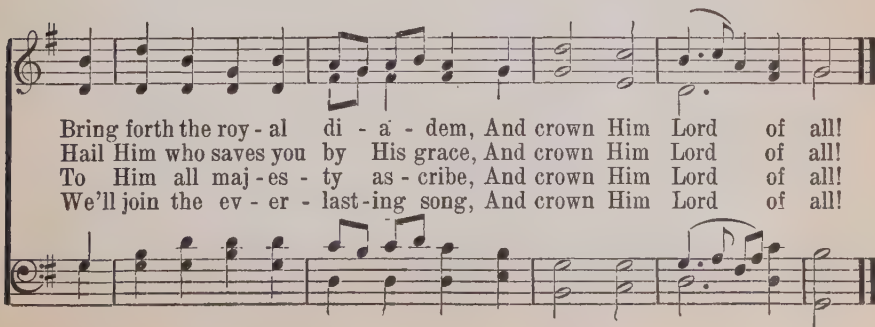
Oliver Holden.



1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an-gels pros-trate fall;
2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran-somed from the fall,
3. Let ev - 'ry kin-dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
4. Oh, that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall!



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all,
To Him all maj - es - ty as - crite, And crown Him Lord of all,
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all,

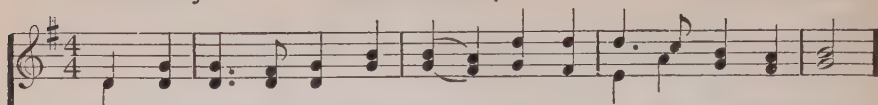


Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all!
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all!
To Him all maj - es - ty as - crite, And crown Him Lord of all!
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all!

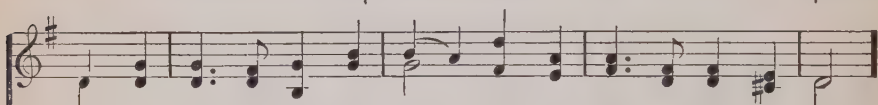
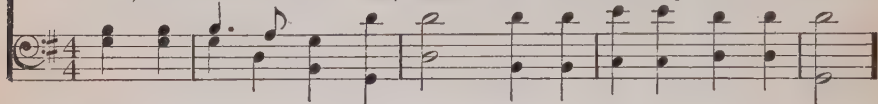
Charles Wesley.

Mendelssohn. 75. D.

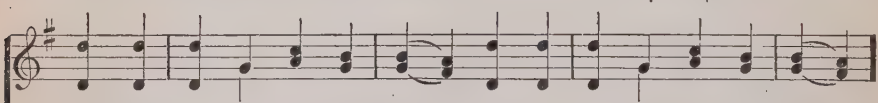
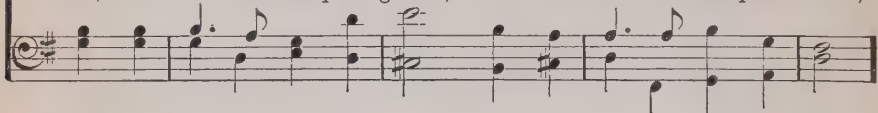
Mendelssohn.



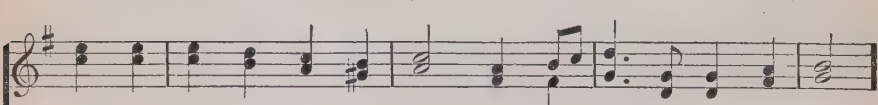
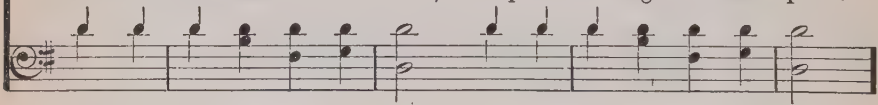
1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King;
2. Christ, by high-est Heav'n a - dored, Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord:
3. Hail the Heav'n-born Prince of Peace! Hail the Sun of right-eous-ness!
4. Come, De - sire of na - tions, come! Fix in us Thy hum - ble home:



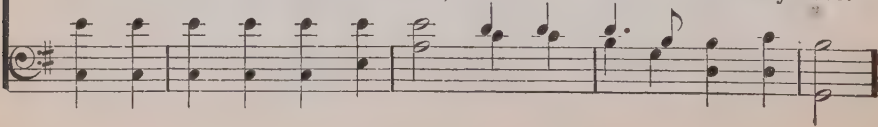
Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild; God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled."
 Late in time be - hold Him come, Off - spring of a vir - gin's womb.
 Light and life to all He brings, Ris'n with heal - ing in His wings:
 Rise, the wom - an's con - qu'ring seed, Bruise in us the ser - pent's head;



Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise, Join the tri - umph of the skies;
 Veiled in flesh the God - head see, Hail th'in - car - nate De - i - ty!
 Mild He lays His glo - ry by, Born that man no more may die;
 Ad - am's like - ness now ef - face, Stamp Thine im - age in its place:



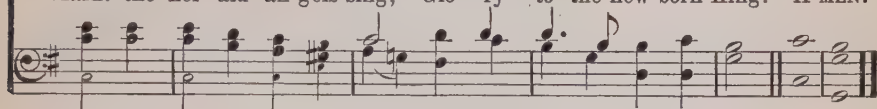
With an - gel - ic hosts pro - claim, "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem."
 Pleased as man with men to ap - pear, Je - sus our Im - man - uel here.
 Born to raise the sons of earth; Born to give them sec - ond birth.
 Sec - ond Ad - am from a - bove, Re - in - state us in Thy love.



Hark! the Herald Angels Sing.



Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King." A-MEN.



300 Silent Night! Holy Night!

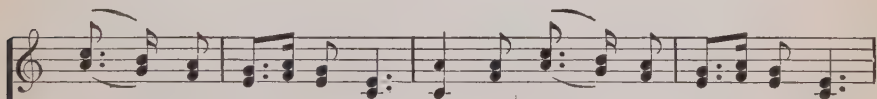
Rev. Joseph Mohr.

Christmas Carol.

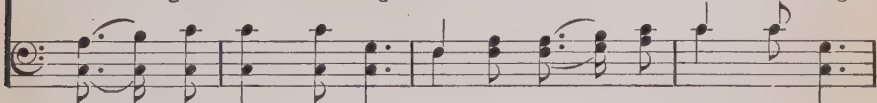
Franz Gruber.



1. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! All is dark, save the light Yon - der,
2. Si - lent night! Peaceful night! Dark-ness flies, all is light; Shep - herds
3. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Guid - ing Star, lend thy light! See the
4. Si - lent night! Ho - liest night! Wondrous Star, lend thy light! With the



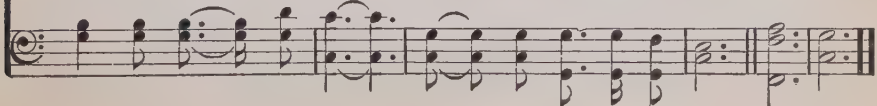
where they sweet vig - ils keep, O'er the Babe who in si - lent sleep
hear the an - gels sing, "Al - le - lu - ia! hail the King!
East - ern wise men bring Gifts and hom - age to our King!
an - - gels let us sing Al - le - lu - ia to our King!



rallentando.



Rests in heav - en - ly peace, Rests in heav - en - ly peace.
Christ the Sav - ior born, Je - sus the Sav - ior is born."
Christ the Sav - ior is born, Je - sus the Sav - ior is born!
Christ the Sav - ior is born, Je - sus the Sav - ior is born! A - MEN.



Dedicated to Dr. S. E. Furry.

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S. L.

Scott Lawrence.

Piano introduction in B-flat major, 4/4 time. The melody is in the right hand, starting with a forte (f) dynamic and ending with a ritardando (rit.) marking. The left hand provides a steady harmonic accompaniment.

VOICE.

First vocal entry in B-flat major, 4/4 time. The melody is in the right hand, starting with a forte (f) dynamic. The left hand provides a steady harmonic accompaniment.

1. He watcheth His sheep, Hal-le - lu - jah!... Watch-eth by night and by
 2. He lov-eth His sheep, Hal-le - lu - jah!... Won - der-ful love we are
 3. He guid-eth His sheep, Hal-le - lu - jah!... Out of the dark-ness of

Second vocal entry in B-flat major, 4/4 time. The melody is in the right hand, starting with a forte (f) dynamic. The left hand provides a steady harmonic accompaniment.

day,... Down in the val-ley He wan-ders,... O - ver the
 told,... Love ev-er search-ing the moun-tains,... Call-ing lost
 night,... Ten-der-ly lead-ing their foot-steps,... In - to His

Third vocal entry in B-flat major, 4/4 time. The melody is in the right hand, starting with a forte (f) dynamic. The left hand provides a steady harmonic accompaniment.

hills far a - way;... Days when the sun-shine is smil-ing,....
 sheep to His fold;... Sheep know the voice of their Shep-herd,....
 mar-vel-ous light;... Je - sus says, I will up - hold you,....

Fourth vocal entry in B-flat major, 4/4 time. The melody is in the right hand, starting with a forte (f) dynamic. The left hand provides a steady harmonic accompaniment.

Days dark with tem-pest at sea:... Won-der-ful Shep-herd is
 They hear His "Come un - to Me;"... Won-der-ful Shep-herd is
 Trust in My strength, "Fol-low Me;"... Won-der-ful Shep-herd is

Wonderful Shepherd Is He.

Je - sus, Won - der - ful Shepherd is He, Won - der - ful

Shep - herd is Je - sus, *rit.* Won - der - ful Shep - herd is He

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Jesus Keeps Me Singing.

J. P. S.

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J. P. Scholfield.

1. When I stop and pon - der on His matchless love, My heart starts to
 2. When I think of Je - sus leav - ing heaven's throne, My heart keeps on
 3. Now I know that Je - sus chose my cross to bear, That I might reach
 4. When I think that thro' Him I have life di - vine, I long to tell

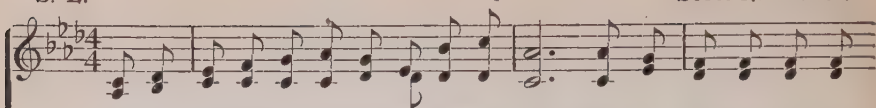
CHORUS.

sing - ing of that home a - bove.
 sing - ing, for He is my own. Je - sus keeps me sing - ing, for I
 heav - en with a crown to wear.
 oth - ers of this Friend of mine.

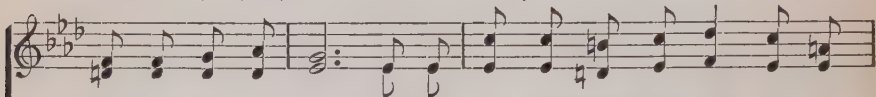
know He's mine; He keeps joy - bells ring - ing, makes my path - way shine.

S. L.

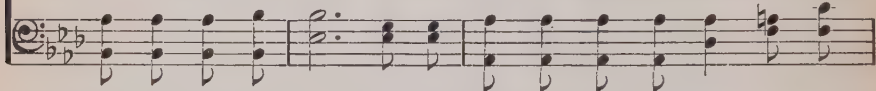
Scott Lawrence.



1. I've been thinking of His death on Cal - va - ry, How He wept a - lone in
2. I've been thinking how He keeps me day by day; By His grace I walk the
3. I've been thinking of my Sav - ior on His throne, Of the day He'll come a -



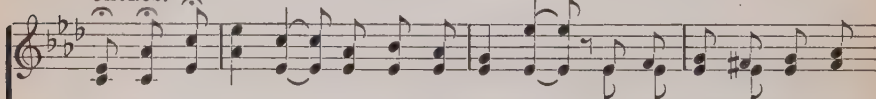
dark Geth - sem - a - ne, How He suf - fered, bled and died, On the
straight and nar - row way; When I'm tempt - ed I can hear Words of
gain to claim His own; Won - drous Sav - ior! wondrous Friend! Won - drous



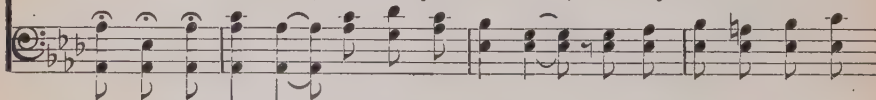
cross was cru - ci - fied: He has bro - ken ev - 'ry fet - ter, now I'm free.
com - fort and of cheer, For He's prom - ised I may nev - er go a - stray.
love which knows no end! Oh, the joy 'twill be when Je - sus calls me home!



CHORUS.



That's why I love Him, That's why I love Him, For my Sav - ior's with me



ev - 'ry - where I go; . . . Each day He's near - er, . . . Je - sus is



I Love Him So.

dear - er, ... That is why I love Him, yes, I love Him so.

The musical score for 'I Love Him So.' is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of a vocal melody and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with a half note G, followed by a quarter note A, and then a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more complex pattern in the left hand.

304

Bring Them In.

Alexcenah Thomas.

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W. A. Ogden.

1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the des-ert dark and drear,
2. Who'll go and help this Shepherd kind, Help Him the wand'ring ones to find?
3. Out in the des-ert hear their cry, Out on the mountains wild and high;

The musical score for 'Bring Them In.' is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It features a vocal melody and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a half note G, followed by a quarter note A, and then a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment has a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more complex pattern in the left hand.

Call - ing the sheep who've gone astray, Far from the Shepherd's fold a - way.
Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold, Where they'll be sheltered from the cold?
Hark! 'tis the Mas-ter speaks to thee, "Go find My sheep, wher-e'er they be."

The musical score for 'Bring Them In.' continues with a vocal melody and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a half note G, followed by a quarter note A, and then a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment has a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more complex pattern in the left hand.

CHORUS.

Bring them in, bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin;

The musical score for 'Bring Them In.' continues with a vocal melody and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a half note G, followed by a quarter note A, and then a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment has a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more complex pattern in the left hand.

Bring them in, bring them in, Bring the wand'ring ones to Je - sus.

The musical score for 'Bring Them In.' continues with a vocal melody and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a half note G, followed by a quarter note A, and then a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment has a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more complex pattern in the left hand.

J. P. S.

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J. P. Scholfield.

Spirited.

1. I want my life to glo-ri-fy my Lord and King; I want to please and
 2. Oh, that my life might mag-ni-fy the Sav-ior's pow'r; Oh, that my deeds might
 3. I want my life to tes-ti-fy that He can save; I want to help to

hon-or Him in ev-'ry-thing; I want my life to tell men that He is my
 witness to His grace each hour; Oh, that my words might magnify His ho-ly
 make His crimson banner wave; I want to tell the bless-ed sto-ry ev-'ry

3 CHORUS.
 Guide; I want the world to know He's walking by my side.
 name, So let my heart and voice His mighty pow'r proclaim. I want to live as
 day; I want to be a light to oth-ers on their way.

Je-sus lives, I want to love as Je-sus loved, I want to serve and honor Him and

3
 please Him in ev-'ry-thing; I want to live as Je-sus lived, I want to love as

My Desire.

Je-sus loved, I want my life to tes - ti - fy that He's my Lord and King. A-MEN.

306 There's No friend Like Jesus.

M. J. B.

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M. J. Babbitt.

1. There's no friend to me like Je - sus, He my ev - 'ry need sup - plies;
 2. All, yes, all to me is Je - sus, Blest Re - deem - er, Sav - ior, Guide,
 3. I will nev - er cease to love Him, He who died to set me free;

He not on - ly saves but keeps me, Noth - ing good from me de - nies.
 And from ev - 'ry foe de - fends me, And in Him I'll ev - er hide.
 Now in Him I am a - bid - ing, And some day His face I'll see.

CHORUS.

Yes, in Him I'm ful - ly trust - ing, Yes, thro' Him I'll con - quer all;

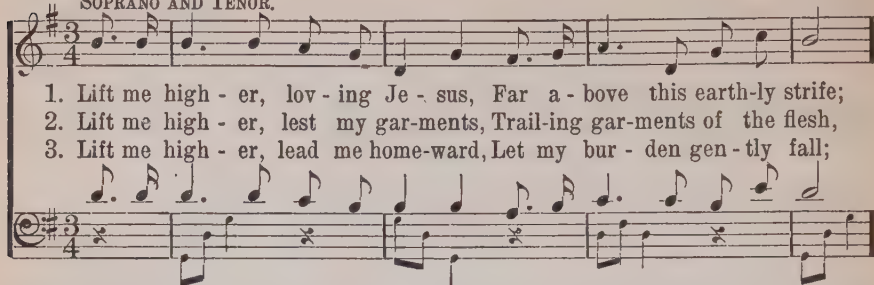
For I know He saves and keeps me, And He'll nev - er let me fall. A-MEN.

Julia H. Johnston.

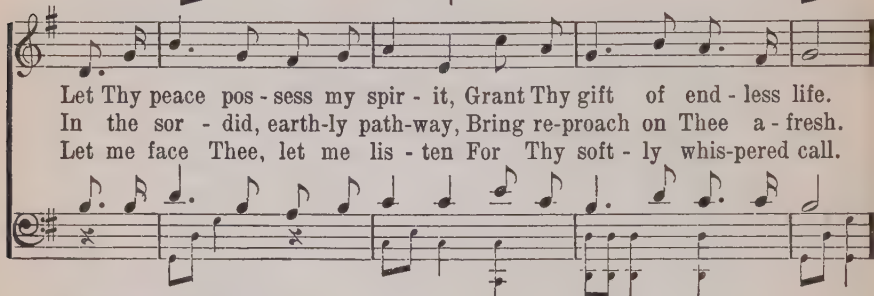
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M. J. Babbitt.

SOPRANO AND TENOR.

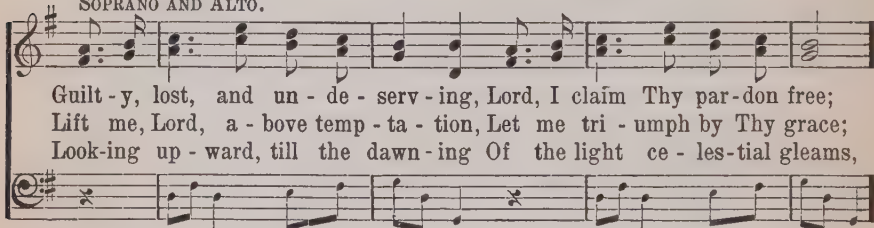


1. Lift me high - er, lov - ing Je - sus, Far a - bove this earth-ly strife;
 2. Lift me high - er, lest my gar-ments, Trail-ing gar-ments of the flesh,
 3. Lift me high - er, lead me home-ward, Let my bur - den gen - tly fall;

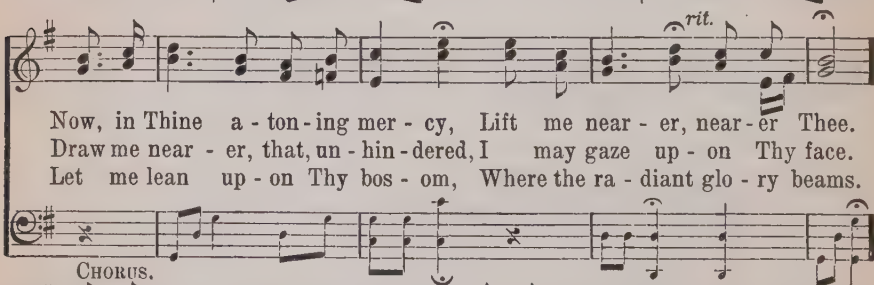


Let Thy peace pos - sess my spir - it, Grant Thy gift of end - less life.
 In the sor - did, earth-ly path-way, Bring re-proach on Thee a - fresh.
 Let me face Thee, let me lis - ten For Thy soft - ly whis-pered call.

SOPRANO AND ALTO.

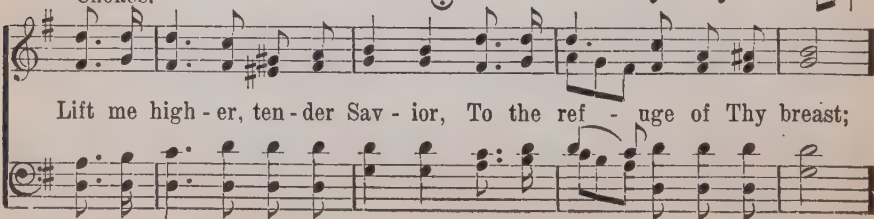


Guilt - y, lost, and un - de - serv - ing, Lord, I claim Thy par-don free;
 Lift me, Lord, a - bove temp - ta - tion, Let me tri - umph by Thy grace;
 Look-ing up - ward, till the dawn-ing Of the light ce - les-tial gleams,



Now, in Thine a - ton-ing mer - cy, Lift me near - er, near-er Thee.
 Draw me near - er, that, un - hin - dered, I may gaze up - on Thy face.
 Let me lean up - on Thy bos - om, Where the ra - diant glo - ry beams.

CHORUS.



Lift me high - er, ten - der Sav - ior, To the ref - uge of Thy breast;

Lift Me Higher.

rit.

Far a - bove my sin and sor - row, Let me on Thy bos - om rest.

308 I'm the Child of the King of Kings.

I. E. R.

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I. E. Reynolds.

1. I'm the child of the King of kings, Who reigns in the realm a - bove;
 2. I'm the child of the King of kings; How true is His friend-ship sweet!
 3. I'm the child of the King of kings, And true to Him I will be;

Joy and peace to my heart it brings, Just trust-ing in His great love.
 Day by day my heart ev - er sings, My hap - pi - ness thus com - plete.
 I'm a - wait-ing the time which brings The man-sion pre-pared for me.

CHORUS.

I'm the child of the King of kings, The child of the King of kings;
 the King of kings, the King of kings;

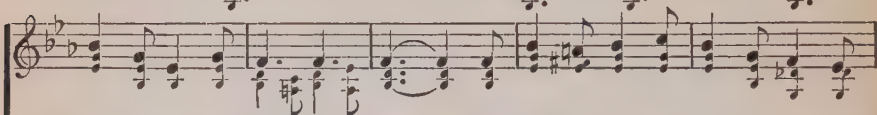
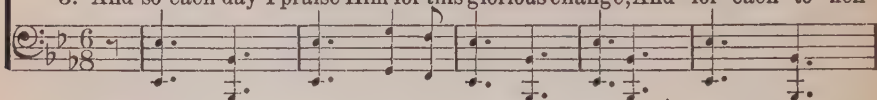
I'll sing of His love so true and so great, I'm the child of the King of kings. . . .
 the King of kings.

William M. Runyan.

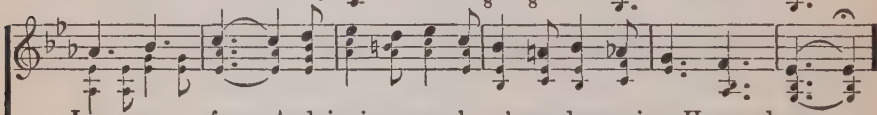
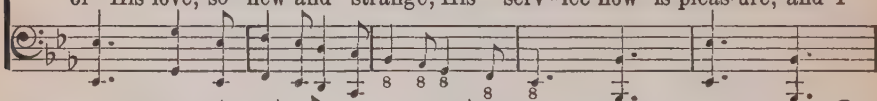
Harry Dixon Loes.

Unison.

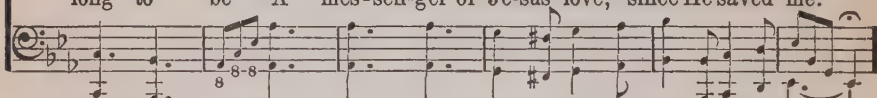
1. The mem'ry lin-gers in my heart of that blest day When from my soul the
2. I feast up-on the wondrous fruit His love sup - plies, He takes my sor-row
3. And so each day I praise Him for this glorious change, And for each to-ken



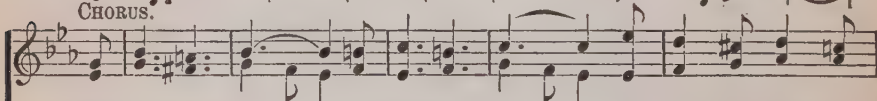
load of guilt was rolled a - way; My fears have fled, sweet peace abounds, and
all a-way, my tears He dries; And now I know the will of God and
of His love, so new and strange; His serv-ice now is pleas-ure, and I



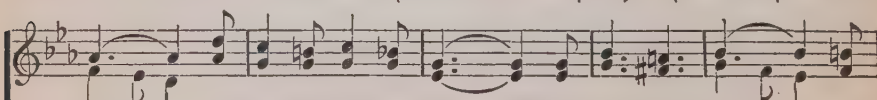
I am free And singing on my heav'nward way, since He saved me.
mine a - gree, A joy un-speak-a-ble has come, since He saved me.
long to be A mes-sen-ger of Je-sus' love, since He saved me.



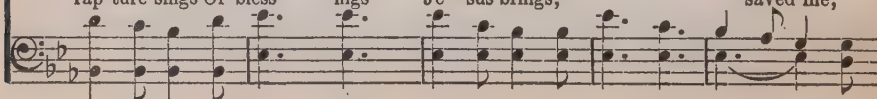
CHORUS.



Since He saved me, . . . since He saved me, . . . My heart with rap-ture
saved me, saved me, My heart with



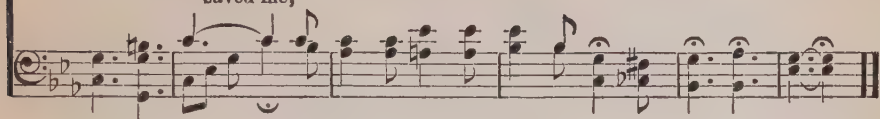
sings . . . Of bless-ings Je-sus brings; Since He saved me, . . . since
rap-ture sings Of bless - ings Je - sus brings; saved me,



Since He Saved Me.



He saved me, . . . I've found in Him my all in all, Since He saved me.
saved me,



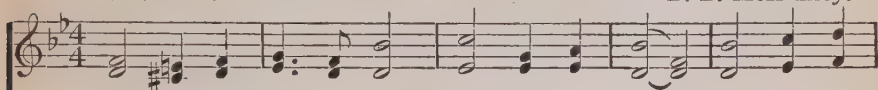
310

More Like Thee.

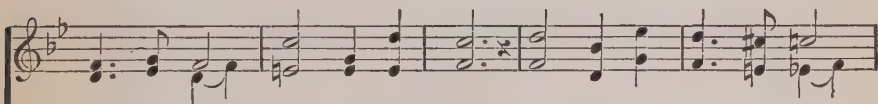
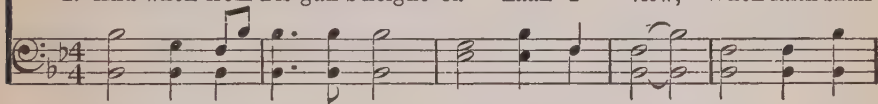
Arr. B. B. McK.

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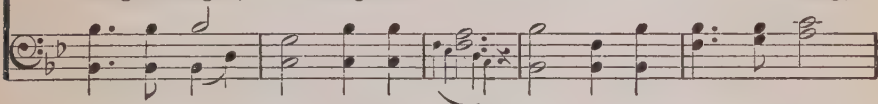
B. B. McKinney.



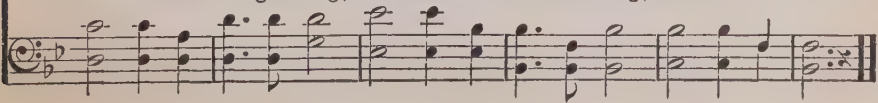
1. Help me, my Lord, to grow More, more like Thee, Thy won-drous
2. Tho' rough the road may be, Jag - ged and steep, Lord, tho' I
3. Or if my foot-steps sink In doubt's dark wave, May I like
4. And when from Pis-gah's height Ca - naan I view, When faith shall



love to know, Thy face to see. Lord, fill my soul with light,
may not run, Up - ward I'll creep; When might-y shad - ows fall,
Pe - ter cry,—“Lord Je - sus, save!” So by my faith to prove,
change to sight, Old things to new:—Then in a no - bler song,



Dis - pel the gloom of night, And make me thro' Thy might, More, more like Thee.
When doubts and fears appall, Then may I rise from all, More, more like Thee.
Thrice all re-deem-ing love, O make me, Heav'nly Dove, More, more like Thee.
Thro' all the a - ges long, I'll stand a - mid the throng, Made like to Thee.



J. P. S.

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J. P. Scholfield.

1. I've found a Friend who is all to me, . . His
 2. He saves me from ev - 'ry sin and harm, . Se-
 3. When poor and need - y, and all a - lone, . . In

The first system of the musical score for 'Saved! Saved!'. It features a vocal melody in G major (one flat) and 12/8 time. The lyrics are: '1. I've found a Friend who is all to me, . . His / 2. He saves me from ev - 'ry sin and harm, . Se- / 3. When poor and need - y, and all a - lone, . . In'. The accompaniment consists of a piano part with chords and a bass line.

love is ev - er true; I love to tell . . how He
 cures my soul each day; I'm lean - ing strong on His
 love He said to me, "Come un - to Me . . and I'll

The second system of the musical score. The lyrics continue: 'love is ev - er true; I love to tell . . how He / cures my soul each day; I'm lean - ing strong on His / love He said to me, "Come un - to Me . . and I'll'. The musical notation continues with the vocal melody and piano accompaniment.

lift - ed me, . . And what His grace can do for you. . .
 might-y arm; . I know He'll guide me all the way. . .
 lead you home, To live with Me e - ter - nal - ly." . .

The third system of the musical score. The lyrics conclude: 'lift - ed me, . . And what His grace can do for you. . . / might-y arm; . I know He'll guide me all the way. . . / lead you home, To live with Me e - ter - nal - ly." . .'. The musical notation continues with the vocal melody and piano accompaniment.

Saved! Saved!

CHORUS.

Saved . . . by His pow'r di-vine, Saved . . . to new life sub-lime!
 Saved by His pow'r, Saved to new life,

cres. rit.
 Life now is sweet and my joy is com-plete, For I'm saved, saved, saved! A-MEN.

312

I Am Coming, Lord.

L. H.

USED BY PERMISSION.

Rev. L. Hartsough.

1. I hear Thy wel-come voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleasing in Thy
 2. Tho' coming weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure; Thou dost my vileness
 3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To per-fect faith and love, To per-fect hope, ar^d

CHORUS.
 pre-cious blood That flowed on Cal-va-ry.
 full - y cleanse, Till spot-less all and pure. I am com-ing, Lord! Com-ing now to
 peace, and trust, For earth and Heav'n above.

Thee! Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Cal-va-ry! A - MEN.

Mrs. C. H. M.

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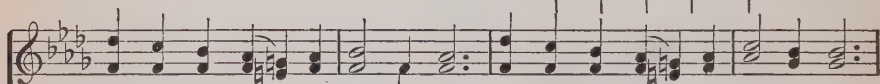
Mrs. C. H. Morris.



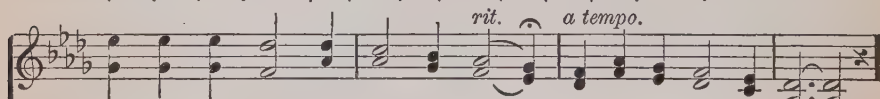
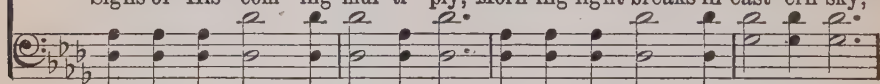
1. Je - sus is com - ing to earth a - gain, What if it were to - day?
2. Sa - tan's do - min - ion will then be o'er, O that it were to - day!
3. Faith - ful and true would He find us here If He should come to - day?



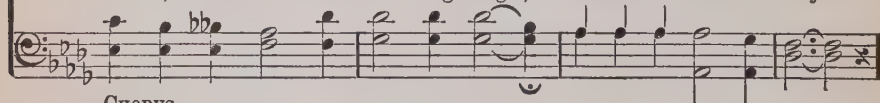
Com - ing in pow - er and love to reign, What if it were to - day?
 Sor - row and sigh - ing shall be no more, O that it were to - day!
 Watch - ing in glad - ness and not in fear, If He should come to - day?



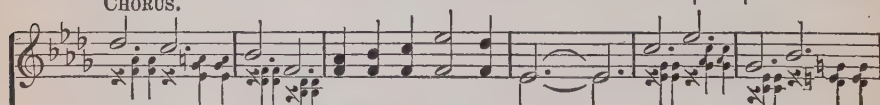
Com - ing to claim His cho - sen Bride, All the re - deemed and pu - ri - fied,
 Then shall the dead in Christ a - rise, Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
 Signs of His com - ing mul - ti - ply, Morn - ing light breaks in east - ern sky,



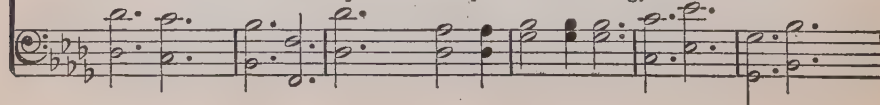
O - ver this whole earth scat - tered wide, What if it were to - day?
 When shall these glo - ries meet our eyes? What if it were to - day?
 Watch, for the time is draw - ing nigh, What if it were to - day?



CHORUS.



Glo - ry, glo - ry! Joy to my heart 'twill bring; Glo - ry, glo - ry!
 Joy to my heart 'twill bring;



What if it Were To-day?

When we shall crown Him King; Glo - ry, glo - ry! Haste to pre-pare the
When we shall crown Him King; Haste to pre-

way; ... Glo - ry, glo - ry! Je - sus will come some day. A-MEN.
pare the way;

ritard.

314 I Will Arise and Go to Jesus.

J. Hart.

Arise. 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

Arr.

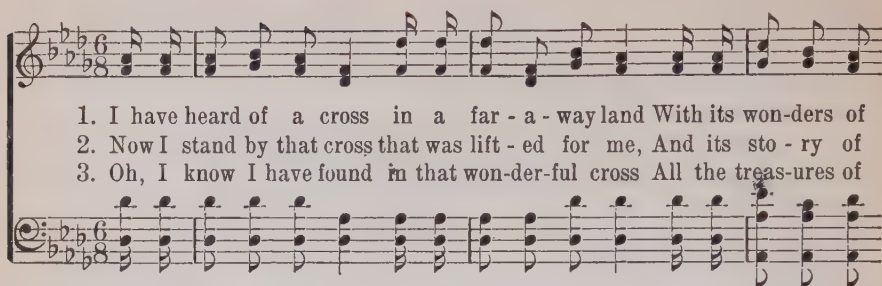
1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore;
2. Come, ye thirst-y, come, and welcome, God's free boun-ty glo - ri - fy;
3. Come, ye wea - ry, heav-y - la - den, Lost and ru - ined by the fall;
4. Let not conscience make you lin - ger, Nor of fit - ness fond-ly dream;

CHO.—I will a-rise and go to Je - sus, He will em-brace me in His arms;

D. C. for Chorus.

Je - sus read-y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r.
True be - lief and true re-pen-tance, Ev-'ry grace that brings you nigh.
If you tar-ry till you're bet-ter, You will nev - er come at all.
All the fit-ness He re-quir-eth Is to feel your need of Him. A-MEN.

In the arms of my dear Sav-ior, Oh, there are ten thousand charms.



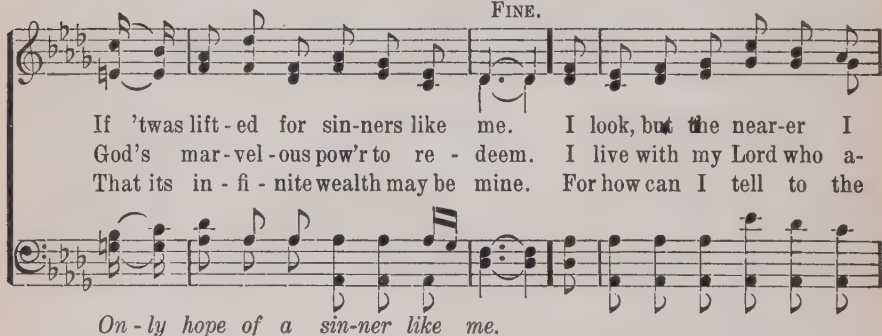
1. I have heard of a cross in a far - a - way land With its won - ders of
 2. Now I stand by that cross that was lift - ed for me, And its sto - ry of
 3. Oh, I know I have found in that won - der - ful cross All the treas - ures of



love of - fer - ed free, Till I long for my - self in its shad - ow to stand
 love is my theme; For my life is transformed as with - in me I see
 pow - er di - vine; And I count all my joys and my rich - es but loss,

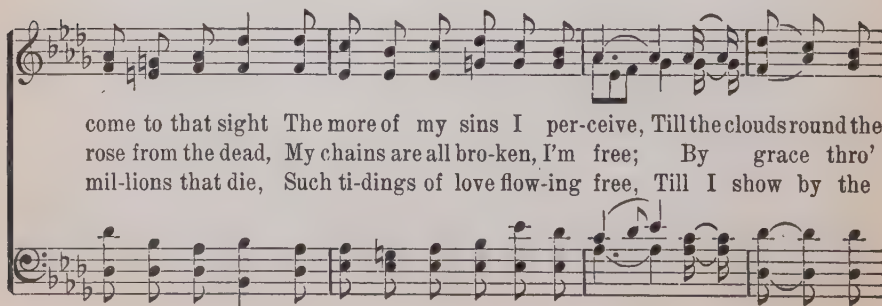
D. S.—arms stretching wide is the Christ cru - ci - fied,

FINE.



If 'twas lift - ed for sin - ners like me. I look, but the near - er I
 God's mar - vel - ous pow'r to re - deem. I live with my Lord who a -
 That its in - fi - nite wealth may be mine. For how can I tell to the

On - ly hope of a sin - ner like me.



come to that sight The more of my sins I per - ceive, Till the clouds round the
 rose from the dead, My chains are all bro - ken, I'm free; By grace thro'
 mil - lions that die, Such ti - dings of love flow - ing free, Till I show by the

Only Hope.

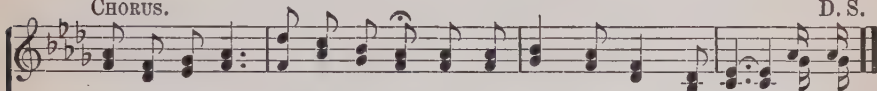


cross are trans-fig-ured in light, And in Christ cru-ci-fied I be-lieve.
faith I am saved as He said, By be-liev-ing I sure-ly would be.
cross, tho' they doubt and de-fy, What the gos-pel has done for me?



CHORUS.

D. S.



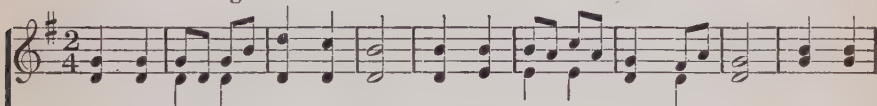
Beau-ti-ful cross, wonderful cross, Standing there on Cal - va - ry, On its



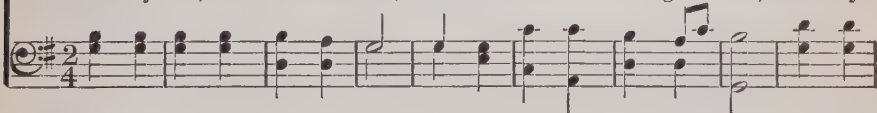
316 Take My Life and Let It Be.

Frances R. Havergal.

C. H. A. Malan.



1. Take my life, and let it be Con-se-cra-ted, Lord, to Thee; Take my
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau-ti-ful for Thee; Take my
3. Take my sil-ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with-hold; Take my
4. Take my will, and make it Thine, It shall be no lon-ger mine; Take my



hands, and let them move At the impulse of Thy love, At the im-pulsê of Thy love.
voice, and let me sing Always, on-ly, for my King, Always, on-ly, for my King.
moments and my days, Let them flow in ceaseless praise, Let them flow in ceaseless praise.
heart, it is Thine own, It shall be Thy roy-al throne, It shall be Thy roy-al throne.



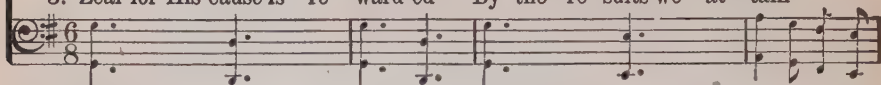
S. W. B.

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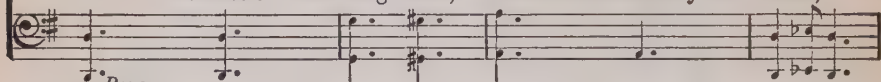
Samuel W. Beazley.

Unison.

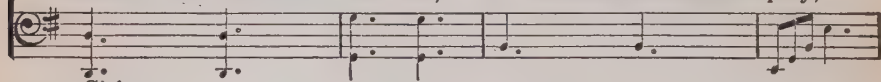
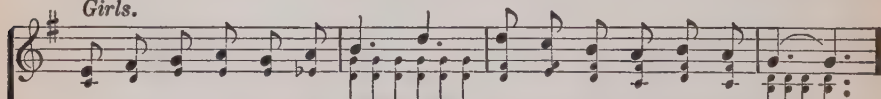
1. On to the work He has giv - en, On with a true, will-ing heart;
2. Zeal for the Mas - ter in - creas-ing, As you pur - sue the right way;
3. Zeal for His cause is re - ward-ed By the re - sults we at - tain



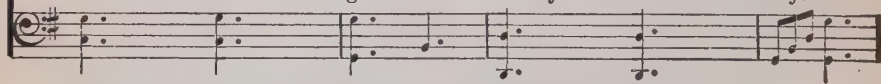
Read - y to help where you're need - ed, Ear - nest-ly do - ing your part.
 Zeal in His good ways of serv - ice, List'ning for what He may say;
 In the in - crease of His king - dom, Thro'-out His earth - ly do - main;

*Boys.*

All of one mind and u - nit - ed, Put - ting forth ef - forts that tell;
 Yield - ing your ev - 'ry e - mo - tion To His com - pas - sion - ate will;
 Souls for our hire He will lend us, If we with zeal work and pray;

*Girls.*

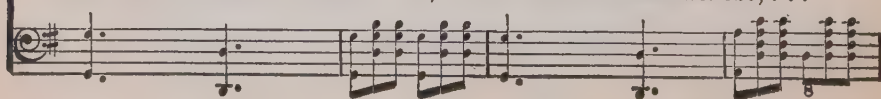
Go with a zeal all con - sum - ing— Do what you may, and that well.
 Thus to His wis - dom con - form - ing, That your right place you may fill.
 And aft - er all He will give us Glo - ry in Heav - en some day.

**TWO-PART CHORUS.** *Female voices upper, Male voices lower.*

Zeal, zeal, zeal, zeal,

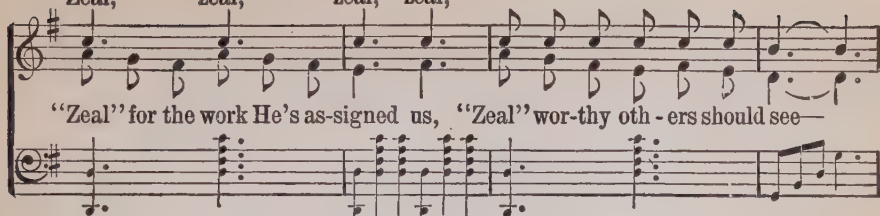


"Zeal" for the cause of our Mas - ter, "Zeal" shall our watchword be; . . .

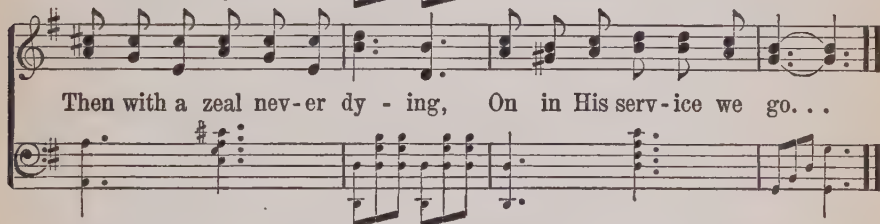
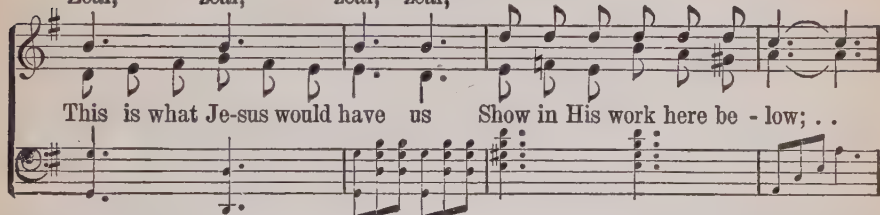


"Zeal" Our Watchword.

Zeal, zeal, zeal, zeal,



Zeal, zeal, zeal, zeal,

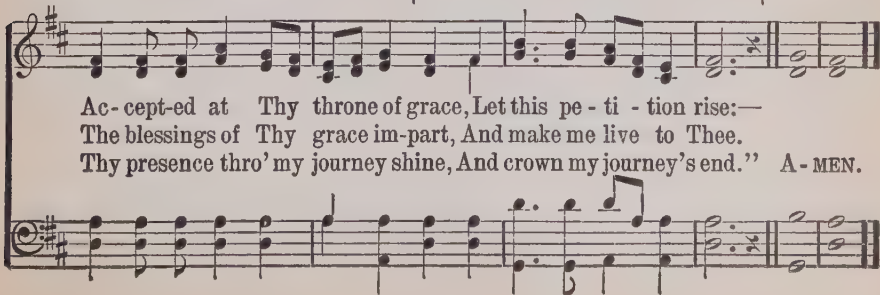
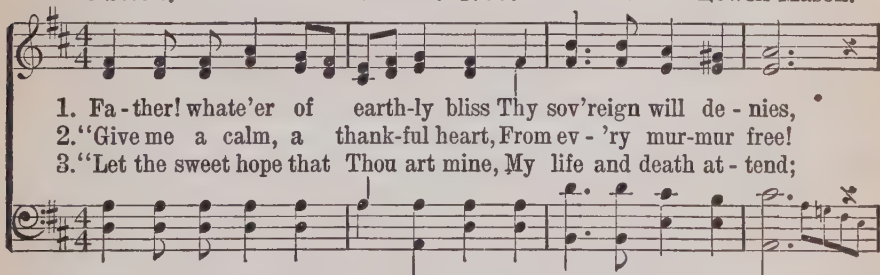


318 father! What'er of Earthly Bliss!

Anne Steele,

Naomi. C. M.

Lowell Mason.



A. W. R.
SOLO.

Alvin W. Roper.

1. I sing of Je - sus and His love, Which brought Him
 2. I've tried His way and found it best; It gives me
 3. O sin - ner, heark - en to His cry, Ac - cept His
 4. O Je - sus, I now come to Thee, Have mer - cy

from His throne a - bove, That by His death He
 peace, and joy and rest; By Him each day my
 mer - cy, ere you die; Be - hold! your Sav - ior
 on me, hear my plea, And from all sin may

might re - move All sin and shame From
 life is blest - I love Him so; I
 draw - eth nigh; Take Him to - - day; Re -
 I be free Thro' Thy great love; And

out my heart, sin - sick and sore, And that when
 know He's par - doned all my sin, And that a
 pent, and low be - fore Him bow, Con - fess your
 may I ev - er faith - ful be, For Thou hast

He is Mine.

rit.

I threw wide the door, He might so - journ for - ev - er - more;
 home in heav'n I'll win, And that thro' Him I'll en - ter in;
 sins and make your vow, Ask Him to save your soul just now,
 done so much for me, And may I dwell e - ter - nal - ly

CHORUS. (Parts.)

O praise His name, For He is mine, mine, mine,
 For well I know That He is mine, He is mine, He is mine, yes, Christ is mine;
 Then rise and say, O Christ is mine,
 In heav'n a - bove, For Thou art mine, Thou art mine, Thou art mine, yes, Thou art mine;

He is mine, mine, mine, Je - sus Christ, the
 He is mine, He is mine, He is mine, yes, Christ is mine; Je - sus Christ, the
 Thou art mine, Thou art mine, Thou art mine, yes, Thou art mine; Je - sus Christ, Thou

rit.

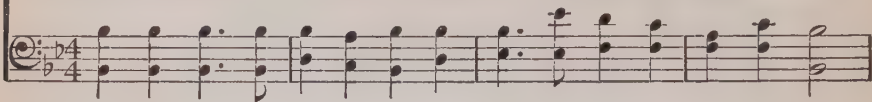
Friend of sin - ners, He is mine, mine, mine.
 Friend of sin - ners, He is mine, He is mine, He is mine, yes, He is mine.
 Friend of sin - ners, Thou art mine, Thou art mine, Thou art mine, yes, Thou art mine.

I. E. R.

I. E. Reynolds.



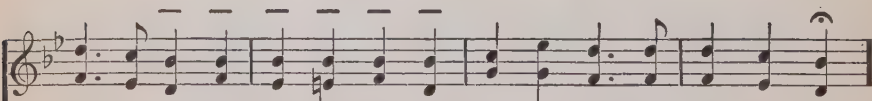
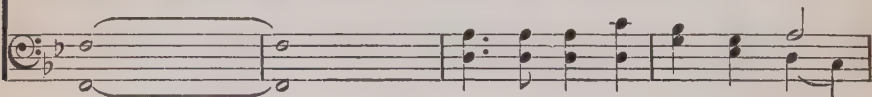
1. Praise the Lord for all His good-ness To His crea-tures here be - low:
 2. Praise the Lord for all His good-ness, For His pow'r to keep from sin;



Oft - en we do seem so thank-less For the love He doth be - stow.
 We shall ne'er for - get the sweet-ness Of the peace we have with - in.



Praise the Lord for all His good-ness, Giv - ing up Him - self to die;
 Praise the Lord for all His good-ness, For the home pre-pared a - bove,



'Tis so great, His lov - ing-kind-ness, He a - lone can jus - ti - fy.
 For the crown with all its bright-ness, Giv - en those who trust His love.



Praise the Lord.

CHORUS.

Praise the Lord..... for all His good-ness, Praise the

Praise the Lord for all His good-ness,
Praise the Lord for all His good-ness,

Lord..... for all His good-ness, Praise the Lord..... for all His

Praise the Lord for all His good-ness, Praise the Lord for all His
Praise the Lord for all His good-ness,

good-ness,

Praise

good-ness, Praise His great and ho-ly name; Praise Him for His
Praise His great, His great and ho-ly name;

the Lord,

Praise

the

Lord,

good-ness, praise the Lord, Praise Him for His good-ness, praise the Lord,

Praise the Lord,

Praise Him for His good-ness, praise the Lord, Praise His great and ho-ly name.

Geo. W. Lyon.

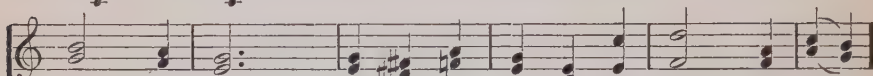
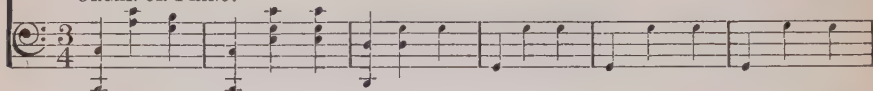
T. B. Mosley.

DUET, SOP. AND ALTO.



1. O - ver the moun-tains the sun - beams break, Bring-ing to us the long-
2. Marching in glo - ry the day comes on, Driv-ing be-fore it the
3. Welcome! thrice welcome! thou glo-rious morn! Hail we with gladness thy

ORGAN OR PIANO.



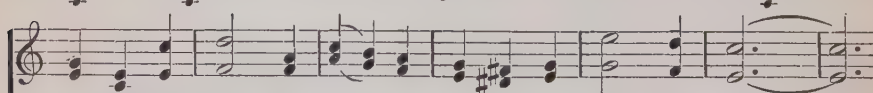
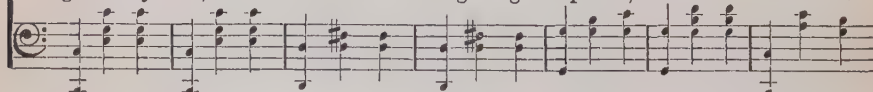
prom - ised day; Mil - lions in cho - rus the ech - oes wake,
 wear - y night; Cheer-ing our souls in - to grate - ful song,
 ris - ing sun; Out of the shad - ows this day is born,



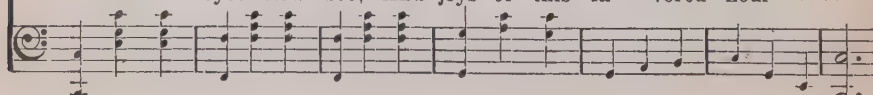
For dark-ness flees swift a - way..... Songs of re - joic-ing up-
 As faith now be - com - eth sight..... Thank-ful and hap - py, we
 Re-demp-tion of earth be - gun..... Bless-ing and hon - or and



ris - ing swell In - to grand anthems of praise;..... Un - to our
 turn our eyes Tow'rd the fair, sweet dawn of heav'n;... Lov-ing, a-
 glo - ry be, Praise and thanksgiving and pow'r;... For the sal-

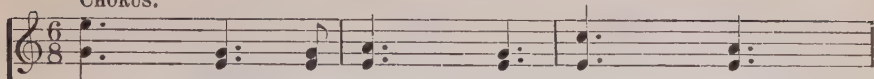


Fa - ther who night dis - pels, And gives us this best of days.....
 dor-ing the great All - wise, For bless-ings which He has giv'n.....
 va - tion our eyes now see, And joys of this fa - vored hour.....



Day of Redemption.

CHORUS.



Hail! hail to thee, O morn - - ing
Glad-ly we hail thee, O beau-ti - ful morn, Sweet-est and fair-est that



bright!..... Wel - - come to earth thy truth
ev - er was seen, Has-ten thy com-ing, no lon-ger de - lay, Cov-er the



and thy light!..... Sweep o'er the world till
earth with thy life-giv-ing sheen; Winged with redemption from error's dark night,



all shall see..... Thy pow'r dis-
On in thy mis-sion a - cross the deep sea, Sweep-ing in glo - ry, O



played, and from er - - - ror set free!.....
won-der-ful sight! Drive back the shad-ows and set the world free!

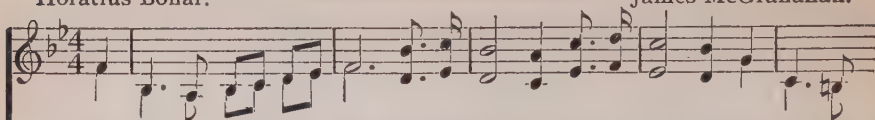


Hallelujah for the Cross.

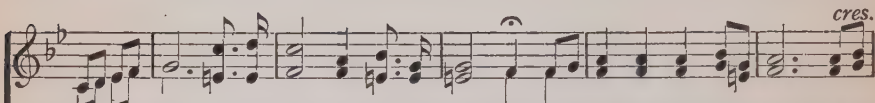
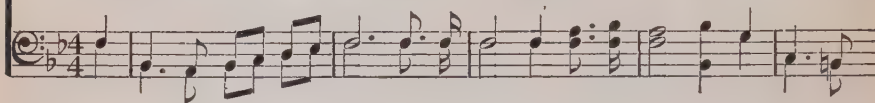
Horatius Bonar.

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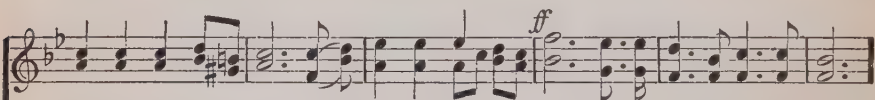
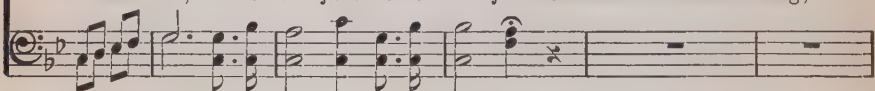
James McGranahan.



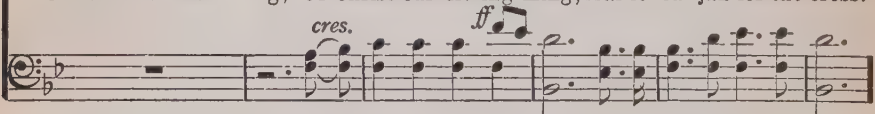
1. The cross it stand-eth fast, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! De-fy-ing
2. It is the old cross still, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! Its tri-umph
3. 'Twas herethe debt was paid, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! Our sins on



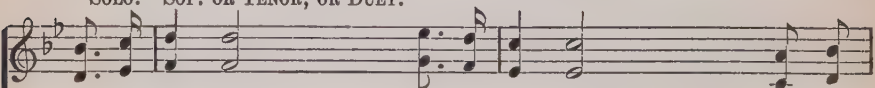
ev-'ry blast, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! The winds of hell have blown, The
let us tell, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! The grace of God hereshone, Thro'
Je-sus laid, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! So round the cross we sing, Of



world its hate hath shown, Yet it is not o-ver-thrown, Hal-le-lu-jah for the cross!
Christ the bless-ed Son, Who did for sin a-tone, Hal-le-lu-jah for the cross!
Christ our of-fer-ing, Of Christ our liv-ing King, Hal-le-lu-jah for the cross!

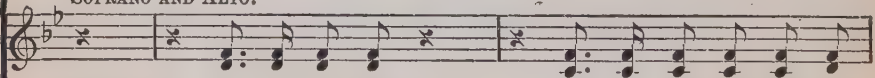


* SOLO. SOP. OR TENOR, OR DUET.



Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-

SOPRANO AND ALTO.



CHORUS. *mp.* Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-
TENOR AND BASS.



*If desired, the Soprano and Alto may sing the upper staff, omitting the middle staff.

Hallelujah for the Cross.

lu - - jah for the cross, Hal - le - lu - jah,

lu - jah for the cross, hal - le - lu - jah for the cross, Hal - le - lu - jah,

Hal - le - lu - jah, it shall nev - er suf - fer loss.

Hal - le - lu - jah, it shall nev - er suf - fer, nev - er suf - fer loss.

f FULL CHORUS.

*Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah for the cross;

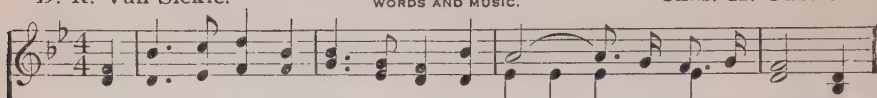
cres. Hal - le - lu - jah, *ff* hal - le - lu - jah, it shall nev - er suf - fer loss.

*For a final ending, all the voices may sing the melody in unison through the last eight measures—the instrument playing the harmony.

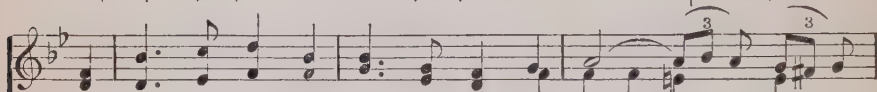
D. R. Van Sickle.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

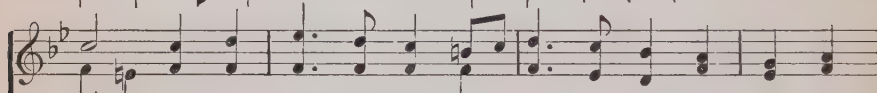
Chas. H. Gabriel.



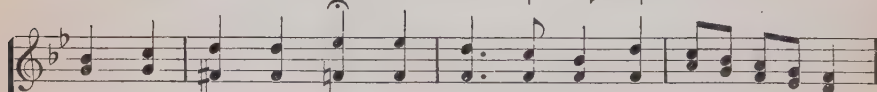
1. All hail to Thee, Im-man-u-el, We cast . . . our crowns be-fore Thee;
 2. All hail to Thee, Im-man-u-el, The ran - somed hosts surround Thee;
 3. All hail to Thee, Im-man-u-el, Our ris - - en King and Sav - ior!



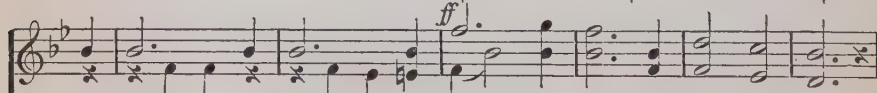
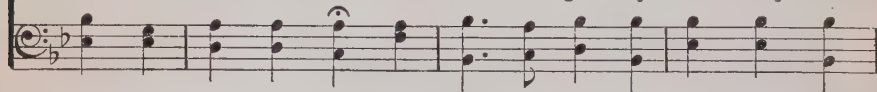
Let ev - 'ry heart o - bey Thy will, And ev - - - 'ry voice a -
 And earth - ly mon-archs clam - or forth Their Sov - - - 'reign King to
 Thy foes are van-quished, and Thou art Om - nip - - - o - tent for-



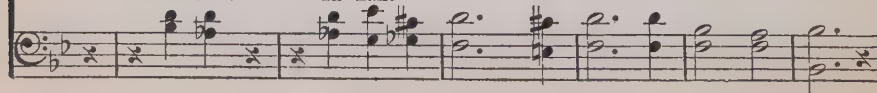
dore Thee. In praise to Thee, our Sav - ior King, The vi - brant
 crown Thee. While those re-deemed in a - ges gone, As - sem - bled
 ev - er. Death, sin and hell no lon - ger reign, And Sa - tan's



chords of Heav - en ring, And ech - o back the might-y strain:
 round the great white throne, Break forth in - to im - mor - tal song:
 pow'r is burst in twain; E - ter - nal glo - ry to Thy Name:



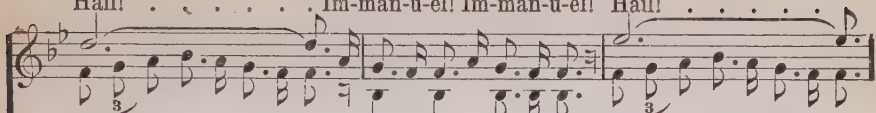
All hail! all hail! - All hail! all hail! Im-man-u - el!
 All hail! all hail!



All Hail, Immanuel!

CHORUS.

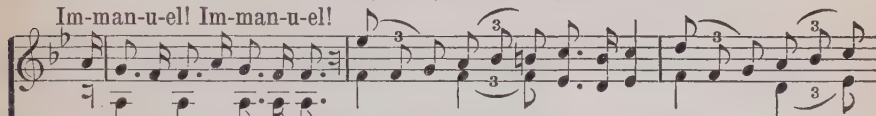
Hail! Im-man-u-el! Im-man-u-el! Hail!



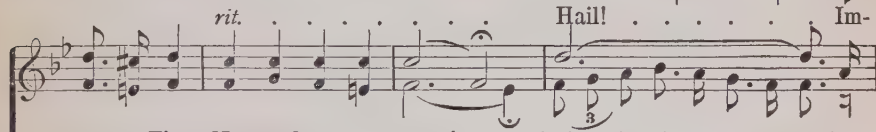
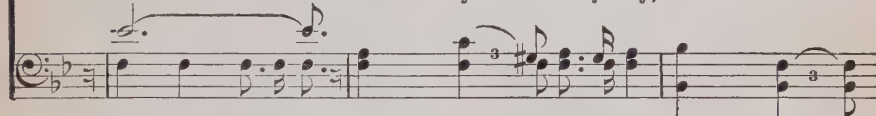
Hail to the King we love so well! Hail! Im - man-u - el! Hail to the King we love so well!



Im-man-u-el! Im-man-u-el!



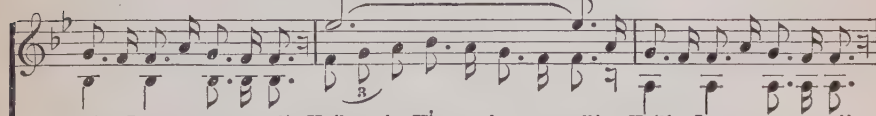
Hail! Im - man-u - el! Glo-ry and honor and majesty, Wisdom and power be
Hail! Glo - - ry and maj-es-ty, Wis - dom be



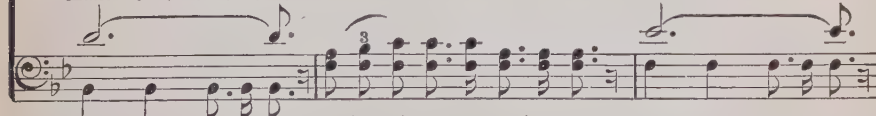
un - to Thee, Now and ev - er - more! . . . Hail to the King we love so well!



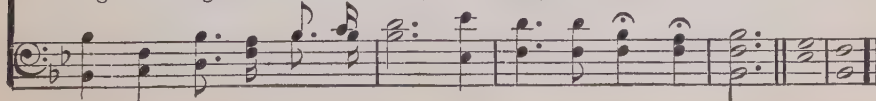
man-u-el! Im-man-u-el! Hail! Im-man-u-el! Im-man-u-el!



Hail! Im - man-u - el! Hail to the King we love so well! Hail! Im - man-u - el!
Hail! Hail!



King of kings and Lord of lords, All hail, Im-man - u - el! A-MEN.



Awakening Chorus.

Charlotte G. Homer.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. A - wake! a - wake! and sing the bless-ed sto - ry; A
A - wake! a - wake!
2. Ring out! ring out! O bells of joy and glad-ness! Re-
Ring out! ring out!

wake! a - wake! and let your song of praise a-rise; A-wake! a-
A-wake! a-wake!
peat, re-peat a - new the sto-ry o'er a-gain, Till all the
Re-peat, re-peat, Till all

wake! the earth is full of glo - ry, And light is beam - ing
a-wake! And light is beam-ing
earth shall lose its weight of sad-ness, And shout a - new the
the earth, And shout a-new

MALE VOICES IN UNISON.

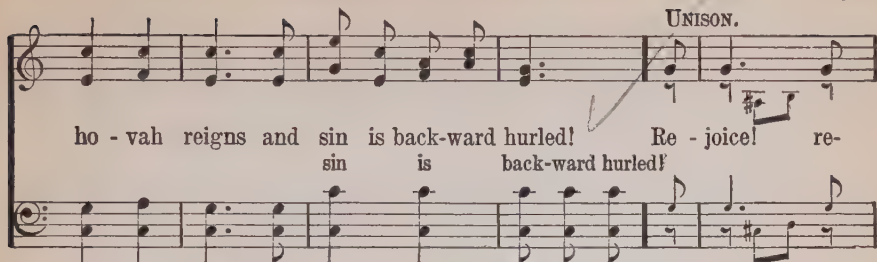
from the ra-diant skies; The rocks and rills, the vales and hills re-sound with
glo - ri - ous re-frain; With an-gels in the heights sing of the great sal-

FULL HARMONY.

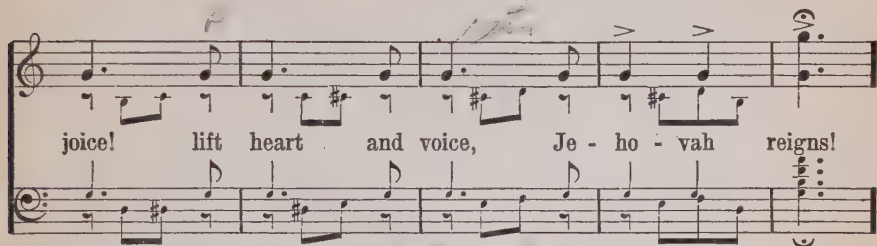
glad - ness, All na - ture joins to sing the triumph song. The Lord Je-
va - tion He wrest - ed from the hand of sin and death.

Awakening Chorus.

UNISON.

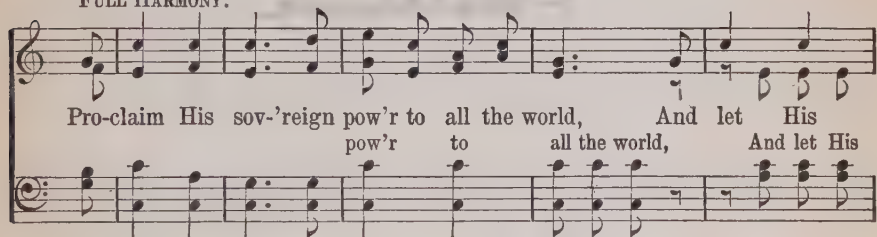


ho - vah reigns and sin is back-ward hurled! Re - joice! re-
sin is back-ward hurled!

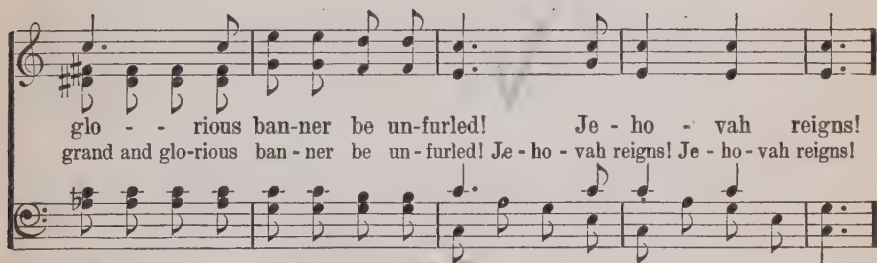


joice! lift heart and voice, Je - ho - vah reigns!

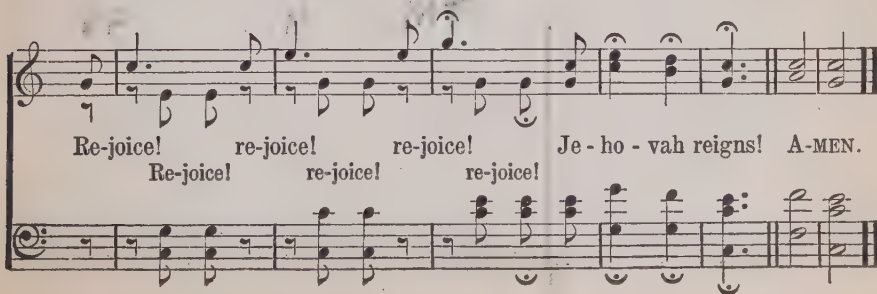
FULL HARMONY.



Pro-claim His sov'-reign pow'r to all the world, And let His
pow'r to all the world, And let His



glo - - rious ban-ner be un-furled! Je - ho - vah reigns!
grand and glo-rious ban-ner be un-furled! Je - ho - vah reigns! Je - ho - vah reigns!



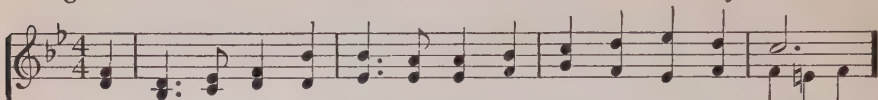
Re-joice! re-joice! re-joice! Je - ho - vah reigns! A-MEN.
Re-joice! re-joice! re-joice!

325 The Son of God Goes forth to War.

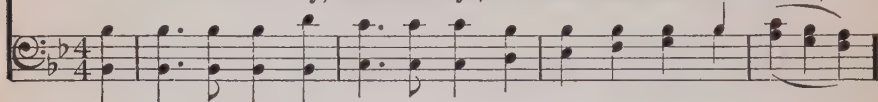
Reginald Heber.

All Saints New. C. M. D.

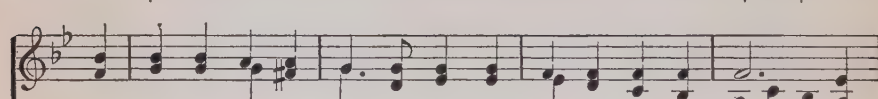
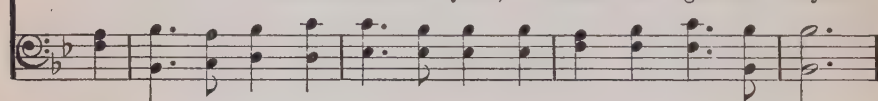
Henry S. Cutler.



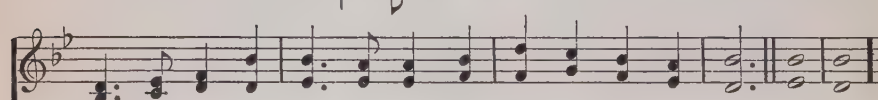
1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain;
2. The mar - tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce be - yond the grave,
3. A glo - rious band, the cho - sen few On whom the Spir - it came,
4. A no - ble ar - my, men and boys, The ma - tron and the maid,



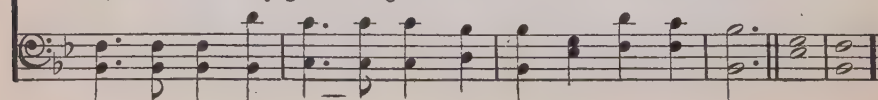
His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far: Who fol - lows in His train?
 Who saw his Mas - ter in the sky, And called on Him to save:
 Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame:
 A - round the Sav - ior's throne re - joice, In robes of light ar - rayed:



Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri - um - phant o - ver pain, Who
 Like Him, with par - don on His tongue In midst of mor - tal pain, He
 They met the tyrant's brandished steel, The li - on's go - ry mane; They
 They climbed the steep as - cent of Heav'n Thro' per - il, toil, and pain: O



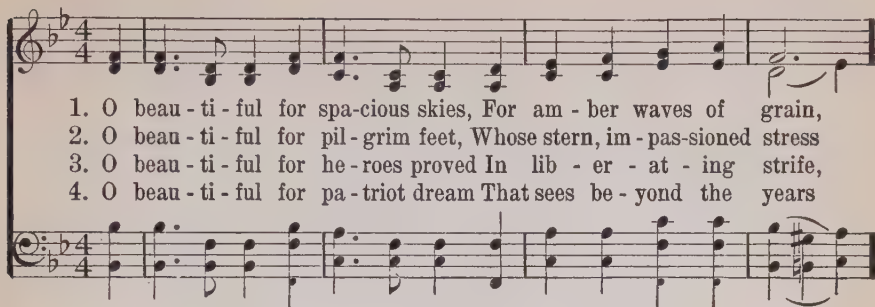
pa - tient bears his cross be - low, He fol - lows in His train.
 prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol - lows in His train?
 bowed their necks the death to feel: Who fol - lows in their train?
 God, to us may grace be given To fol - low in their train. A - MEN.



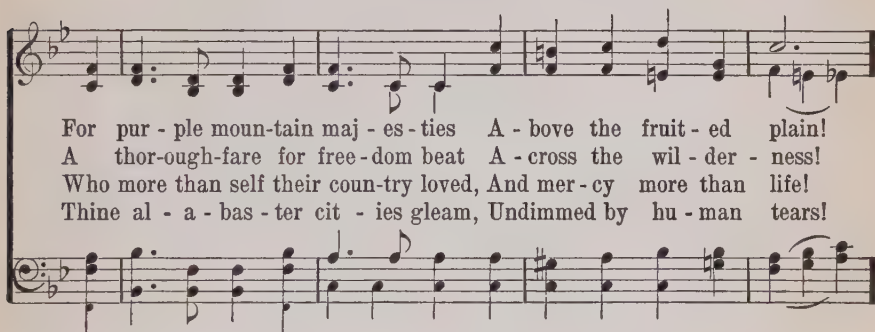
Katherine Lee Bates.

Ward. C. M. D.

S. A. Ward.



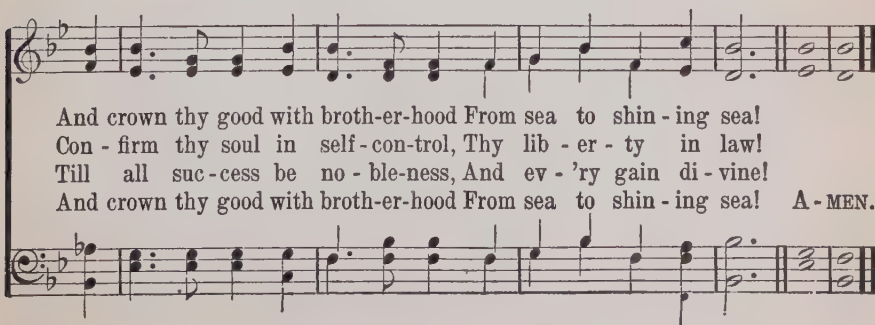
1. O beau - ti - ful for spa - cious skies, For am - ber waves of grain,
 2. O beau - ti - ful for pil - grim feet, Whose stern, im - pas - sioned stress
 3. O beau - ti - ful for he - roes proved In lib - er - at - ing strife,
 4. O beau - ti - ful for pa - triot dream That sees be - yond the years



For pur - ple moun - tain maj - es - ties A - bove the fruit - ed plain!
 A thor - ough - fare for free - dom beat A - cross the wil - der - ness!
 Who more than self their coun - try loved, And mer - cy more than life!
 Thine al - a - bas - ter cit - ies gleam, Undimmed by hu - man tears!

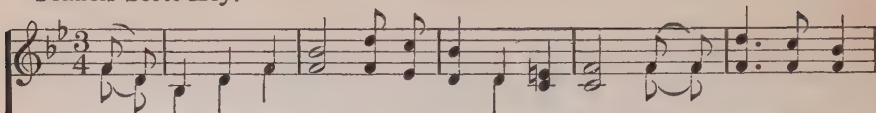


A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee,
 A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God mend thine ev - 'ry flaw,
 A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! May God thy gold re - fine,
 A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee,

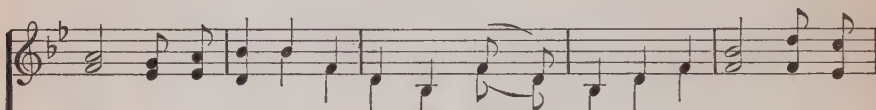
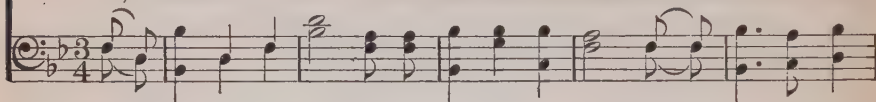


And crown thy good with broth - er - hood From sea to shin - ing sea!
 Con - firm thy soul in self - con - trol, Thy lib - er - ty in law!
 Till all suc - cess be no - ble - ness, And ev - 'ry gain di - vine!
 And crown thy good with broth - er - hood From sea to shin - ing sea! A - MEN.

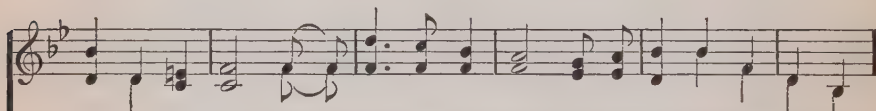
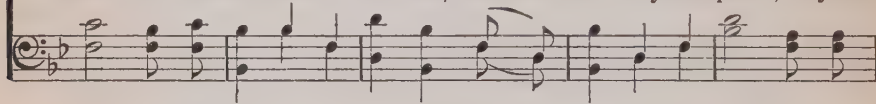
Francis Scott Key.



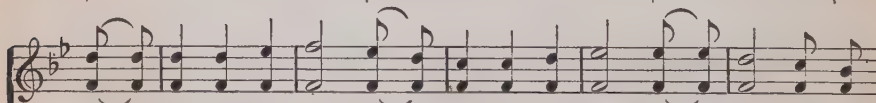
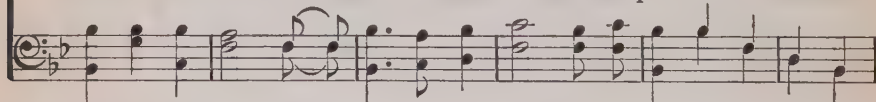
1. Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so proud-ly we
2. On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty
3. And where is that band, who so vaunt-ing-ly swore That the hav - oc of
4. Oh, thus be it ev - er when freemen shall stand Be - tween their loved



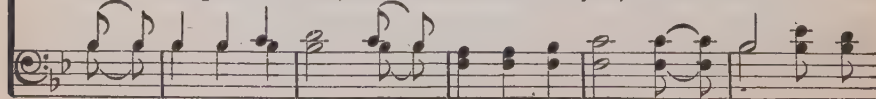
hailed at the twilight's last gleaming? Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the
host in dread si-lence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the
war and the bat-tle's con - fu - sion, A home and a coun - try should
homes and the war's des - o - la - tion; Blest with vic - t'ry and peace, may the



per - il - ous fight, O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?
tow - er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half conceals, half dis-clos-es?
leave us no more? Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pol-lu-tion;
Heav'n-rescued land Praise the Pow'r that hath made and preserved us a na-tion!



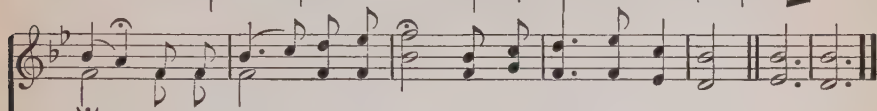
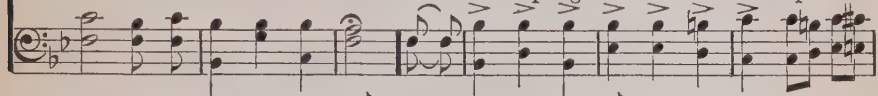
And the rock-ets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave proof thro' the
Now it catch-es the gleam of the morning's first beam, In full glo - ry re-
No ref-uge could save the hire-ling and slave From the ter - ror of
Then con-quer we must, when our cause it is just; And this be our



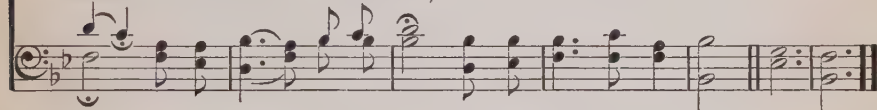
The Star-Spangled Banner.



night that our flag was still there. Oh, say, does that star-spangled ban-ner yet
flect-ed, now shines on the stream: 'Tis the star-spangled banner; oh, long may it
flight or the gloom of the grave. And the star-spangled banner in tri-umph doth
mot - to: "In God is our trust!" And the star-spangled banner in tri-umph shall



wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?
wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave. A - MEN.



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God of Our Fathers.

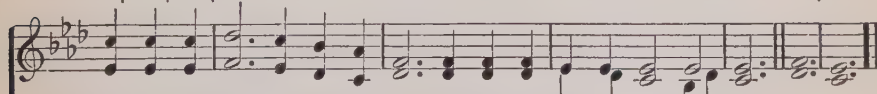
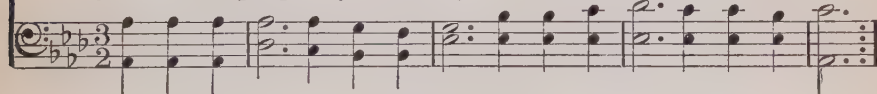
Rudyard Kipling.

Selena. L. M. 6l.

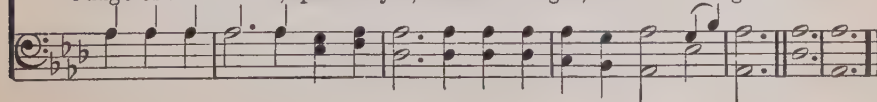
Isaac B. Woodbury.



1. { God of our fa-thers, known of old, Lord of our far-flung bat-tle line, }
{ Be-neath whose aw-ful hand we hold Do-min-ion o-ver palm and pine: }
2. { The tu-mult and the shout-ing dies, The cap-tains and the kings de-part; }
{ Still stands Thine ancient sac-ri-fice, An hum-ble and a con-trite heart. }
3. { Far called our na-vies melt a-way, On dune and headland sinks the fire, }
{ To all our pomp of yes-ter-day Is one with Nin-e-veh and Tyre. }



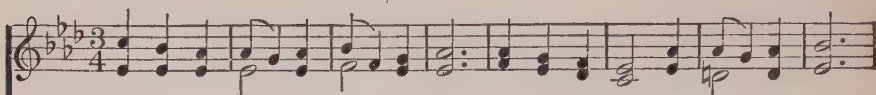
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for-get, lest we for-get.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for-get, lest we for-get.
Judge of the nations, spare us yet, Lest we for-get, lest we for-get. A - MEN.



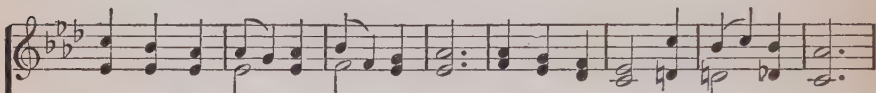
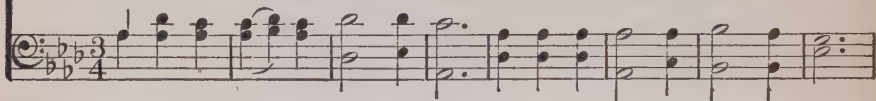
Frederick W. Faber.

St. Catherine. L. M. 6l.

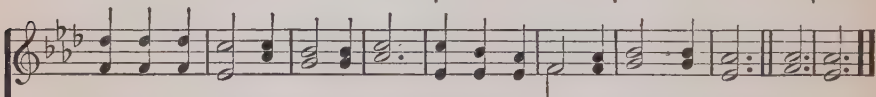
H. F. Hemy.



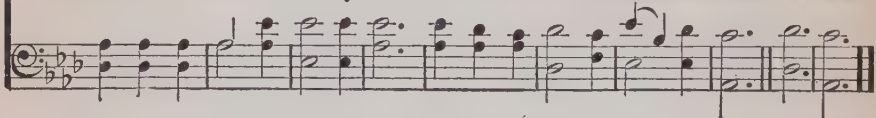
1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of dun-geon, fire, and sword:
2. Our fa - thers, chained in pris - ons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free:
3. Faith of our fa - thers! we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife:



O how our hearts beat high with joy When-e'er we hear that glo - rious word!
 How sweet would be their children's fate, If they, like them, could die for thee!
 And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind - ly words and vir - tuous life:



Faith of our fa - thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!
 Faith of our fa - thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!
 Faith of our fa - thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death! A - MEN.



S. F. Smith.

America.

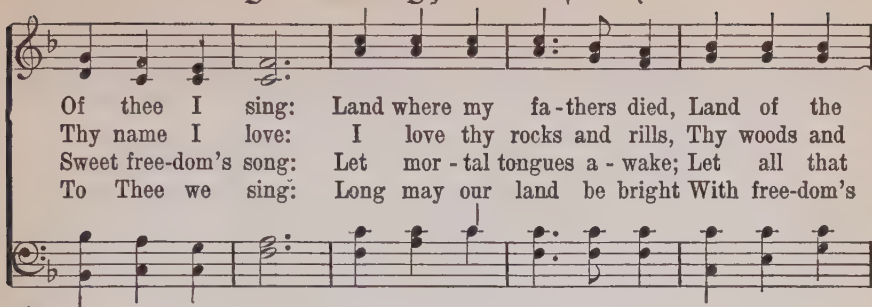
English.



1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble, free,
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - ther's God! to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,



My Country, 'Tis of Thee.



Of thee I sing: Land where my fa-thers died, Land of the
Thy name I love: I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet free-dom's song: Let mor-tal tongues a-wake; Let all that
To Thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With free-dom's



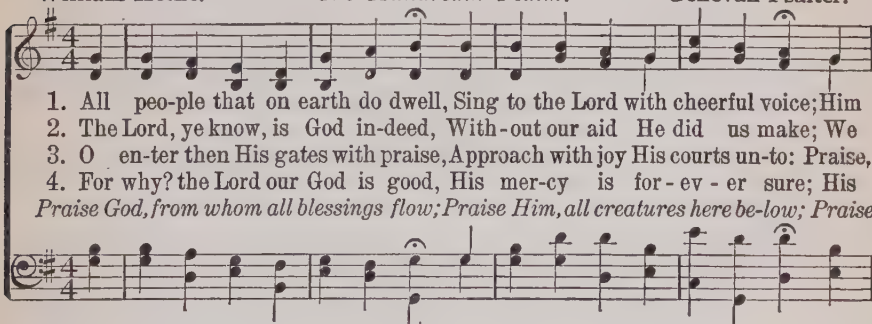
pil-grim's pride, From ev-'ry moun-tain-side Let free-dom ring!
tem-pled hills; My heart with rap-ture thrills Like that a-bove.
breathe partake, Let rocks their si-lence break, The sound pro-long.
ho-ly light; Pro-tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King! A-MEN.

331 All People That On Earth Do Dwell.

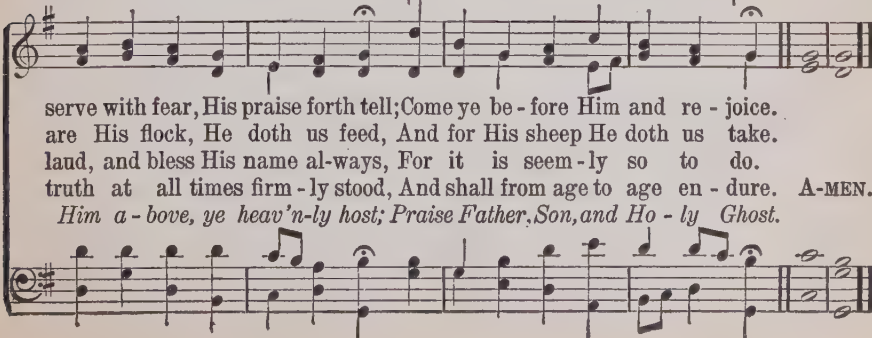
William Kethe.

The Hundredth Psalm.

Genevan Psalter.



1. All peo-ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice; Him
2. The Lord, ye know, is God in-deed, With-out our aid He did us make; We
3. O en-ter then His gates with praise, Approach with joy His courts un-to: Praise,
4. For why? the Lord our God is good, His mer-cy is for-ev-er sure; His
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be-low; Praise



serve with fear, His praise forth tell; Come ye be-fore Him and re-joice.
are His flock, He doth us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take.
laud, and bless His name al-ways, For it is seem-ly so to do.
truth at all times firm-ly stood, And shall from age to age en-dure. A-MEN.
Him a-bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost.

Charles Meineke.

Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it

was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end, A-men, A-men.

333

Gracious father.

Arr. from Beethoven.

Gra - cious Fa - ther, O Lord, hear us, When we call up - on Thee;

O Lord, hear us, Send down Thy love, O Lord, up - on us;

Mer-ci-ful Fa - ther, O Lord, hear us; hear our prayer, hear our prayer.

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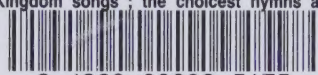
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